The Saturday Evening
POST
August 5, 1961 – 15¢

I CALL ON PETE MARTIN
By Bing Crosby

CAN WE GET RID OF BAD DOCTORS?

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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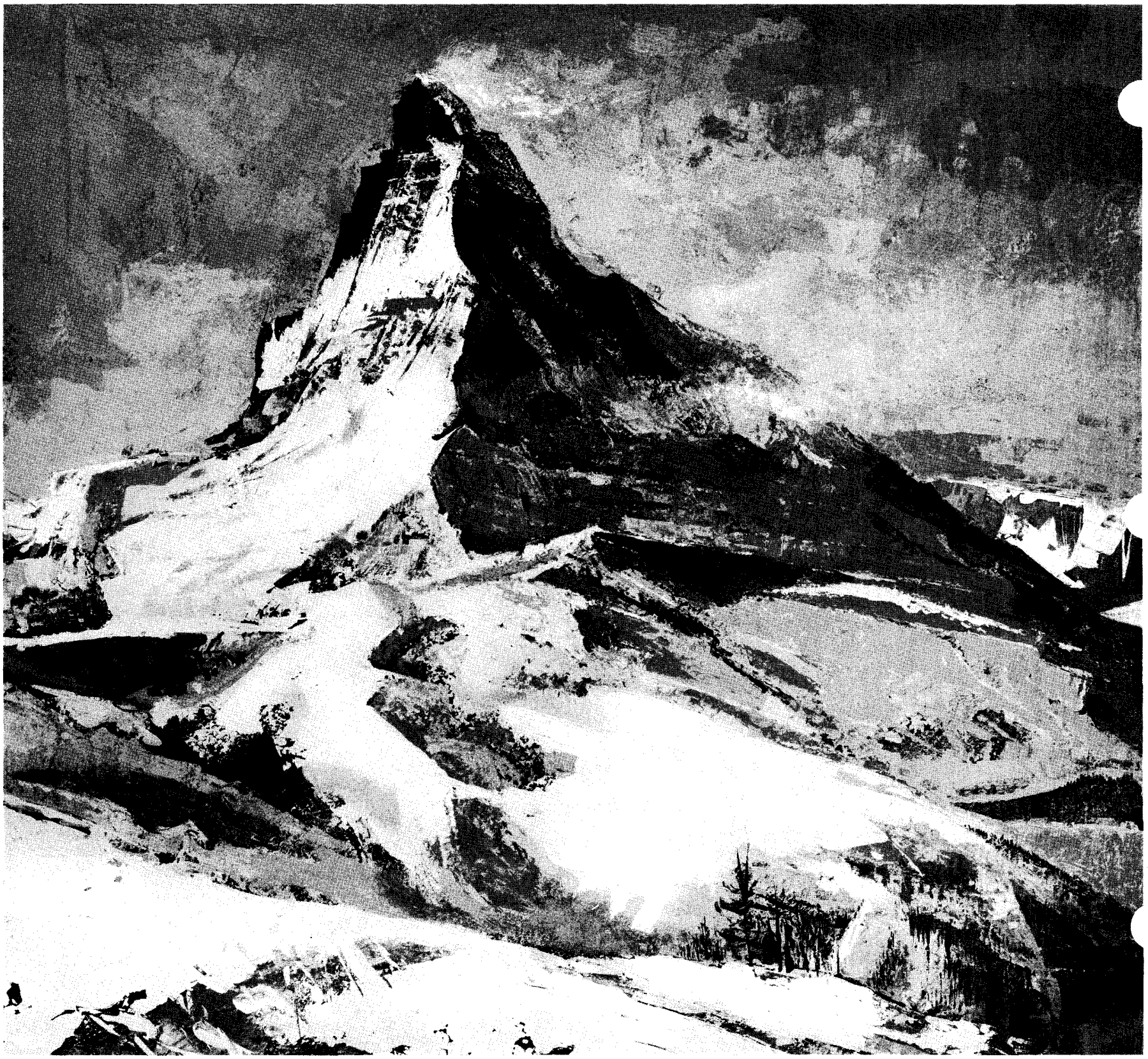

WITHOUT THE MATTERHORN . . . the Alps would be just another mountain range. ¶ No less important, really. And only slightly less stirring. Yet somehow uncrowned. ¶ What's so special about the Matterhorn —Olympian proportions? Perhaps, but since when did influence ever depend on size! There's more to influence than size . . . some special quality that quickens the blood or seizes the imagination or turns indifference into enthusiasm and involvement. ¶ The sort of thing The Saturday Evening Post excites in its readers. For here's a magazine that stands out among the rest . . . offers people a view out over the world from a recognizable vantage point . . . spins a yarn that doesn't leave you dangling . . . informs by looking *up* to its readers and takes time for a laugh or a joke along the way. And manages this without endlessly scaling down for lookers and lip-movers. ¶ The Post is designed for people who like to read. For spirited men and women who have graduated from the safe, easy slopes to new levels in search of broader vistas and fresher air. ¶ In steadily increasing numbers they turn to and *re*-turn to America's Influential Family Magazine. Why? Simply because there's no other magazine quite like—**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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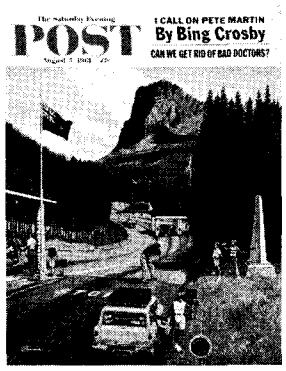

THE COVER

A swath through the forest separates Montana from Alberta in the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. The geographical names in this area have a frontier ring—Belly River, Chief Mountain (seen in the background), Immigrant Gap, Kennedy Creek—and although the warm-weather months are few, the tourists are plentiful. We note that a family of tourists on our Ben Prins cover is pausing at Canada Customs to engage in the vacation custom of snapshot snapping. Other boundary formalities also are a snap at border stations where Old Glory meets Canada's Red Ensign. No barbed-wire fences here. No scowling guards. Would that the Kremlin leaders had scenes such as this in mind when they shout their hollow pleas for "peaceful coexistence."

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Letters

Turn Off That TV?

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Sarnoff's article on TV vs. egg-heads ought to settle the dust [WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM TV? by Robert W. Sarnoff, as told to Stanley Frank, July 1]. We submit gracefully to his proofs that we are a nation of boobs.

MARY S. TUCKER
Lexington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The article by N.B.C.-Chairman-of-the-Board Sarnoff was mistitled. It should have been labeled "Father Knows Best."

In several thousand words he told us that N.B.C. is now offering the best schedule for a "mass audience" that can be produced and that "if you disagree . . . grasp the switch of your set and snap it off."

I suggest that there is another solution and I intend to offer it to my congressman and FCC Chairman Newton N. Minow.

WILLIAM E. DUNN
Needham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

In the guise of cleaning up TV, do-gooders will jump in and help bring us to censorship of not only TV but also radio and the newspapers.

FRED E. BUTLER
Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

To the cry against unnecessary violence on our TV screens, Mr. Sarnoff says turn off the switch. I speak from experience that this method works fine for a three- or four-year-old. But wait until that little one gets to be around six or seven! Does

one just reach up and turn off the switch? Yes, but what goes on between parent and child is almost equal to the violence that was just switched off!

For all of the good, truly informative and amusing programs of television, I say a heartfelt thank you; however, we cannot ignore the misuse of a tremendous power that allows so many programs that are harmful and just plain bad.

LILLIAN GWIN
Chickasaw, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

I just turn the TV off and give orders for it to stay off when an undesirable show, which I do not want my children to watch, is on. . . . As yet, not one of them has a trauma from my saying no.

MRS. J. T. FELDER
Port Arthur, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

The public is paying a terrible price for crime programs and "free" TV. Yet Mr. Sarnoff complains of the high cost of "cerebral" programing! Juvenile delinquency has gone up 175 per cent in the last ten years. We do not consider it a coincidence that these are the same ye that have seen crime become big busin on television.

ELIZABETH T. LIVINGSTON, *Director*
National Association for
Better Radio and Television
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Heartiest congratulations to Mr. Bob Sarnoff! His fine article should be required reading for all the blue-nosed TV critics around the country.

R. W. ASHWORTH
Covington, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM TV? was most interesting, but it skipped lightly over the crux of the whole "rating" argument. . . . I have never been polled as to what show I am watching; in fact, I have never heard of anyone who was asked.

F. C. HERVEY
Chilton, W

● *An American family has about one chance in forty years of ever being polled by one of the TV rating services. Actually for people living outside metropolitan areas the chances are much slimmer than that, because some of the ratings are based only on samplings made in major cities.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

How can Mr. Sarnoff call himself a leader? Leaders lead and are not afraid to take a chance on something new, while Mr. Sarnoff proclaims he is giving the American public what they want. He is selling the American people short if he really believes this. . . . Put the vision back in television!

JEAN BLACKMORE
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Girls in Trouble

Dear Sirs:

Your fine article, WE DON'T CALL THEM CRIMINALS [by Judge Peter M. Horn, as told to Hartzell Spence, June 24] struck a responsive note here in Arizona where over 400 women members of Good Shepherd Guild have for years been pleading the cause of young girls with problems.

B. G. TRUDELLE
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd cannot be given enough credit. When I was fourteen I was much like the typical girl in the article. My parents were separated, I had two younger sisters and my mother had to go to work. I more or less had to grow up too fast. Things came to a head, and I skipped school. I didn't want the responsibility of the home any more.

The juvenile officer finally got me. We all talked—my school principal, minister, mother and the juvenile judge. . . . The question was what to do with me. Father Jerabeck, our local priest, suggested the Good Shepherd's school called St. Euphrasia in Columbus, and I was assigned there. What a good experience I had. It was one of the most enjoyable years I ever had. The sisters were so nice. . . . Rules were set that you went by. There was good food. They worked with you, understood you. You were with sixty to eighty girls with nearly the same

(Continued on Page 6)

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This one's soap!

Not all bath bars you buy today are soap. But Dial is. Real soap without any synthetic detergents in it to dry out skin. And Dial's AT-7 makes it the most effective deodorant soap you can buy.

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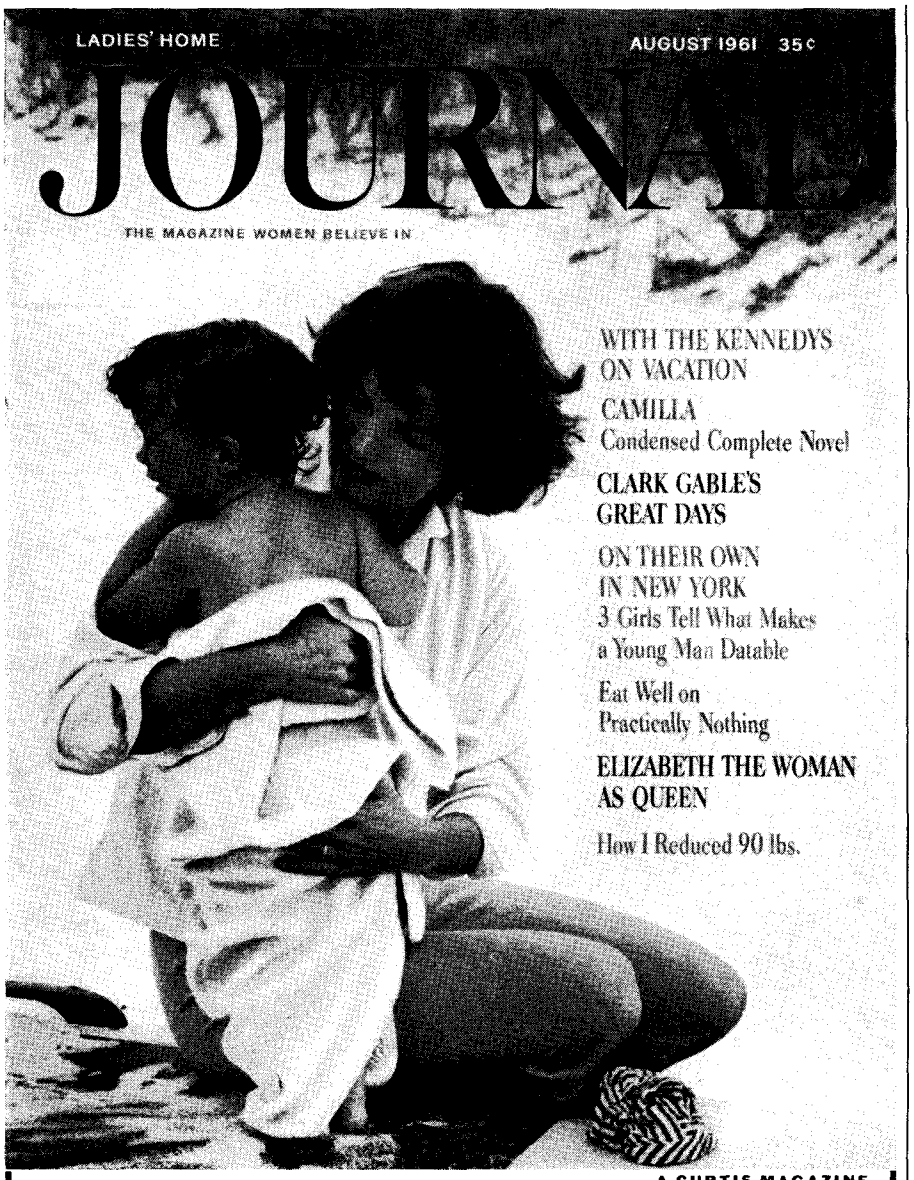
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AUGUST 1961 35¢
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CLARK GABLE'S GREAT DAYS
ON THEIR OWN IN NEW YORK
3 Girls Tell What Makes a Young Man Datable
Eat Well on Practically Nothing
ELIZABETH THE WOMAN AS QUEEN
How I Reduced 90 lbs.

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Kennedys on Vacation

On Cape Cod . . . or in the Virginia countryside . . . the Kennedys spend their vacations family style. Six pages of informal photographs of the First Family at play by famed photographer Mark Shaw.

"Dear Mr. G:"

Clark Gable's life, after his marriage to madcap, magnificent Carole Lombard, was a happy, rollicking one. Then his happiness was cut sharply across by tragedy.

WHAT MAKES A YOUNG MAN DATABLE?

Three modern misses, "On Their Own in New York," answer the question that's important to all girls. (Men, take note—there are tips for you, too!)

I Reduced 90 Lbs.

Bonnie Griffith was a gorger—she couldn't get enough to eat. Then she went on a diet and found a new life.

Oleg Cassini: Designer to the First Lady

Toasting the young and beautiful in the White House or across the nation, Oleg Cassini presents his new fall collection. In beautiful full color.

HOW TO EAT WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING

Inexpensive menus with the gourmet touch.

NOW ON SALE

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

problems you had. When I left, I felt like a new person.

I am now married and mother of two children and am very happy. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd are doing a wonderful job in helping teen-agers who go astray.

MRS. WILLIAM PARKER
Mount Vernon, Ohio

Where Men Are Manly

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations! Your superb article on Oklahoma [OKLAHOMA: THE STATE THAT STRUCK IT RICH, by Arthur W. Baum, July 1], amazingly caught the state's personality, variety, beauty, history, culture and progress in a rare and readable way.

May I make one addition? Adventurous Oklahomans adopted aviation early, and now the industry has become a robust young brother for oil and agriculture, contributing a third of a billion dollars to the state's economy each year.

The young astronautess you mention, Miss Jerrie Cobb, fits into an aviation tradition that includes Wiley Post, Will Rogers, Roscoe Turner, Maj. Gen. Clarence Tinker, Lt. Gen. Ira Eaker and other greats. The air-traffic controllers of the free world receive their instruction at the FAA Aeronautical Center in Oklahoma City. . . . The nation's first-line bombers are kept action-ready by the Oklahoma City Materiel Area. . . . Douglas Aircraft Company and American Airlines operate large plants at Tulsa. Planes and helicopters are made at Bethany and Shawnee. . . . The state's latest contribution to aviation is the establishment of a center for aeromedical research.

MIKE MONRONEY
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

One glaring omission Mr. Baum made was the fact that Oklahoma men are by

far the nation's manliest. I know. I married one.

MRS. R. S. MUNGER
Lake Charles, La.

● *Do our female readers in other states agree?* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

A whole bouquet of baby oil wells to Arthur Baum. . . . I wish I could be in California this week. I'd invest in a whole stack of this issue and stand in Los Angeles peddling *Posts* for free to all the former Sooners who went west in the Depression years and still think Oklahoma is like they left it!

REBA COLLINS
Edmond, Okla.

When in Tokyo . . .

Dear Sirs:

I was much gratified to read John M. Gray's report on his experiences as a Fulbright teacher in Japan [MY LIFE IN THE HITDOCK COUNTRY, July 1]. The Fulbrighters seem to be among our few successful propagandists abroad. . . . Their successes are little known, more is the pity.

ROBERT W. ROSE
Marblehead, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I was utterly appalled by the picture of the Gray family demonstrating the Japanese custom of communal bathing [below].

Thank heavens Mr. Gray wasn't sent to Africa. He'd probably feel obliged to turn head-hunter.

MARTHA ROBERTS, RN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I think that the author ought to remember that a bath was designed for cleansing the body, not for having an uninhibited neighborhood get-together.

EDWARD M. WEILER
Drumore, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

As I read the article and learned that Japanese children slave for hours on their homework, I thought how lazy American school children are. If American students got an assignment in English to read two little chapters in a book and answer three simple questions, you would hear groans from the back of the room as if somebody had shot them. Then the next day about ten of the pupils would come to school with feeble excuses of why they didn't get their homework done.

If those Japanese students keep on as they are, Japan will be a better-educated nation than we.

ELLEN JENKINS (age 10)
New Haven, Conn.

● *The Japanese already have a lower illiteracy rate (1.7 per cent) than we have in the United States (2.2 per cent).* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–John M. Gray. • 11–Sid Avery. • 12–Hans Knopf; MGM. • 13–Culver; Globe; Larry Fried; Paramount. • 14, 15–Fred Otnes. • 16, 17–Joern Gerdts. • 18–Earl Mayan. 20–Ollie Atkins. • 21–U.S. Marine Corps. • 22, 23–Mitchell Hooks. • 24–Gus Pasquarella. • 25–Robert Jones. • 26, 27–Jack Fields. • 28, 29–Edwin Georgi. 30, 31–Bill Shrout. • 34–James R. Bingham. • 67–Gus Pasquarella. • 68–Fox Studios; Donald J. Plantz; Larry Keighley.

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Look back at how rapidly the automotive market has changed in the past three years. One of the few dependable factors during this turbulent period was the new car buying pattern of the more than 900,000 families who read Holiday Magazine. An average 31% of Holiday families annually bought a new car, and, of these, 14% bought two or more: a buying rate more than twice the national average.* In fact there are more multiple-car families than one-car families in the Holiday Audience. In any kind of year, Holiday is the best new-car, two-car market!

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*Use an automotive advertiser and you haven't seen the Holiday study of car purchases, call your Holiday salesman or write: Holiday, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.; or, in Detroit, call Ken McCarren or Joe Jaglois, Trinity 5-9040.

Editorials

Now It's "Illegal" for a City to Curb Welfare Abuses

When the city manager of Newburgh, New York, announced that the rules governing relief and welfare were to be revised downward, he got what he probably expected: furious condemnation by the "Best People." Social workers went after him hammer and tongs. *The New York Times*, picking on Newburgh's proposal to limit the subsidy on illegitimate children to one per family, called the Newburgh proposal a return to the Dark Ages. This, in the *Times*' opinion, was "the most brutal of several dark-age rules laid down."

The requirement that able-bodied men on relief should be expected to put in some time working for the city did not receive quite such a beating, but the welfare authorities in Albany promptly summoned Manager Joseph M. Mitchell to come up and explain why his plan was not illegal and why Newburgh ought not to be cut off from state relief funds at once. Needless to say, the Newburgh plan was promptly declared "illegal" and might even deprive the whole state of its Federal relief stipend! The idea seems to be that only bureaucrats in Washington or Albany are humane enough to have an opinion.

That was the first wave. The second wave in the Battle of Newburgh was in the nature of a counterattack. Even the *Times* reported that country-wide response to the news was almost 100 per cent favorable to the Newburgh idea. It was recalled that several states already have similar plans, among them Oregon and Georgia, whose Governor—now Senator—Herman Talmadge once enunciated the principle that "whereas one illegitimate child might be evidence of an honest mistake, two or more seemed to indicate a habit that should not be encouraged at public expense."

As to the "Dark Ages" ruling on pensions for illegitimate children, it is curious that none of the comment included the suggestion that some effort might be made to round up the evasive father and shake something out of him before passing the responsibility for his get along to the community. After all, when a man who has been misguided enough to marry and have children deserts the same, the state goes to fabulous lengths to track him down and compel him to support his family. But the carefree fellow who fathers his kind without troubling a minister or a justice of the peace to make it official is left undisturbed. To many this doesn't seem entirely fair!

Anyway the situation is one that could bankrupt a community like Newburgh, or even larger metropolises, unless it is taken in hand. Newburgh spends a third of its budget—$983,000—on relief for about 1400 people. According to *Newsday*, a Long Island newspaper, New York City spends $41,000,000 for the care of 54,000 illegitimate children whose parents might have been more careful, or at least produced their brood elsewhere, had the welfare rules in that city been somewhat stricter. One of the announced purposes of the Newburgh plan is to discourage "immigration" by those who are attracted to Newburgh as a soft touch for, among others, unmarried mothers, actual and putative. Surely a community should have some defense against Bankruptcy by Bastardy.

India's Intellectuals Have a Lot to Learn About Communism

By PRAKASH C. JAIN

While explaining to my countrymen the dangers of a possible Communist take-over, I often come across a peculiar argument. The civil servants simply shrug their shoulders and say, "When the British were here, we faithfully served them. Now we serve Nehru. In the future, if the Communists take over, we will adjust accordingly."

Similarly a large number of common people argue, "After all, we managed to survive the Moslems and the British without much damage. If the Communists want to have their day, let them have it. We shall survive them too."

It is true that the Moslems, while they ruled India, demolished a large number of Hindu temples, organized big proselytizing campaigns and charged a poll tax exclusively on the Hindus in exchange for their right to existence in an Islamic state. But they did not enforce such measures as collective farming, communes, total control of industry, or the monopoly of all internal and external trade. Nor did they carry on a program of mass extermination as the Communists are doing in Tibet. Besides, owing to lack of technological means, Moslem rule was confined to only a few big towns, and the vast masses in India's 500,000 villages lived largely untouched and unaffected by it.

Similarly the British left Indian society largely untouched and confined their activities mainly to the collection of revenue, the maintenance of peace and the defense of the country's frontiers—the three minimum essentials of a government.

But the Communists believe that history ends with their seizure of power. Being convinced that they are the sole possessors of truth about human nature and society, they think it their duty to mold them in accordance with their own theories. Also, modern technology has put in their hands control of all intellectual, economic and social activity.

Of course, the Indian civil servants and the general masses are right when they say that they will survive Communism. However, it would be only a physical survival for, by the time they come out of the Communist ordeal, the traditional Indian in them would be dead. If the Communists took over, India would continue to live, but it would not be the India of Krishna, Buddha, Tagore and Gandhi. It would be a Godless, soulless, robot-like India hammered in the shadow of Marx and Lenin.

Primarily it is the duty of the Indian intellectuals—the professors, the journalists and the movie people—to clear up this confusion. However, it will be a great help if agencies like the USIA, and the United States press in general, will increase their efforts to correct this false perspective so widely prevalent in India, as well as in other Asian and African countries.

Mr. Jain is a well-known Indian journalist and a graduate of the School of Journalism at the University of Minnesota.
—The Editors.

Air Travel Opens the World to the Two-Week Tourist

Ever since the first paying passengers braved the transatlantic run in 1939, Americans have been winging their way to the Continent in ever-increasing numbers. Back in 1939 only twenty-one made the trip. By 1960 the number of Americans going to Europe by plane reached 625,583—an all-time high.

Much of this increased transatlantic air travel has been generated by the decreasing price of a round-trip ticket which, despite the rising cost of practically everything else, has dropped to the lowest point in flying history. By taking advantage of a special off-season seventeen-day excursion rate, effective from October first through March thirty-first, one now may fly to London and back for $320, to Paris and return for $360. If you belong to a group that qualifies for charter flights, it's possible to make the trip to Europe for as little as $222 round trip.

For the two-week vacationer this means that the world has shrunk indeed. With the help of "go now, pay later" plans, a visit to Europe is as easy on the pocketbook as a new refrigerator or a color-TV set. The two-week vacationer can take off for Europe, spend most of his holiday there and still get back in time to greet the boss promptly on Monday morning—and to begin paying for the trip.

As more and more people begin to take advantage of the new travel opportunities, the impact of our changing vacation habits is having interesting effects on the American way of life. Already better acquaintance with other countries has helped stimulate interest in the teaching of foreign languages in public schools, created a greater taste for foreign news, books, furniture, sports cars, wine, and so on.

Conceivably, also, the greater number of Americans abroad could produce more interest by foreigners in us. If, as reported, we are hated abroad, citizens of the lands we visit will have better opportunities to decide why they hate us. They might even conclude that they don't hate us at all.

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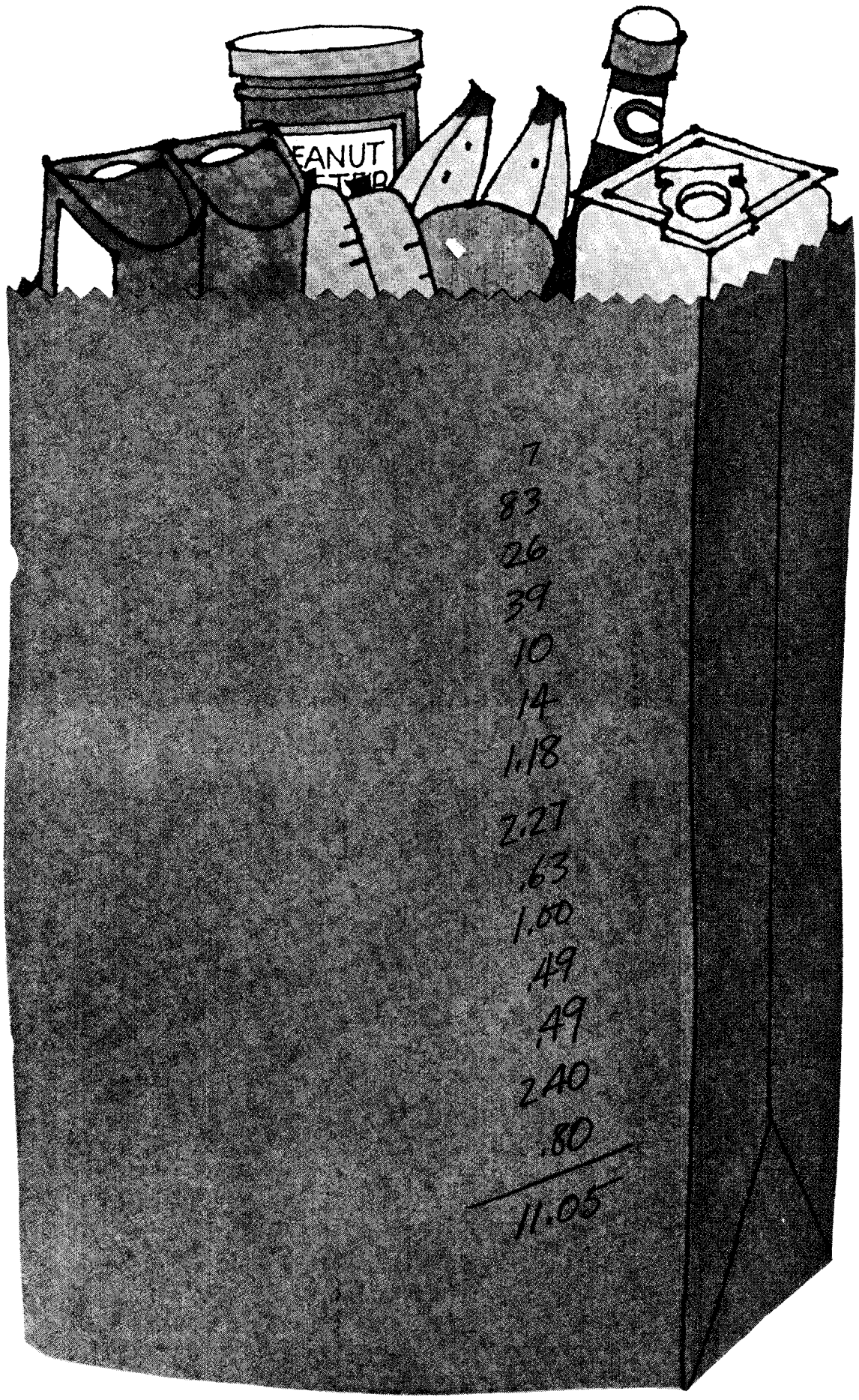

How much health did you buy today?

Family likes and dislikes—rather than sound nutritional values—often dictate food purchases. If good nutrition were the deciding factor, our meals would surely pay off in better physical and mental health—less fatigue, more energy and increased resistance to certain illnesses.

How can you provide good meals for good health? Usually all that's necessary is to serve *a wide variety of foods*—meat, milk, vegetables, fruits, bread and cereals. However, three things need watching if your family is to eat wisely and well.

1. At every meal serve a food rich in protein. Children need it for growth; adults for the body's upkeep. The best sources are meat, fish, poultry, eggs, milk, cheese and ice cream.

Some pointers on protein: less costly cuts of meat are as nourishing as higher priced cuts; some inexpensive foods—beans, peas, lentils and certain cereals—are also rich in protein.

Everyone needs milk in some form for both protein and calcium. Three to four glasses daily for children and teenagers. Two glasses or its equivalent in other foods for adults. Dry skim milk is excellent for soups, custards and milk drinks.

2. Serve a green or yellow vegetable every day. They supply some of the most essential vitamins and minerals.

3. Serve a vitamin C food every day. This vitamin can't be stored in the body. Your supply must be replenished daily. Citrus fruits—fresh, frozen or canned—and tomato juice, or fresh or canned tomatoes are good sources.

Most of us could improve our eating habits—especially teenagers who tend to fill up on foods high in calories. Many teenage health problems—poor teeth, blemished complexions, fatigue and overweight—might be avoided with more basic foods and less sweet and fatty foods.

Advice on planning varied, well-balanced meals is given in the Metropolitan Life booklet, *Food for the Family*.

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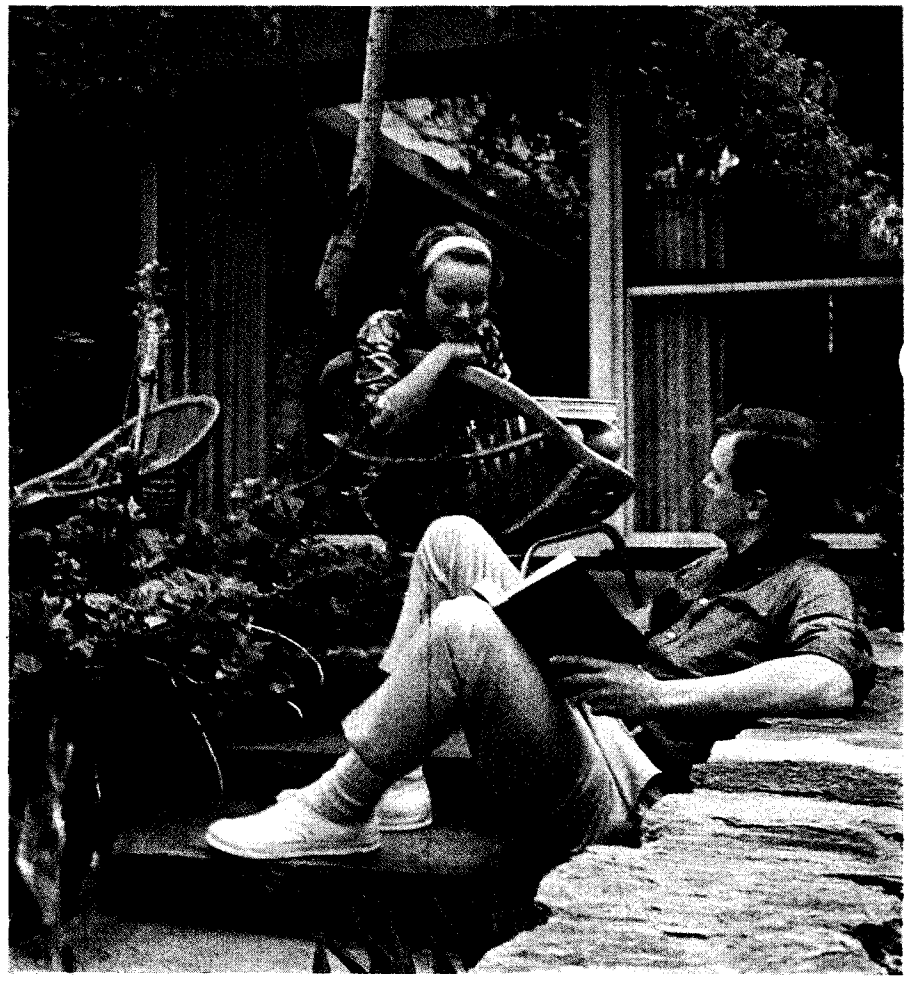

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Look who's talking: Pete Martin, veteran interviewer, becomes Pete Martin the flustered subject as he answers the questions of Bing Crosby.

I CALL ON PETE MARTIN

PART ONE

By BING CROSBY

During the past several years many readers have suggested to us that we do a switch on Pete Martin, Post *senior editor and writer who covers the movie-and-television beat, and have some celebrity of the entertainment world interview him. We were dubious, and for reasons of our own have always said no—politely, we hope, but firmly.*

Then one day not long ago Pete and his good friend Bing Crosby got together and, just for fun, set a tape recorder going, with Bing asking the questions. A few weeks later Pete, with a glint in his eye, dropped the transcript of that interview on the editor's desk and walked out. Several of us read it and promptly changed our minds. It would be a shame, we decided, to deny our readers so much good fun.

So we sliced the interview into two parts, stuck an editorial pencil into it here and there, and the first half follows herewith. The second and last installment will appear next week. And to at least two score Post *readers who have suggested this editorial gambit and were rebuffed at the time, our apologies and our thanks.* —THE EDITORS.

Bing: So I'm supposed to ask the questions? How about giving me some inside tips on interviewing?

Pete: Well, I've interviewed a lot of people in my time, but I've never been interviewed for publication myself. To start, you might turn up the gain control on this tape recorder. Then you might sink a few needles into my hide. I've sunk a few myself in recording conversations with entertainment personalities.

Bing: Don't con me, you're not the needling type. Actually, a selection of high lights from all your interviews ought to make a good book. It could be a tome with no ax hidden in it, no skull-busting message, just amusing oddments about people who strike the rest of the world as being colorful. There ought to be more books which beguile, instead of shocking you with a frightening message. I don't relish discovering what fallout will do to my bone marrow. I have to do a little reading before bedtime, no matter how tired I am. I even wake up in the night and read. Can you sleep right on through?

Pete: No, I often wake up. Last night I woke up twice and read myself back to sleep twice.

Bing: I've done that ever since *The Rover Boys.*

Pete: You asked about the tricks of interviewing. Ordinarily I try to keep quiet and let the other fellow talk. I've interviewed maybe a hundred people, but now that you're interviewing me, I'm worried about giving *you* a good interview. I wonder if the people I call on worry about saying the right things.

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Bing: I can only tell you about myself. When you interviewed me, I was relaxed, because I knew that you'd be prepared with questions that would get me rolling. I don't say I'm typical. Maybe I'm incapable of worrying.
Pete: You may be like Como and Garry Moore and Dean Martin. Nothing seems to bother you fellows. But for all I know, you have red-hot lava boiling inside.
Bing: Only after a Mexican dinner. Let me ask a question. When you interview people, do you relate yourself to what they've gone through? Do you feel that you're reliving the incidents they describe?
Pete: I get a kick out of it. I think I'm going to come up with a good story—a reporter's kick. But I don't put myself in their place.
Bing: You wouldn't want to change places with some of the people you interview.
Pete: Why not? Most of them are very successful, Bing, very prosperous.
Bing: You wouldn't want to be in Hope's place. He works hard enough to kill two men.
Pete: Something wrong with one of his eyeballs, isn't there?
Bing: He told me the other day it was a whole lot better. It was something about the blood supply to one eye. But he works just as hard as he ever did.
Pete: Suppose the doctor told him he was going to die if he didn't slow down. Would he keep on working?
Bing: I think so. He'd probably say, "Well, anyhow, I'll go out swinging." But he's not all that sick. I played golf with him four weeks ago. He was in fine form. That night he flew to San Francisco, emceed a banquet, came back the next day and played in a tournament, then went off to Washington, D.C
Pete: He did something for you once you may not know about.

A visit with Marilyn Monroe (1956). "There's a trick to interviewing," says reporter Martin. "If you sit there and don't open your trap, it makes the other fellow nervous, and he'll talk. A sound vacuum worries people."

Bing: I'm not surprised.
Pete: I have a lawyer named Phil Strubing. He drew up my contract with you when we wrote a book together. I owed him $150 for the contract, but he said he'd settle if I'd arrange a golf game with you at Pine Valley. As you know, I tried, but you couldn't make it. So Strubing said he'd settle for a golf match with Bob Hope.
Bing: Second choice?
Pete: Second choice.
Bing: You're very kind.
Pete: What's your handicap?
Bing: I'm a four.
Pete: What do you suppose Hope's is?
Bing: About a seven. I'd have been an easier go for Strubing. What's his handicap?
Pete: About three.
Bing: If he played Hope, that bandit would ask for twelve.
Pete: I took Strubing out to your club—what's its name, Lakeside? Hope watched my boy hit a bucket of balls. Strubing is very competitive. He used to be a quarterback for Princeton.

Martin the actor. This *Command Decision* scene with Clark Gable (1948) illustrated a *Post* story of his ordeal as a bit player.

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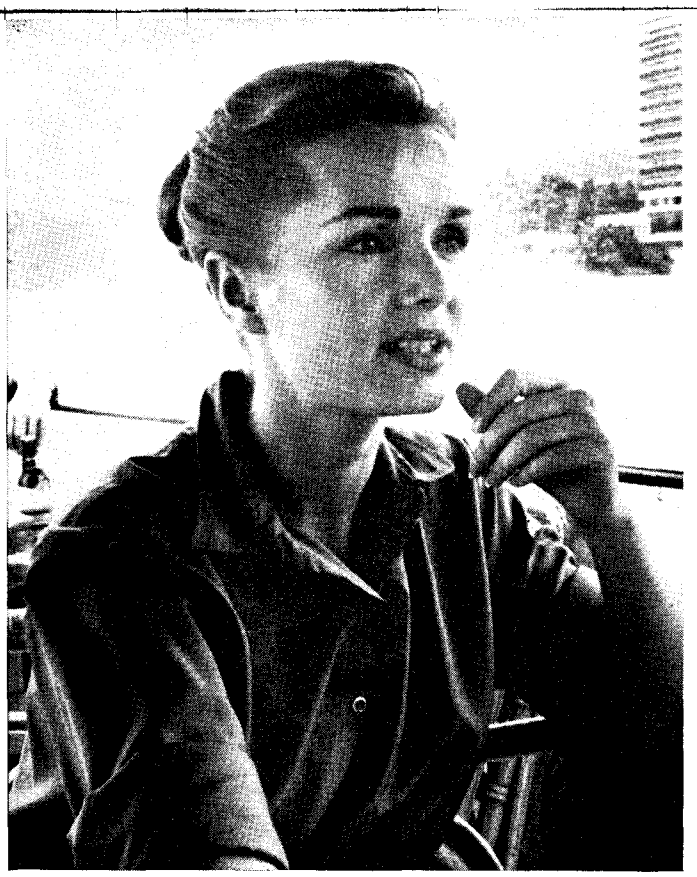
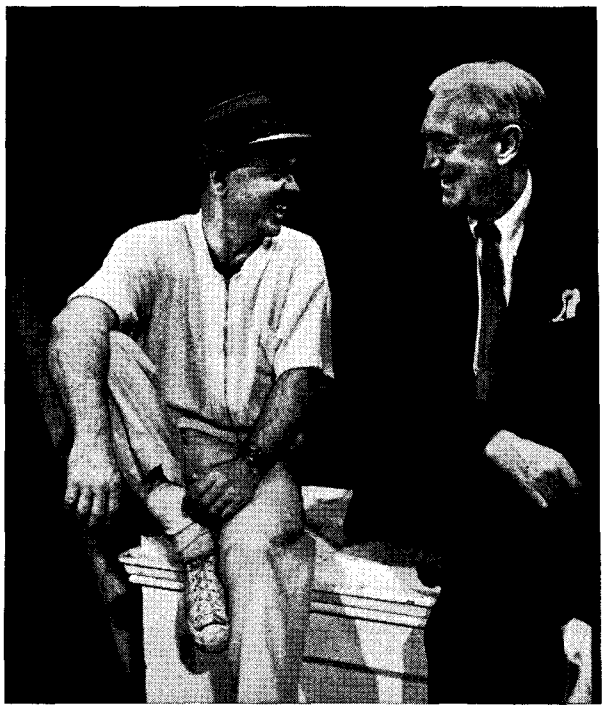
Dean Martin's interview produced a "gutsy" article (April 29, 1961). The singer's remarks were so frank they had to be cleared by an attorney.



Debbie Reynolds objected to the story Martin wrote about her (March 26, 1960). He considered it sympathetic, but she called it "an unfriendly article." Says Martin, "I couldn't care less."



His interview with Mickey Rooney was one of Martin's few flops. "I did all the talking," he says. "All Rooney got in were a few laughs."

Hope watched him hit those balls and said, "Martin, you've rung in a ringer on me. This guy has got a little motor in every ball he hits that's going to make it run right into the hole." Of course, Hope knew every blade of grass on the course, and what with his constant flow of chatter he managed to take my boy. Anyhow I paid off my bill.

Bing: Gamesmanship! Hope used to be a pool-hall hustler before he started stealing money on the radio, and he has many a maneuver. That's a psychological weapon with Hope on the golf course—the stale jokes, the blarney, little light needles here and there, like "I don't know how your ball stayed outa the hole. You stroked it beautifully." And the guy knows he jerked it. This routine is good for six shots a round.

Pete: Have you got used to it?

Bing: I always take him for a partner, and we needle the other two guys. There's no way to beat Hope, because he always asks for a big handicap, more than you can afford to give him.

Pete: Does he always get one?

Bing: He does from the other fellows, but not from me, because I won't play him. I'm his partner, and I take advantage of the deals he makes on the first tee. Here now, who's doing the interviewing? When you call on some of these people in show business, do you find it reassuring that they're human after all, easy to talk to?

Pete: In the first place I'm not afraid of them. I am afraid of not getting a good story.

Bing: They don't impress you?

Pete: I like most of the people I interview. There have been a few notable exceptions. Either way, I try to be objective. Some wouldn't employ me on that basis.

Bing: You mean because you're not acid enough. I suppose you've got to bull your way into a controversial area, fair or unfair, to satisfy some magazines. Still, I don't think your interviews are Pollyannish. I've just read your Dean Martin interview. No one could accuse you of pulling your punches there. He was frank, and so were you.

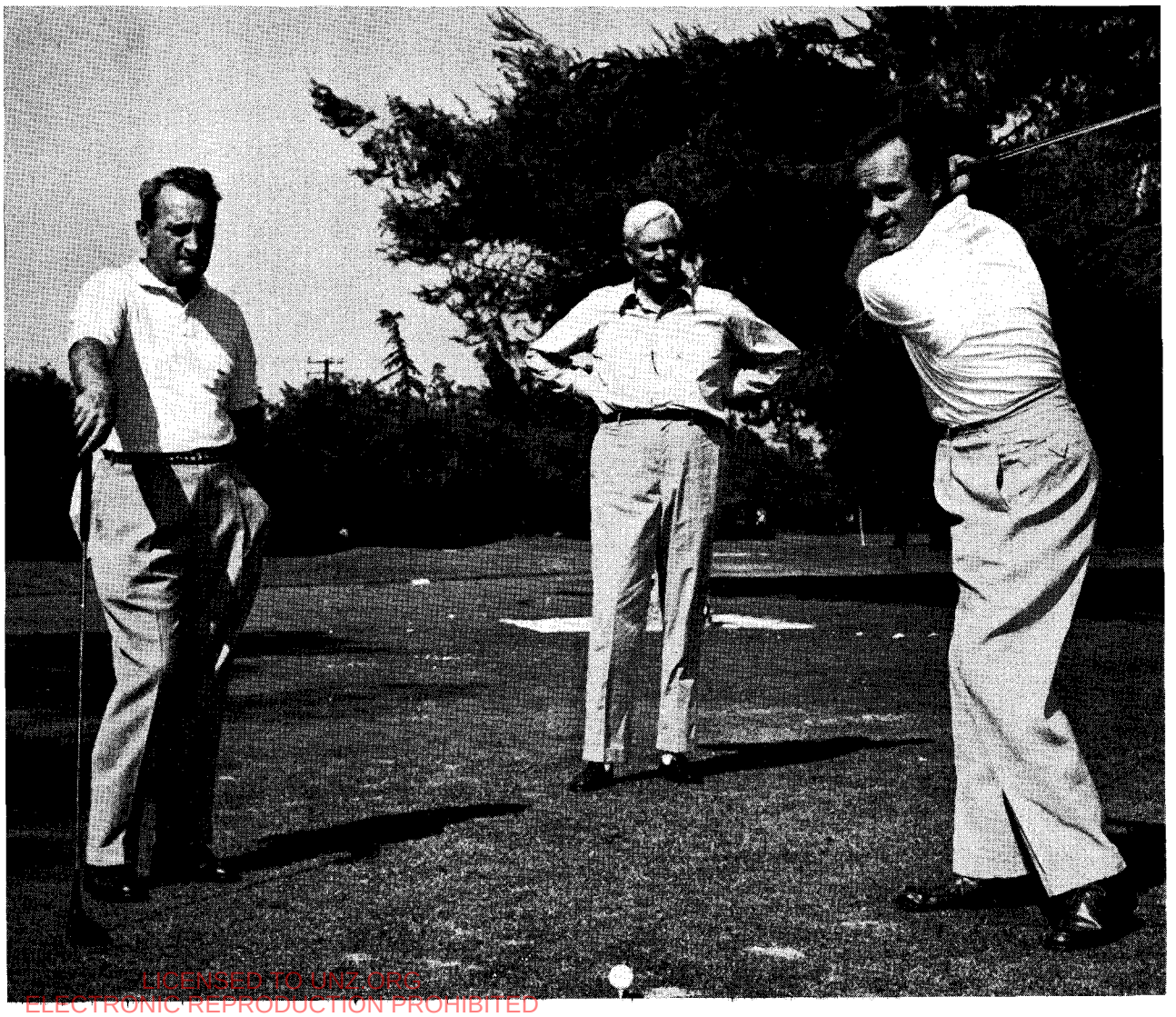
Pete: When I got through with that one, my editor said, "You've got a real gutsy piece here, so gutsy we'd better send it to our lawyer. Maybe this guy is libeling himself."

Bing: You mean about his early days?

Pete: Dean told me, as I remember, "Well, there's nothing wrong with shoplifting. Every kid has done a little of it. I still do it."

Bing: I must frisk him the next time he leaves my house. But I don't think you need worry about any libel suits from Dean. Anything he told you, he meant it to go.

Pete: When I did Debbie Reynolds, she was a controversial subject. She'd been part of a triangle. But I felt that the way I described our conversation made her seem more tolerant, wiser, more grown-up than she really is. Yet, she had her publicity agent send me a wire saying, "I regard this as an unfriendly article." She had read only (Continued on Page 49)



Arranging a golf match with Bob Hope was the way Martin once paid a bill from his attorney, Phil Strubing (left). Hope defeated the lawyer with a constant flow of chatter, Martin reports.

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sitting DUCK

All the killer wanted was the briefcase and the courier's life.

By RICHARD MARTIN STERN

Part One

The shock of the car striking him was a roaring in his ears and a blinding flash on the retinas of his eyes, in the after-midnight darkness. Then came a blur and a tangle of shock and engine sounds and the smell of the bus exhaust and headlights in a kind of pinwheel spin and the feel of the new-fallen snow against his face.

He did not even try to move, but concentrated all of his being on his faint grip on consciousness. He was aware of movement near him, and of other things which he tried to categorize and remember, lying there, immobile, helpless.

And then there was no more movement, no more pinwheeling lights, nothing but the snow and the faintly luminous darkness and silence. And still he lay, and waited for he knew not what, and the pain began, and the nausea, and the cold growing sharper and then turning to numbness and lassitude; and after a time he felt an enormous desire to give up, let go, relax and sleep, and die. But he fought this off, too, and clung to awareness, and waited, for how long he had no idea.

A police cruiser found him sometime before dawn. This was not the beginning, but merely a turning in the path that already led far back and was to lead on, affecting many people.

It was Tom Carter, Lieutenant Carter, driving another of the village police cars, who followed the tracks that led north from where the man had been found.

They were sharp and clean in the fresh snow—large, firm tracks from a large car, even a truck perhaps, a small truck, although Carter did not think so. Here in this end of the county, the rich end, a station wagon was more likely; and as he drove he thought about the implications of this, not liking them at all.

His car radio came on. He acknowledged it. Joe Plumb's voice at the station said, "Benny drew a blank. The other tracks lead to the highway, and the plow's been through. End of story. How are you doing?"

So the only lead left was the one he followed. "So far," Carter said, "so good." Or bad; it depended on how you looked at it. He was in the middle of the eight-acres-per-residence zone now, and the tracks held clear and steady. And then, abruptly, they swung wide to the left of the road and turned sharp right between two stone posts. And Carter stopped the car and just sat for a moment or two staring up the drive at the white house set back amidst the evergreens. He wondered if he had known all along that this was where the tracks would lead.

Joe Plumb's voice said, "Where are you now?"

"I'll call in when I have something." And already, by this much, the decision was made and implemented. Still he sat, feeling the thoughts go round and round—the knowledge of what he should do overbalanced by the certainty of what he was going to do.

He put the car in gear and drove on past the stone posts and the turning tire tracks. It was getting light. Soon other cars would be along, and the sun would come to melt the snow, and the tracks would be obliterated, and who then would be able to say where the tracks had led?

He spoke into the radio microphone, "End of story here too. A milk truck's been through, and the tracks are spoiled." The lie came easily and left only a small residue of guilt. "I'm coming in."

Joe Plumb's voice said, "That's the way the ball bounces sometimes." And then, "Y'know what? The guy may still live. Banged up the way he was by the car and lying there in the snow, and he still may make it. And the funny thing is he never lost consciousness."

Lieutenant Carter closed his eyes. He opened them again, and a kind of sick feeling began in his stomach, rising into his chest, springing not from the fact of the lie, but from the possibility that now the lie might be found out. If the man, whoever he was, had been conscious all the time—but it was already too late to change his radioed report.

Here was one of the early links in the chain of circumstance.

The man's name was Walter Brock, and he lay quiet in the hospital bed, ignoring the waves of pain, fighting the sedative-induced drowsiness; his mind oscillating, as it were, between complete

(Continued on Page 56)

"I'm warning you," Carter said. "Try to cause trouble here, and you'll wish that car had made a complete job of it."

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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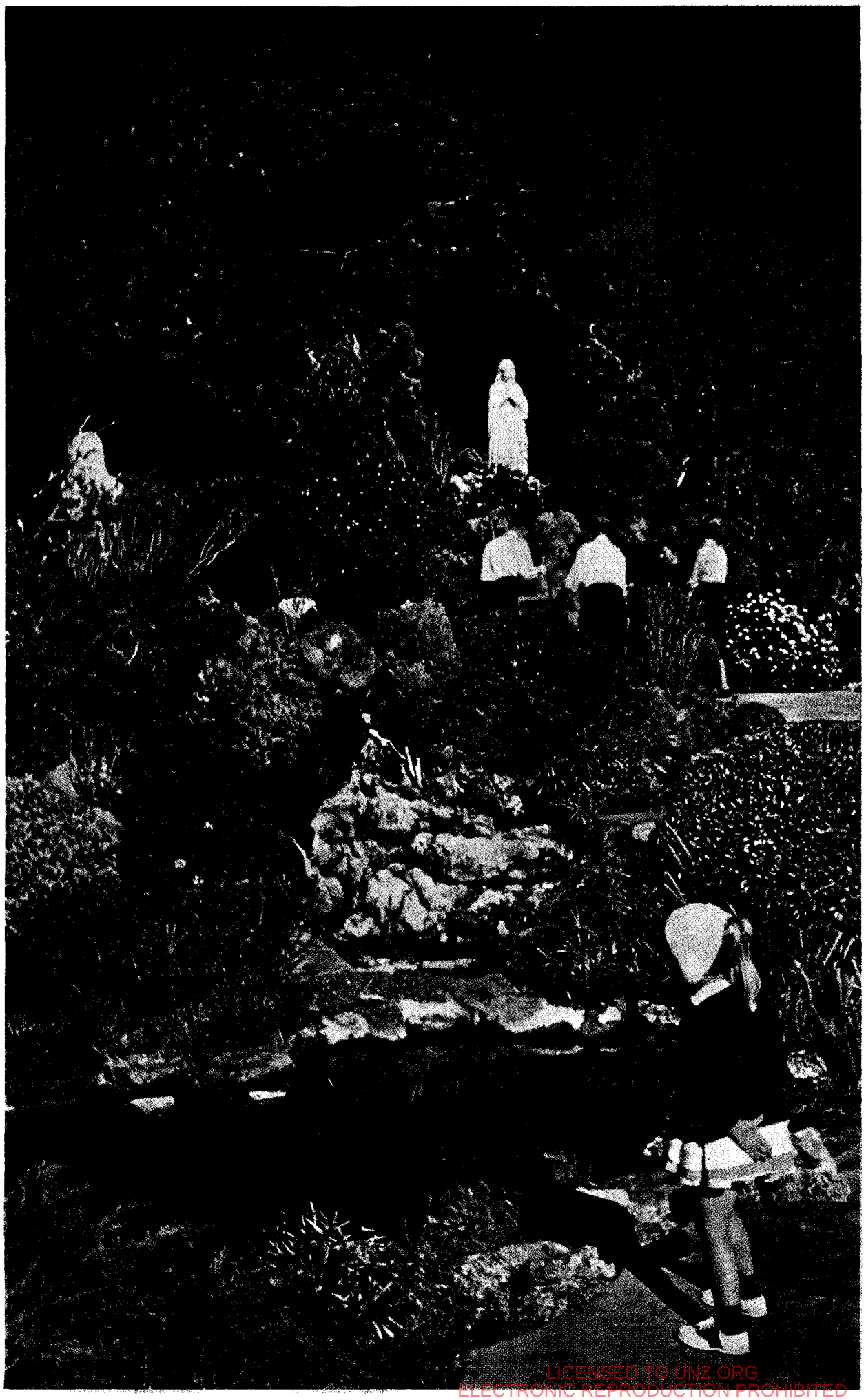
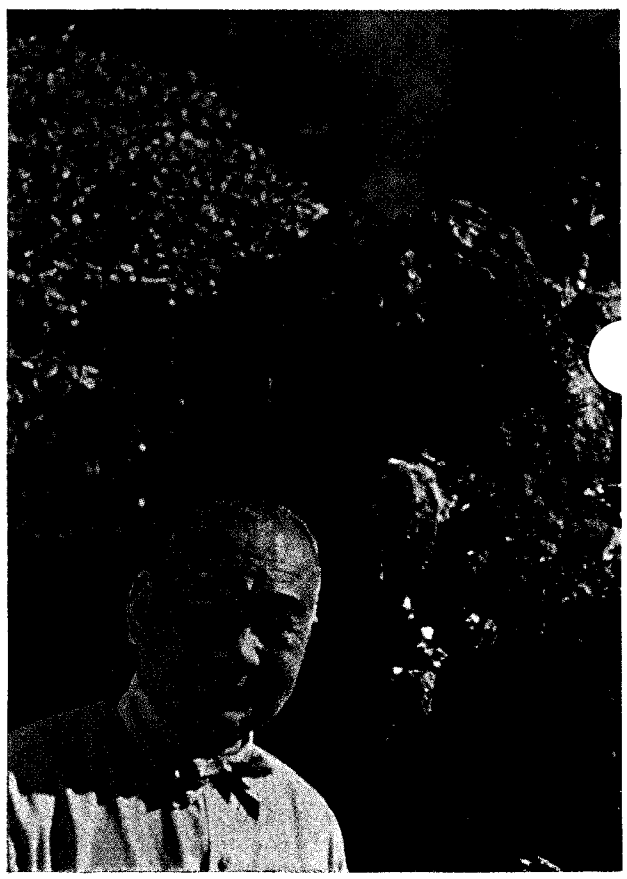
WIZARD with ROCKS

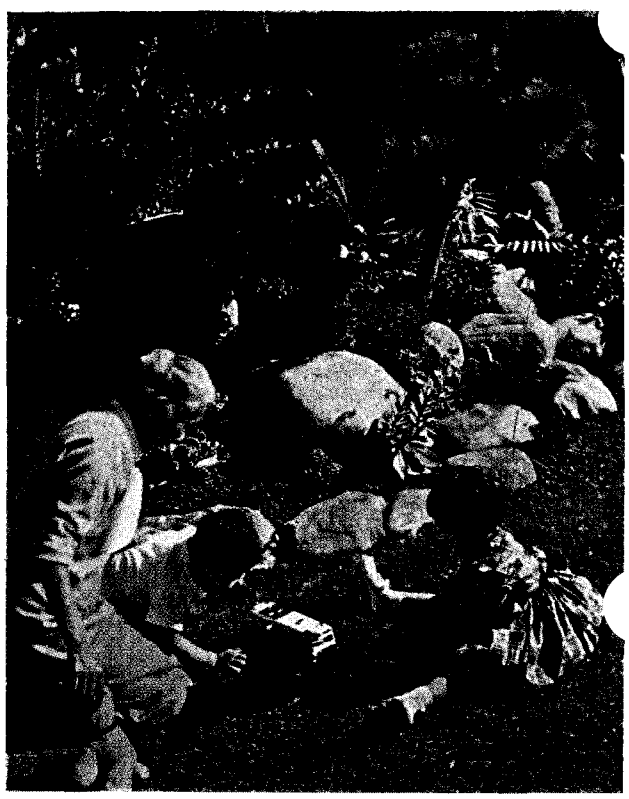
By FRANK J. TAYLOR

How an architect of nature uses pebbles and boulders to transform bare ground into magic gardens.





Seventy-year-old rock-garden designer Ryozo Fuso Kado. Behind him is the ingenious miniature volcano he erected to serve as a back-yard incinerator for a California church.



Mrs. Kado and her grandchildren in the yard of her Los Angeles home. Her husband says, "Twice as many flowers will grow in a well-planned rock garden as in a flat one."

Left: The shrine and rock garden of Los Angeles' Holy Cross Cemetery. On the grounds are an array of gardens, a 400-foot rock wall, a waterfall and a 30-foot grotto.

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To most home gardeners eager to get on with spring planting, rocks are a nuisance, something to be dug up and tossed out of the yard. But to short, stocky, jolly Ryozo Fuso Kado, the country's busiest rock-garden builder, they are just the opposite. Kado says rocks have character and are loaded with life and rhythm.

The lively little wizard of rocks, who lives on the outskirts of Los Angeles, has spent most of his life gathering up boulders overlooked by others and squeezing and stretching them to fit them like jigsaw-puzzle pieces to create dells, grottoes, shrines and artificial waterfalls that look like nature's works.

"We should treasure rocks and plant them, not bury them," insists Kado, now seventy, but as nimble as a man in his late forties. "Home gardens get smaller as population grows. Twice as many flowers or shrubs will grow in a well-planned rock garden as in the same area of flat garden."

But most Americans don't want a transplanted Japanese, Mexican or European rock garden, according to Kado; they want a distinctly American rock garden, more natural and indigenous than the stylized gardens of his native Japan.

"Japanese gardens have many rules—all don'ts," he says. "I start from the opposite viewpoint; do what you want. I try to follow what nature teaches."

He urges amateur gardeners to do likewise and design their own works of art in rock, adding that women can do it as well as men, maybe better, if they don't mind getting cement on their fingers.

"A rock garden with a small waterfall in it creates an atmosphere of repose which we all need these days," says Kado, who has been employed for fifteen years by the Catholic archdiocese of sprawling Los Angeles to beautify the gardens of old missions, retreats, convents, churches and ecclesiastic residences. He also bosses the crews that tend seven large church cemeteries which Kado has transformed into veritable parks.

"A cemetery is not a place to go and weep, but to go in joy to commune with the memory of a loved one," he philosophizes. "So we allow no tombstones, just flat markers. Instead of monuments, we build intimate gardens, shrines, pools and waterfalls."

Kado's most ambitious project is one he started in 1946 on a barren hill overlooking Holy Cross Cemetery in the southern sector of Los Angeles. It is an eye-filling spread of gardens surrounded by a massive 400-foot rock wall out of which rises a grotto thirty feet high. Within the wall (Continued on Page 36)

Above: A portion of the enchanting Music of the Mountain falls at Holy Cross Cemetery. "Three beauties come from a waterfall," says Kado. "Sight, sound and waves . . . they strengthen the soul."

Kado seeking inspiration at Malibu Beach. He often sketches or photographs natural rock formations to adapt for his many gardens.

These stone benches were built by Kado for Los Angeles's Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

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By T. R. FEHRENBACH

COMBAT CHAPLAIN

Until he learned to face death without fear, his ministry was meaningless.

The jeep came into the barren valley of Yonchon with a thin Siberian wind at its back, and Chaplain Stephen Blaine left his bleak reverie for a moment, listening to the distant thud of cannon to the north, hearing his driver repeat a patient question. "Division headquarters is over there, chaplain. Where to now?"

"Division chaplain's office. You'll see a sign up this road."

The driver nodded, and the jeep crawled ahead between the lumbering two-and-a-half-tons jamming the dusty road. Stephen hunched his chin under the collar of his loose parka, easing the wind's bite. But for the silver cross pinned to the front of his pile cap, his thin young face could have been that of any lieutenant of the line newly out of college, half-adult, half-visionary, looking on the world with confident and expectant eyes. But now there was no confidence in Chaplain Stephen Blaine's face, and his expectations were behind him.

Remembering the thunder of the guns the night he got down from the train at Yonchon North, he realized it had only been two weeks. Only two (Continued on Page 63)

"How can your religion comfort them when it can't even comfort you?" the doctor asked.

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Can We Get Rid of Bad Doctors?

By MILTON SILVERMAN

According to the A.M.A. 5,000,000 Americans are treated by careless, unscrupulous and inept M.D.'s. But the profession itself is taking steps to wipe out medicine's dangerous fringe.

In a small West Coast hospital a routine survey of surgical records recently turned up a series of what seemed to be remarkably unfortunate operations undertaken by a neurosurgeon.

"It wasn't just that he'd had one or two patients who had gone bad," said a member of the survey committee. "Heaven knows, that happens to even the best doctor. But this fellow seemed to be unable to do acceptable work."

In a review of nearly 300 cases treated by the surgeon, the committee found more than fifty that appeared questionable. Some seemed marked by extraordinarily poor surgical judgment, others by bad surgical technique, and still others by no apparent need for the operation in the first place. In his cases of brain surgery the death rate was considered to be suspiciously high.

"There's only one thing to do," declared a committee member. "Call the man in here. If he can't explain his conduct, tell him he either resigns immediately or we recommend his suspension from the staff."

The chairman of the committee suggested a different approach. "Look, none of us on this committee is a neurosurgeon," he told the other doctors. "We may think we know what's good and what's bad in this field, but we can't be positive. Let's get some expert opinions. Let's turn all the records over to a couple of top neurosurgeons and see what they think."

The entire stack of material was accordingly shipped to two of the nation's leading brain surgeons at the University of Michigan. Within a few weeks the expert advice was at hand.

"The work we have seen," declared the Michigan doctors, "is not consistent with the practice of good neurological surgery in any community."

The committee members could delay no longer. They summoned the surgeon, laid their findings before him and told him they were recommending suspension of his hospital privileges. The surgeon declined to accept the decision amicably. He made the entire matter public by bringing a defamation suit against members of the hospital committee for $500,000.

When the case went to trial, the hospital won—not on any medical grounds, but on the basis that the committee had acted without malice. The committee members went back to work, convinced they had done a worthwhile job in protecting patients from an unskillful doctor. But the surgeon still had his license to practice. He simply moved to another hospital.

To numerous townspeople who had closely followed the affair, this result was shocking. "It's an outrage!" an irate citizen told a local newspaper editor. "They should have taken away his license. They should have thrown him out of medicine."

Many people have protested with equal annoyance when they have seen only minor punishment, or none at all, handed out to the bad actors in medicine—the fools and outright scoundrels who repeatedly make the wrong diagnosis, use outmoded or worthless treatments, write the wrong prescriptions, perform unnecessary operations, bungle their surgical procedures, attempt operations for which they are not trained, forget to visit seriously ill patients, send extortionate bills, cheat on health insurance and split fees to get business.

Unquestionably the overwhelming majority of American medical men do not indulge in such practices. In a number of recent statements by representatives of the American Medical Association it has been estimated that the incompetent practitioners represent probably not more than 3 to 5 per cent of the 240,000 doctors now in practice. These percentages may not seem large, yet they would indicate that inept or unscrupulous doctors are being entrusted with the medical care of at least 5,000,000 Americans each year.

"There are always a few rotten apples in every professional barrel," Dr. Francis Sargent, a past president of the Rhode Island Medical Society, said a few years ago. "Why should we deny that we've got them in medicine? We know it. Our patients know it. What has made us angry and frustrated is that it's almost impossible to get them out of medicine."

Largely responsible for the continued practice of such offenders, and for much undeserved blame that has been heaped on the heads of organized medicine, is one of the least appreciated facts of medical practice: no medical

(Continued on Page 47)

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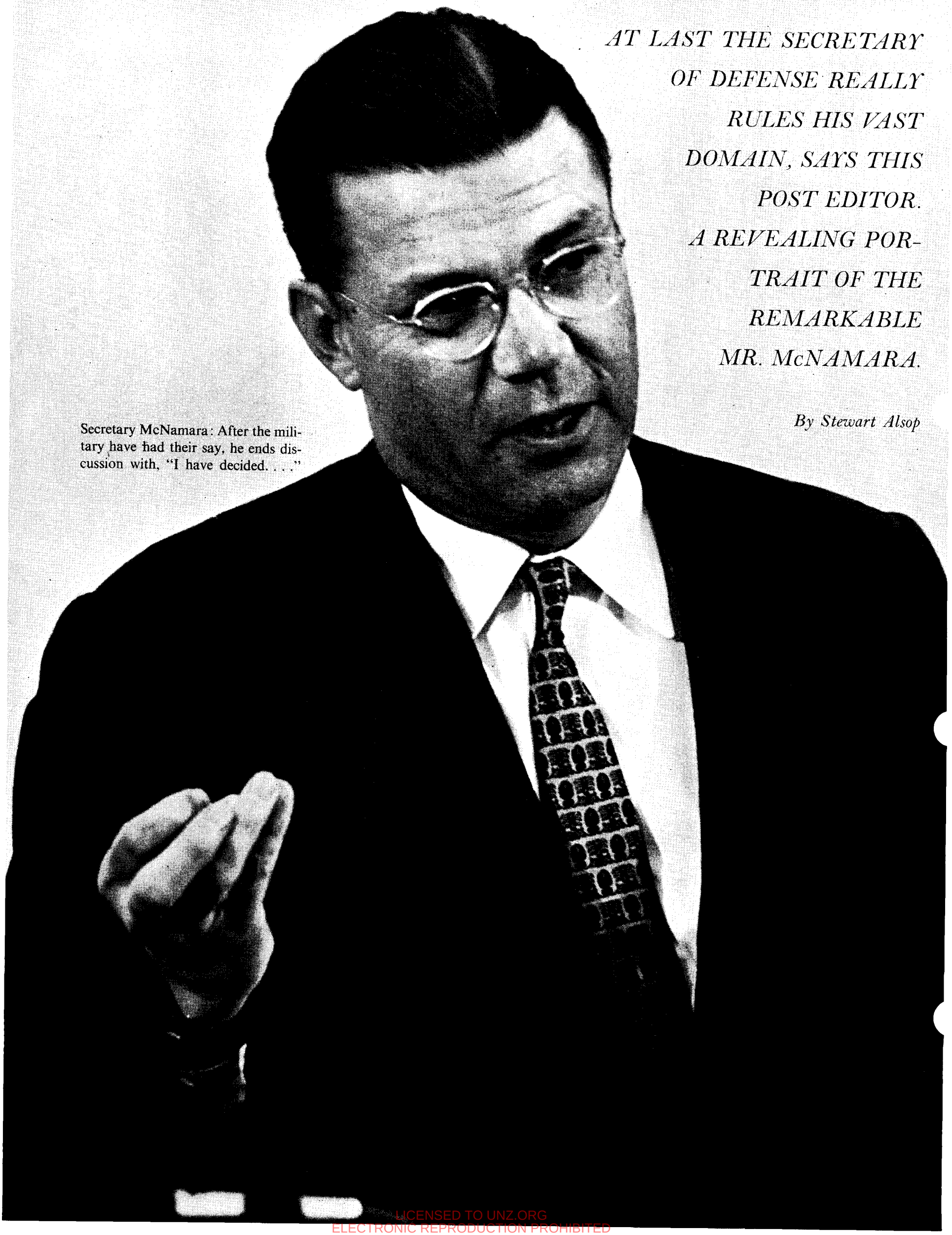
AT LAST THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE REALLY RULES HIS VAST DOMAIN, SAYS THIS POST EDITOR. A REVEALING PORTRAIT OF THE REMARKABLE MR. McNAMARA.

By Stewart Alsop



Secretary McNamara: After the military have had their say, he ends discussion with, "I have decided. . . ."

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MASTER OF THE PENTAGON

An oddly dramatic question-and-answer exchange took place last February at a closed committee meeting on Capitol Hill. The actors in this little drama were crotchety old Rep. Carl Vinson of Georgia, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Republican Rep. Leon Gavin of Pennsylvania, and the new boss of the Pentagon, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. Leaving out a few inessentials, here is what was said:

VINSON: Mr. Secretary, you use the President's famous statement in his inaugural address: "Only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed." How much is enough, when it boils down? Now will you be in a position to advise the President . . . that we have a sufficiency beyond a doubt?

MCNAMARA: Yes, sir. That is the objective of our studies. As I stated earlier, we expect to complete them at the time scheduled—that is, the end of the month.

VINSON: You will be in a position to tell the committee, then, from your study, what we need in the field of missiles, aircraft and vessels?

MCNAMARA: Yes, sir.

VINSON (*incredulously*): You will be able to tell us what we need?

MCNAMARA (*quietly confident*): Yes, sir.

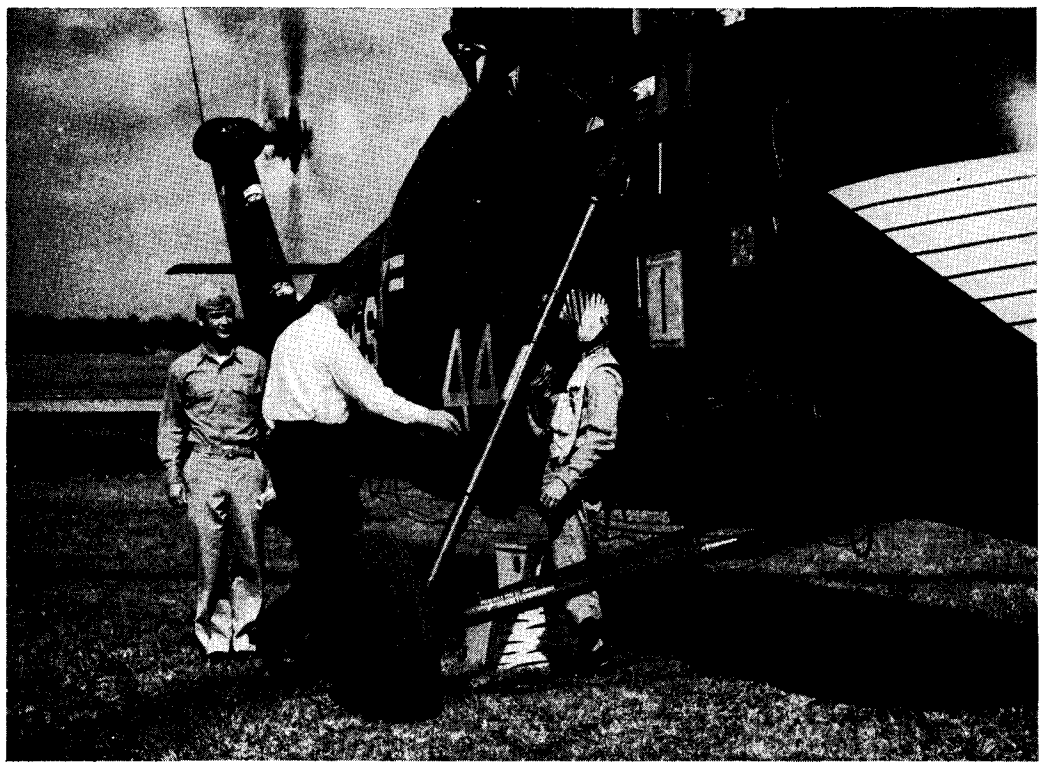
GAVIN (*breaking in, also incredulously*): And hardware?

MCNAMARA: Yes, sir.

GAVIN (*awed*): Thanks.

This exchange may not seem at first glance especially dramatic. Yet McNamara's thrice-repeated "Yes, sir" was about as startling a statement as has been heard in Washington for a long time. For consider what that "Yes, sir" meant. The question old Carl Vinson asked—"How much is enough?"—is, among many hideously difficult questions confronting the American government, the most nearly unanswerable. For in order to answer it with any assurance, you must first answer another question—"Enough for what kind of war?" And no man can really predict the kind of war this nation might be called upon to fight.

Mixed into Vinson's conundrum, moreover, there are innumerable subsidiary but vital problems, from the real value of the M14 rifle (which could spell victory or defeat in a conventional war) to the nature of the American nuclear response to Communist aggression in, for example, Berlin (which could spell the survival of Western civilization, or its end). McNamara's quietly confident "Yes, sir" amounted to a promise that he would come up with sound solutions to all such problems.



The Secretary on a visit to Camp Lejeune, N.C., a Marine Corps base. Some military men criticize him for not making more such visits. He is concerned, they say, with "slide rules, not soldiers."

He promised to come up with his solutions, moreover, within a matter of a few weeks of taking office. Robert Lovett, one of McNamara's predecessors and also one of the wisest Government servants of our times, has said that a Secretary of Defense needs two years in office before he begins to "pay good dividends." McNamara's thrice-repeated "Yes, sir" was uttered when he had been in office hardly more than a month.

Surely this is startling enough. What is even more startling is that McNamara, true to his promise, did indeed come up with his answer to Carl Vinson's conundrum within the specified time. And in the brief months since he became Secretary of Defense he has done much more than that. As we shall see, McNamara has quietly but radically revised the way our huge, and hugely expensive, defense establishment is run. He has also radically revised the theories on which American global strategy and defense planning are based.

Whether all that McNamara has done is sound and wise remains to be seen. But the above is enough to suggest that Robert Strange McNamara is an unusual man. In this reporter's opinion he is more than merely unusual—he is what biologists call a "sport" or "mutation" in that he has certain characteristics that are outside the range of normal human experience. And yet, except for the prison pallor of a man who works seventy-five hours or more a week, this man, whose course will affect the future of all of us, does not look particularly unusual.

There is something teacherish in his appearance. You might mistake him for a mathematics professor in a small college—it is easy to imagine him at the blackboard, patiently pointing out the errors of his duller students. He comes by this academic aura honestly.

He was born in San Francisco forty-five years ago, the only son of a sales manager of a shoe company. His father was twenty-five years older than his mother. Both parents doted on him, and although he had an adventurous moment, when he went to sea at sixteen as an ordinary hand, he seems to have been the kind of precise and studious boy designed by nature for the academic life. At school, at the University of California, and then at Harvard Business School, he was the brightest boy in his class, or very nearly so. He married a nice, pretty and intelligent college classmate, Margaret Craig, and returned to Harvard Business School to teach. A pleasant academic career seemed to stretch out in front of the young McNamaras. But then, as with so many other men his age, the war changed everything.

He joined the Army Air Forces, ended up as a rear-echelon light colonel and one of a ten-man team specializing in logistics. The team hired itself out as a body to the Ford Motor Company, where they (Continued on Page 45)

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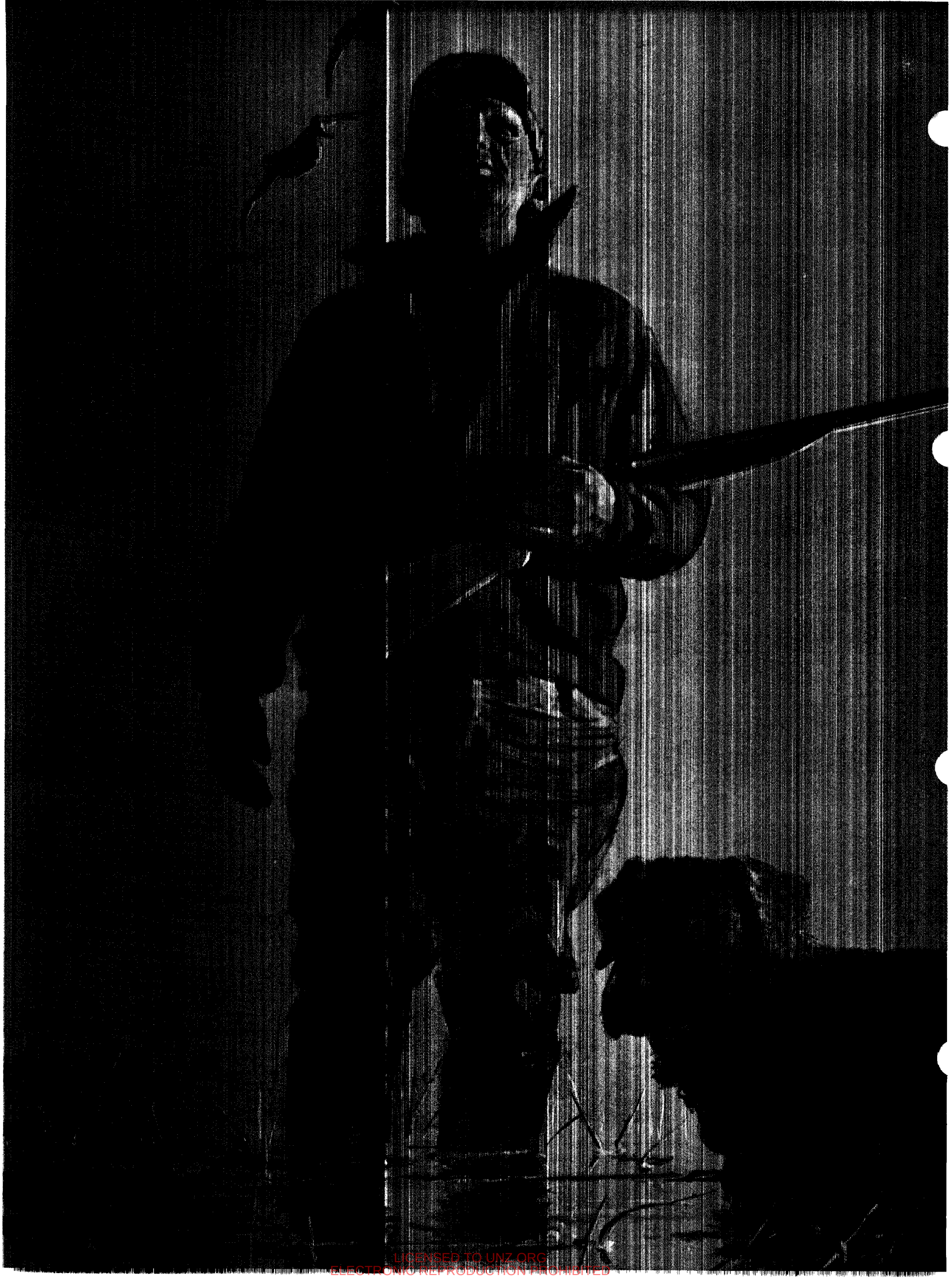

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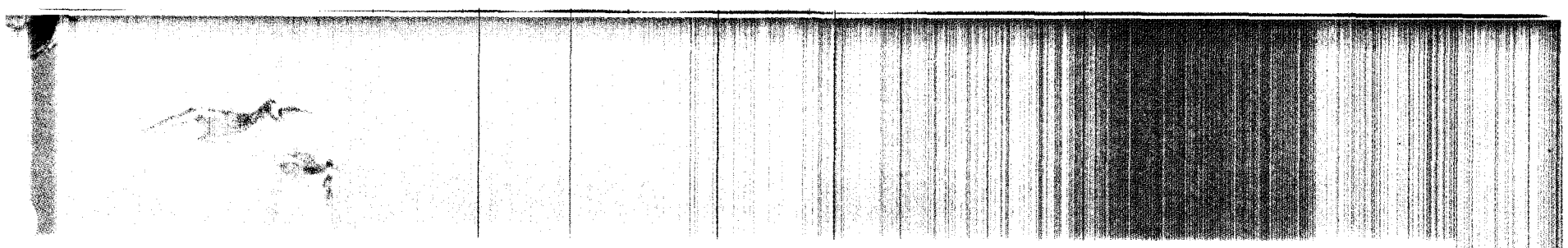

THE TIME OF evensong

By DONALD J. PLANTZ

The story of a hunter who no longer wished to kill.

Parks held the gun in his gnarled hands for a long time after he fired the second shot. Over the blue-black of the twin barrels, the duck dwindled to a speck and then disappeared in the dawn sky. The retriever at his feet trembled, but the old man sat down on the bench, quite satisfied.

A red slit of sun appeared on the horizon and then vanished as the cloud cover stretched to earth. The water was an oily gray, and the surface rocked gently. The pebbles on the beach clicked softly. Sea birds screamed in the distance, and Parks could hear the sounds of ducks as the night rafts broke up.

The blind was comfortable. He had built it to be. The sides were woven of reeds with irregular twigs inserted so methodically that when he had finished he had had to pile on brush to break the regular contours. The bench he sat on was sanded and polished. The cupboard at his side could have been the pride of an expert cabinetmaker.

He reached down and stroked the disappointed Labrador. "All right, Carar, I will kill next time. There are many more ducks." The dog, trembling, watched carefully as the man broke the gun and inserted fresh shells. A gentle breeze stirred, and Parks smelled the excitement and the salt water and gun oil.

He looked up, suddenly and carefully. He was not surprised that he had focused on a small flight that was only a speck on the horizon. A man who loves ducks and the sound of their wings in the dawn does not question why he can find pin points in a vast sky. He looked at his decoys. They were in position. A flock appeared, rising slightly, and then leveling off at high speed. They were too far away. Parks put the call to his lips and leaned forward until his face was almost against the wall of the blind. His left hand worked the call. The ducks were close enough that he could see them turn their heads to his call, but they did not turn. He heard the boom of a gun farther down the lagoon and then two more shots. The retriever sighed.

He put the gun on a shelf and brought out the quart vacuum bottle of coffee laced with brandy. He opened it, and the blind was filled with the bouquet. The dog sniffed.

There was a rustle of wings from behind him, and suddenly their beating was a concussion in his ears. Even as he looked up, Parks smiled as he remembered how, as a young man, he would have been all over the blind trying to get the gun up. For a moment the three pintails were so close he could make out every feather. Their heads looked down at the blind, and they streaked with fright over the water. Parks lifted his cup to them and wished them luck.

He corked up the vacuum bottle and put it back in the cupboard. From the big game pocket of his hunting jacket he pulled the pipe which he had loaded before he left the house. He made a ritual of finding the matches, extracting one and holding it for a moment before he struck it.

It was an old man's ritual, and he admitted it. It was the last of the four joys that had been (Continued on Page 51)

Illustrated by Mitchell Hooks

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Little Rock, Arkansas: The Coachman's Inn, a new motel, illuminates its grounds with 140 mellow gaslights.

Baltimore's old Welsbach factory is making gaslights again.

The Return of the Gaslight

All over America increasing numbers of people are rediscovering the harvest-moon radiance of incandescent gas.

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

East Orange, South Orange and Glen Ridge, New Jersey, have an envied, archaic distinction among New York City's suburbs. Their residential streets are still illuminated by gas.

These old commuter towns wear their age with dignity. The houses are substantial, three-story veterans. Sidewalks border streets lined with tall, mature trees. Beneath their branches, about seventy-five feet apart, march the white-domed gaslights—about 3000 of them in the three communities.

Municipal authorities and lighting engineers have periodically proposed replacement of the ancient lamps with electric fixtures. The residents have fought off change. Bright lights and overhead wires, they maintain, belong in the shopping districts. They prefer pale yellow pools of light down under the trees, from lamps designed to illuminate sidewalks and curbs in a horse-and-carriage, pedestrian age.

What the residents of the Oranges and Glen Ridge have preserved, other homeowners now want. Old gas street lamps have become prized antiques. They're the classic originals, authentically Victorian, if you are in the market for an outdoor gaslight—and a great many people seem to be these days. Young people are as fascinated as their nostalgic elders by the harvest-moon glow (Continued on Page 66)

South Orange, N.J., is one of the few communities where gaslights never went out of style. The residents here can walk through streets lined with classic Victorian-period lamps that are now prized antiques.

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That Girl Upstairs

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

She had just moved in. She was pretty. And her last name was the same as his.

As the junior member of the venerable law firm of Babcock, Winston, Avery and Tudor, Thomas Avery was given most of the out-of-town assignments. His youth alone did not qualify him, nor did his brilliant record at Harvard Law School. A representative of Babcock, Winston, Avery and Tudor must be personable and a gentleman—preferably a Boston gentleman—and Tom fulfilled both requirements. He came close to being too good-looking for so conservative a firm, but his background and schooling combined to give him a formality of manner, a natural poise, which pleased the most aristocratic of their clients.

The trip from which he had just returned, on a Saturday in early November, had been to Santa Barbara. It was night when his taxi stopped on the cobblestoned street outside his dwelling.

It was a small house, of red brick, with a white door and leaded fanlight. The first-floor windows were dark; the tenant, Miss Prescott, was taking her annual winter cruise. Only the small dormers of the top floor were lighted, and he wished for the hundredth time that old Mr. Bemis, who lived there, would move away. For the two years of his residence, Tom had wanted that top floor to combine with his own apartment into a duplex. He wanted room for his

(Continued on Page 38)

"I wasn't expecting a live bird," he said. "Were you?"

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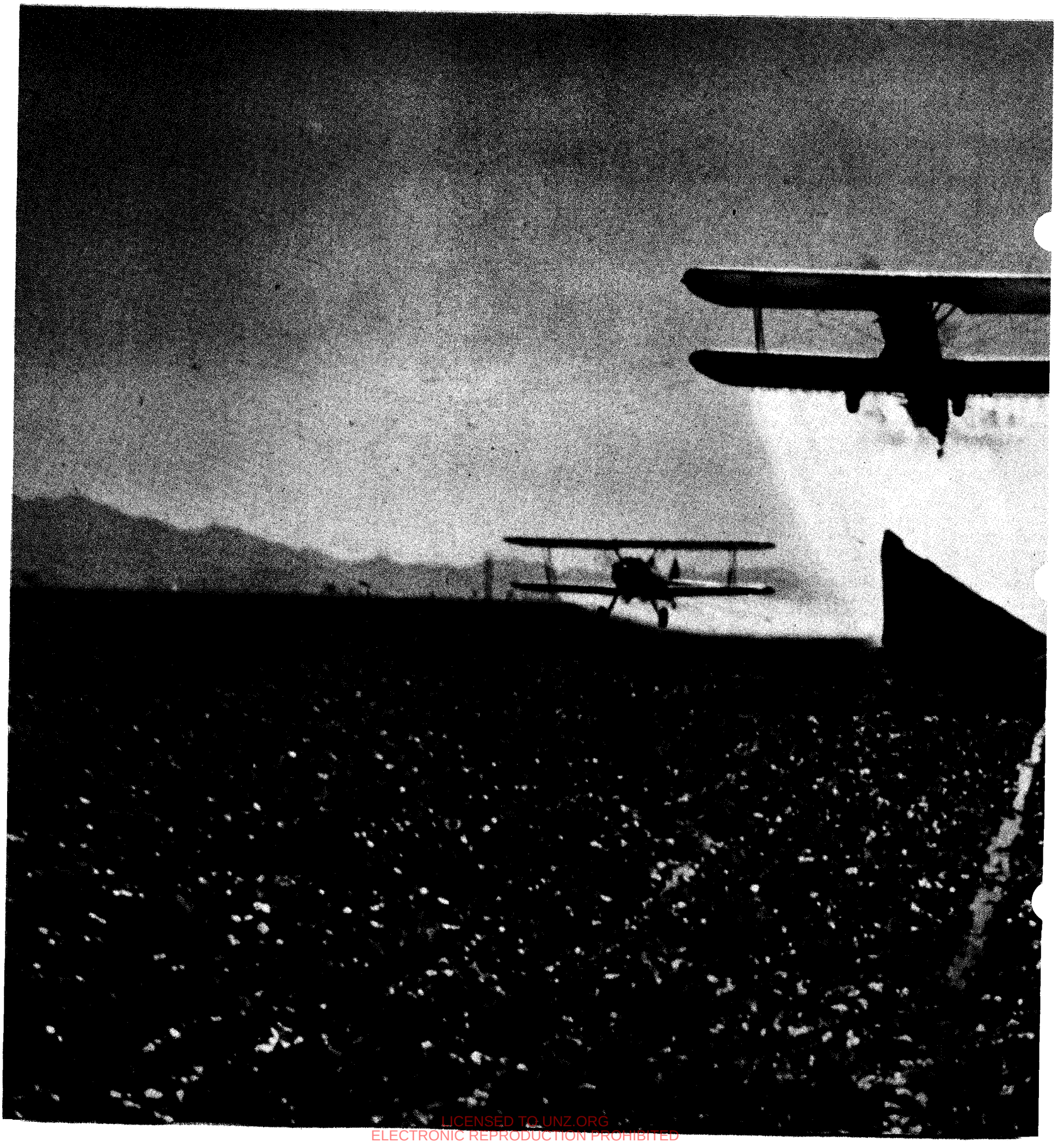
Bug Patrol



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Year after year a private air force makes war against crop-eating bugs and slugs and ten-legged beasties over 60,000,000 acres of American farmland. In the forefront of the battle are 500 "duster" pilots, experts all in the dangerous tricks of flying low to spread chemical dusts and sprays. Typical of their work is this picture of three spray planes over a lettuce field near Litchfield Park, Arizona, guiding on a flagman and zooming to wheel back for the next pass. Owned by Bill Marsh of Phoenix, the planes are primary trainers of World War II vintage, fitted with tanks for cargo, and souped up with 450-horsepower engines. The pilots are vintage too. Marsh employs twenty, and he hires only those who once taught precision flying to military cadets. Most of them have twenty years' experience. Jet jockeys and four-engine types, unused to flight at altitudes measured in inches, need not apply.

●Photograph by Jack Fields

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Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

the MODEL from MADISON AVENUE

By ROBERT STANDISH

It just wouldn't do for a peer of the realm to marry a lingerie model.

The ancient English law of primogeniture, by which everything passed to the oldest son except the crumbs which were left for the daughters and younger sons, dates from an age when the land itself and the need for holding together vast estates were deemed more important than the well-being of the junior and female members of the family. This was, and is, especially true of noble families, well aware that a title without the money to bolster its dignity is faintly ridiculous. Families wishing to be ennobled always did need plenty of money, because the conferring of titles of nobility—fairy tales to the contrary notwithstanding—was usually a cash transaction.

It is one of time's little revenges that so many younger sons, coldly sacrificed for the heir, blazed new trails in lands where what a man was himself was more important than what his father was, put down roots, prospered mightily and were lost to England forever.

Which brings me to the Honorable George Ayscough St. Clare Peverill, the youngest of the three sons of the ninth earl of Melton who, in the year 1936, when he was twenty-six years of age, realized somewhat bitterly that, although totally unequipped to hold his own in a competitive world, the sooner he bestirred himself the better. It is to his credit that, when offered the opportunity of marrying the cross-eyed daughter of a rich industrialist for the settlement she would bring, he scorned to do so.

With one thousand pounds given to him by his father, and the broad hint that he might expect little or nothing more, he set sail for Kenya where, he had learned from several friends who had settled there, a crop of wild oats could be sown more economically than in Mayfair and where adventurous souls could find an outlet for their high spirits.

A week in Nairobi convinced George that one thousand pounds was the kind of sum which solved none but immediate problems, so he cast around for the means of turning it into something worth while. Soon after this, he took a hand in a poker game which is still remembered in Kenya. When dawn broke up the game, he was the winner of some four thousand pounds in cash and checks, most of which were honored, and an IOU for a trifle over nine thousand pounds. He was not more than a fair poker player, and his run of luck had been phenomenal. In his mind he wrote off the IOU as uncollectible, but in this he did less than justice to the man who wrote it. Somewhat dazed by his good fortune, he accepted in full settlement a coffee estate comprising four hundred-odd acres of coffee not yet in bearing, twice that acreage of undeveloped land, a pleasant house and, by way of a bonus, a mile of good trout fishing, all of which was in easy reach of big-game country. At this turning point in his life something happened to George. Realizing that he could not count on the smiles of the fickle goddess again, he swore—to himself—that he would never play poker again.

His good fortune had been remarkable, but it did not seem as good then as it seems to us now, for in 1936 coffee was a drug on the world's markets. Not long previously Brazil, despairing of being able to sell a vast accumulated surplus, had burned several hundred thousand tons. Coffee acreage, therefore, was worth little. In order to keep afloat over the next few years, he was compelled to mortgage Peverill's Luck, as he had renamed the property, and when he went off to war in 1939, leaving everything in the hands of a friend, he believed that his luck was running out. But he was wrong.

George, as a bomber pilot, got through the war scatheless. His elder brother, the heir, was killed in the Normandy landings. The middle brother, now the heir, had married in 1934 and was living happily on a farm in New Zealand with his wife, a son named Stephen born in 1935 and two inconsequential daughters. The middle brother, whose name was Arthur, still nursing the grievance of a neglected younger son, declined flatly to return to England when

(Continued on Page 42)

"Aren't you going to ask me what my profession is, George?"

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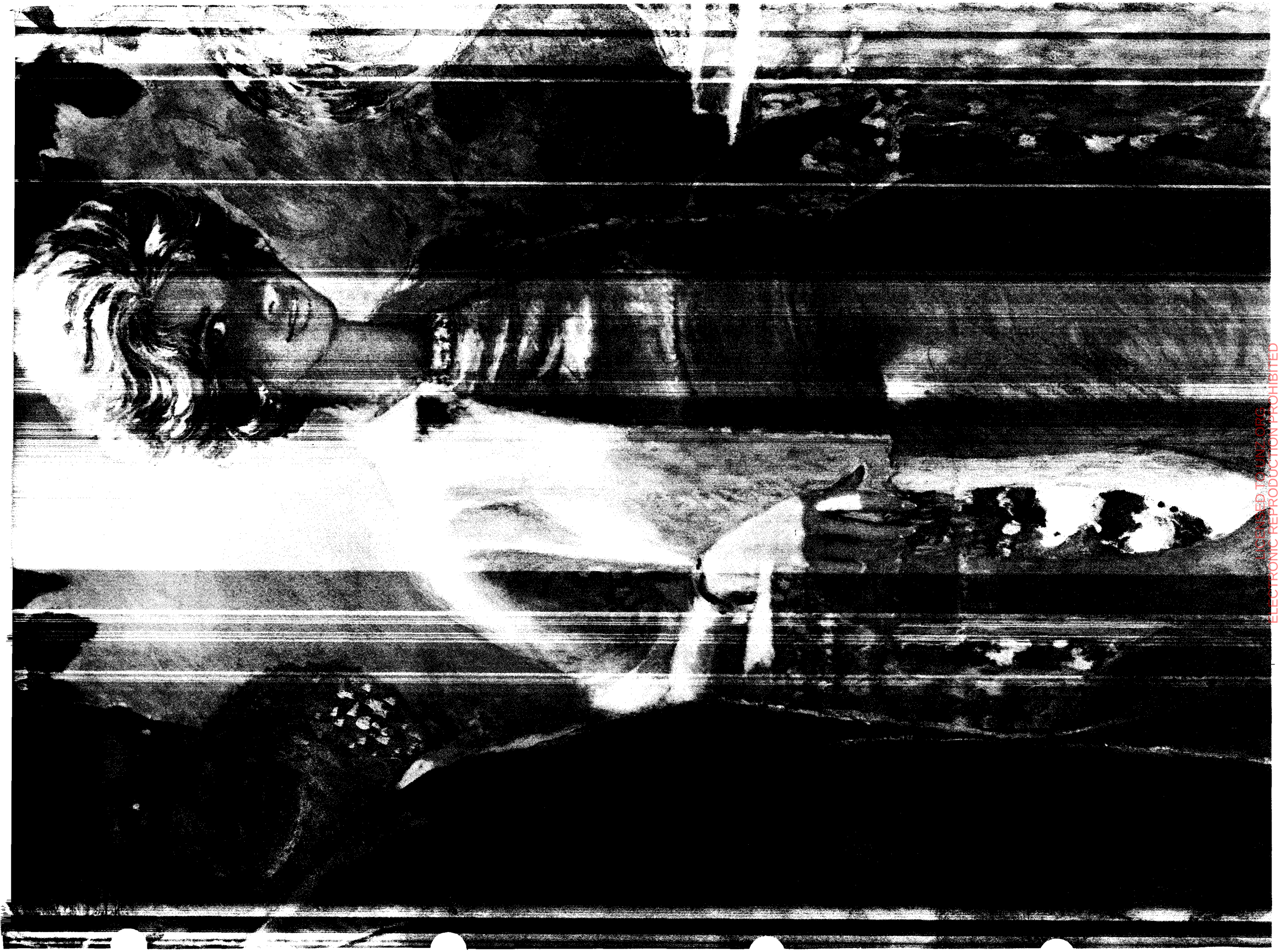

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By LOUIS ALEXANDER

Texas Helps Her Little Latins

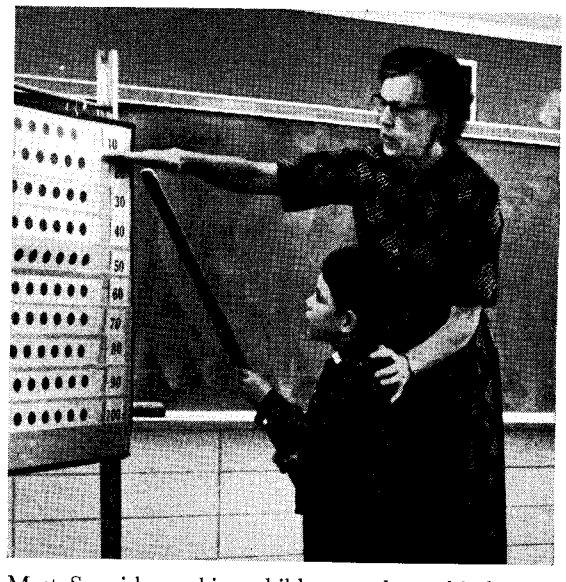
Now preschool English-language training gives Spanish-speaking children a fair chance to shed the bonds of second-class citizenship.

Members of the original preschool English class of Ganado, Texas, which Felix Tijerina (right) pioneered. Isabel Verver Gonzales (center) was their teacher.

Elizabeth Burrus of Baytown, Texas. She compiled the program's 400-word vocabulary list, which helps Latin children comprehend their first-year teachers.

Each year, in thousands of schools around the country, small children with names like Juan or Janos or Gianni start their education in an atmosphere of discouragement and frustration. The Spanish-speaking youngsters, for example, know the meaning of "*Dos y dos son cuatro*"; but when their teachers say, "Two plus two equals four," the children don't know what the teachers are talking about. It's just as difficult for the teachers; they know that despite their best efforts at least 70 per cent of the children will not be promoted at the end of the term. Many of them eventually will have to repeat second and third and fourth grade too. Their schooling will be a limping experience, with failure their usual reward. After a while the youngsters will simply quit making more than a token effort.

This pattern is relentless, as educators have found wherever there are sizable numbers of non-English-speaking children. In New York, Boston and Philadelphia, thousands of Puerto



Most Spanish-speaking children, such as this boy in Baytown's DeZavala elementary school, can't cope with first-grade work because of language difficulties.

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Little Tommy Capetillo attended preschool-training sessions in Baytown. This year he progressed as well as his English-speaking classmates.

Rican children are stumbling through elementary school and, despite truancy laws, dropping out long before they reach high school. In California specially trained teachers are trying to teach English to children of foreign-born migratory farm workers; in Miami more than 2000 Cuban pupils have swamped the school system. The difficulties are the same in communities where there are concentrations of immigrants or refugees who entered the United States in the wake of the 1956 Hungarian uprisings.

Until a few years ago Texas was as badly off as any other state in the country. There are about 2,000,000 Latins in Texas, mainly of Mexican heritage. Although approximately 70 per cent are Texas-born, many of them speak no English at all, and most speak Spanish far more fluently than English. For the most part their children quit school after only three or four years. A few educators were concerned, but most Texans just didn't care.

Adam Reyna, 7, racing home with classwork. Language training has helped keep him in school. Someday he may escape from Baytown's slums.

Today, thanks to a snowballing program to teach English to Spanish-speaking children, the Texas story is vastly more encouraging. In 1961 the State Education Agency reported that 12,000 Latin children—who might normally have flunked first grade—had not only passed but were doing as well in school as the "Anglos," the term Latins use to describe anyone who has spoken English from birth. Fewer children are dropping out of school, and the state's program for teaching English to the Latins has attracted international attention.

Ironically, the thinking that brought about this dramatic change did not come from educators, but from two Latins—a Houston businessman, Felix Tijerina, who had only six months of formal schooling, and Isabel Verver, a seventeen-year-old high-school girl.

Felix Tijerina's accomplishments are impressive even without his contribution to Texas education. His (Continued on Page 54)

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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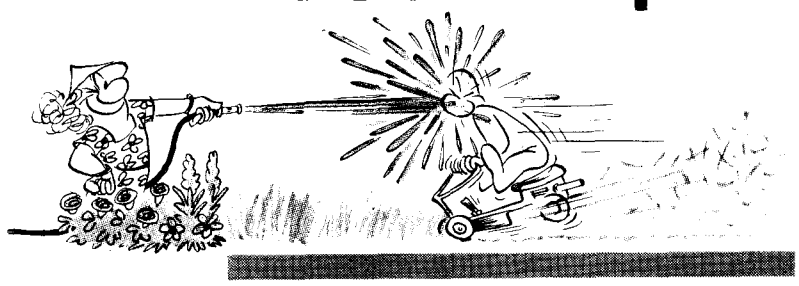
Post Scripts



Questionnaire for Wives

1.) Mr. Green has consistently refused to attend P. T. A. with his wife. On learning that Junior's new teacher is a curvaceous blonde who resembles Marilyn Monroe, Mr. Green:

( ) Still refuses to go to P. T. A.

( ) Attends meeting, discovers that the homely third-grade teacher is an old schoolmate and spends the social hour discussing old times.

( ) Realizes that Junior's educational adjustment is tremendously important and spends the social hour in close conference with his teacher.

2.) Mr. Gordon dislikes parties. His wife bodily drags him to a party. Once there, Mr. Gordon:

( ) Sulks in a corner until 11:00, then insists on going home.

( ) Spends the evening upstairs reading bedtime stories to the children of his hosts.

( ) Teaches a redhead to cha-cha, tells that story about the polar bear and the strip-teaser and would stay for breakfast if his wife were not, by this time, stronger than he is.

3.) Mr. Jackson is named as delegate to attend a convention in Chicago. Mr. Jackson promptly:

( ) Refuses to go unless his wife goes too.

( ) Goes to convention, attends several committee meetings, visits the art museum and returns home a day ahead of schedule.

( ) Goes to convention, attends several committee meetings, visits the art museum and returns home with an unaccountable headache and upset stomach, confetti in his coat pockets, and another fellow's suitcase.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Acknowledgment

Dear Uncle Rob. Well, thanks for the Canteen, its swell. I had a swell birt hday. Mom and Dad gave me a sleepin bag and Gram and Pops gave me a mikerscope and Sistie gave me some bugs Aunt Betty gave me a 5 yr. Dairy but she couldnt help it, she hasnt got any boys. I wrote in it last night so now I only got 1824 more pages to fill up. Not counting Leap yr.

You asked, What kind of grades I got in 5th grade? Well, they dont give us real grades, they just write stuff like socilly adoptobal and needs to develop habits of conserntration. But I did O.K. in Penmonship and Spellig, there my best Subjecs.

Well, I cant think of anything exciting, except you know Waggles? He got ahold of a Spunge under the sin and chewed it up and got sick in Mom's knitting bag. Wow, was Mom ev mad at Dad! What happened, Dad didnt act sorry enough, Mom caugt him grinnig. "Oh to think of the hours I slaved over that swetter for you!" she said. She was realley boomin.

Well, I guess this is all. I'll write you another letter next year.

Yours Truly,
Bob.

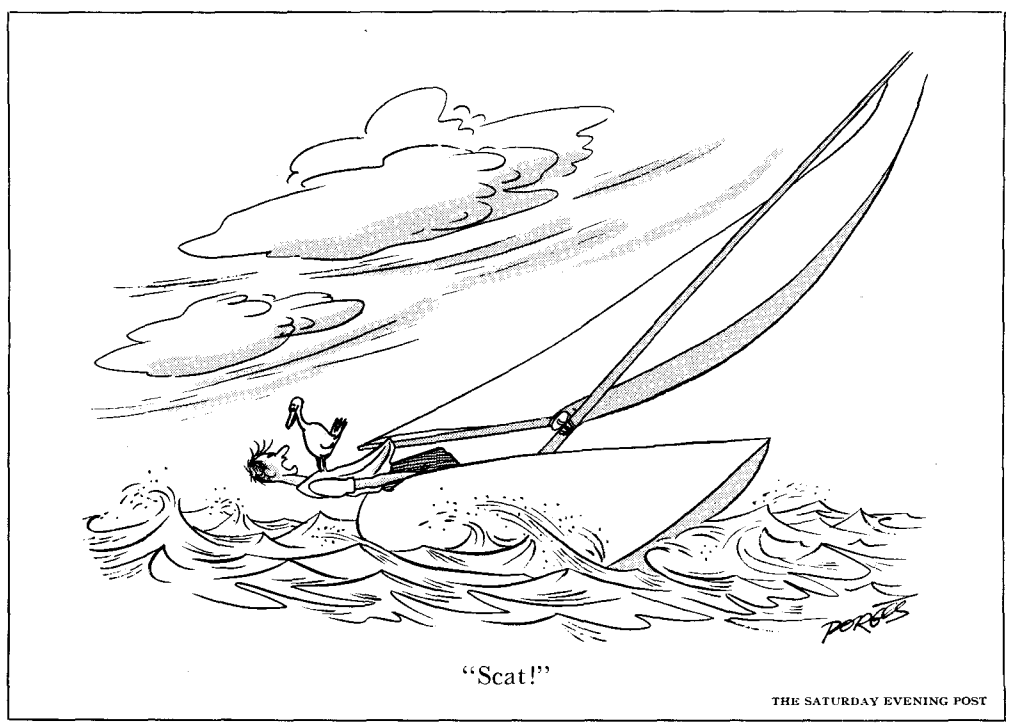
KAY NELSON

Songs Mein Grossmama Sang

After Der Dancen Ben Ober

After der dancen ben ober
Und after das crowd ist vamoosen,
Meinselfer ben speedischer rushen
Mit letten mein corset geloosen!

DAVE MORRAH



"Scat!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He Was So Refreshingly Truthful, I Accepted

"Hello. Is this Vern?"

"Yes, it is."

"Delbert Hawkins. Say, Vern, the club's look ing for some sucker to handle the newsletter, anc about twenty-three persons have turned us dowr so far, so we're pretty desperate. Would you, by any chance, be willing to handle it?"

"Well, gee, Delbert, I don't know. Do you think I'd be capable of handling it?"

"Well, Vern, the general consensus seems to be that you'd probably make a big botch of the thing, just like all the other stuff you've tried to do, but—well, frankly, right about now we don' have much choice. It's sort of a case of—well any port in a storm, I guess."

"Would putting out the newsletter involve quite a lot of time and work? I mean ——"

"It's a backbreaker, Vern. It's thankless, time consuming and frustrating."

"I suppose the members of the telephone com mittee would be co-operative, wouldn't they?"

"Well, Vern, it might be a little hard for you line up a committee, because—well, most of th members don't want to have anything to do with you. And I can't say I exactly blame them."

"Oh?"

"Yes. You see, most of us think you don't have sense enough to pound sand into a rathole but—well, like I said, twenty-three persons have turned us down, so we'd sure be grateful to you i you'd be willing to handle the newsletter, at leas to the best of your rather limited abilities, be cause . . ."

VERNON H. KURTZ

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Are you a young man who some day wants to be WEALTHY?

Then may we herein suggest that you get yourself acquainted with a good bank (like First Western). Why? Because . . . it is indeed rare for a man to get rich through his own efforts alone, without the aid of his BANK.

If you're like most young men today—sure, you want to get rich. Who doesn't?

But if your desire for accumulating some wealth goes beyond mere idle wishing . . . if (for instance) you want wealth enough to wade on through this page, then perhaps we at First Western can be helpful to you.

Let us explain our motives.

We are bankers. As such we are interested in attracting rich customers. Since there aren't very many rich customers available, then our next best bet is to raise a crop of our own.

Hence, this public message . . . an open invitation to serious-minded young men who have an honest desire to build up some wealth. We bankers call it personal net worth. After you get to know us better, you will discover that we can be very helpful in your efforts to get wealthy.

Let's be specific:

Your *first* step is to come in and get acquainted with us. No young, would-be millionaire should ever be without this kind of relationship with his bank. And by "getting acquainted" we mean you should do these four things:

1 Meet (and get to know) the Manager at any First Western office.

2 Open a *checking* account—even a "so-much-a-check" type if that's all you can presently afford.

3 Open a *savings* account. This may not be subtle, but it shows your banker right before his eyes that you want to be financially solid. Besides, at First Western you'll earn daily interest on these solid savings.

4 Fill out and file with us a "Personal Financial Statement." (You can get these forms at any of our offices.) This tells you (and us) how many dollars you are worth right now. It is your initial step toward accumulating additional "net worth."

Once you've done these four things, you have begun to establish yourself with us. We will get to know you. We will encourage you to build up your savings. Later on, when you get around to drawing out some of those savings in order to make your first, major estate-building investment, we will be on hand to counsel with you . . . to help you evaluate the considered investment . . . and, if it looks OK to us, to LEND YOU MONEY so that you can progress faster toward your economic goal.

Now do you begin to understand why a good banking connection is so vital to your plans for accumulating wealth?

If you do—then come in and let's get started now.

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the case of the BIGAMOUS SPOUSE

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Could the death of an elderly recluse be linked somehow with the murder victim?

When shapely Gwynn Elston first appeared in Perry Mason's office, she told the lawyer she believed that Felting Grimes was trying to murder her. Gwynn had discovered that Grimes, the husband of her best friend and her host since she moved into the Grimes residence, was a bigamist, leading a double life as Frankline Gillett.

Mason rubbed lipstick over the finger tips of the corpse—then pressed them to a folded piece of paper.

But Grimes-Gillett was himself murdered. The police arrested Gwynn, who found his body, and charged her with murder, but she assured Perry that she was not the killer.

As Perry dug into the dead man's past, he learned that Frankline Gillett's father was named Gorman Gillett, and that an elderly recluse of the same name had died three days earlier in a nearby town. "It's a startling coincidence," Mason observed, and he and his secretary, Della Street, set out for the town of Pine Haven.

IV

Pine Haven was high enough to retain its pure mountain air. Stars blazed steadily down from a crystal-clear sky against which lofty pines and firs presented towering black silhouettes. A colored light shed illumination over the entrance of the Bolton Funeral Home. In the front there was a small chapel on one side, an office on the other and behind them a huge, rambling building which had once been an ornate residence.

A gasoline station and an ice-cream parlor were open. A corner drugstore was just closing. A few stragglers emerged from the motion-picture theater. Aside from that the small mountain town was all tucked in for the night. Mason parked the car in front of the Bolton Funeral Home, walked up to the office, which had gilt lettering on the glass reading: ASSISTANT TO THE CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

Mason pressed the bell button. Within a very few seconds the door was opened by a whimsical individual in the early sixties, with steel-rimmed glasses, wiry, unruly hair, a drooping, gray mustache and rounded shoulders.

"I'm looking for Mr. Bolton," Mason said.

"You've found him. I'm Manny G. Bolton."

Mason extended his hand. "My name is Mason," he said. "This is Miss Street. I understand you have a body here, and no relatives have shown up to claim it."

"Gorman Gillett?" Bolton asked.

"That's right."

"You a relative?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "There is a possibility. I may say, however, to be perfectly fair, that it's a *remote* possibility. However, I came up here to take a look at the corpse. If this is the man I think it is and, if no relatives show up to claim the body, I would at least like to arrange for the funeral expenses."

Bolton looked at Mason over the top of the steel-rimmed glasses. "Well, now, *that's* something!" he said. "Come in."

The smell of incense, flowers and embalming fluid mingled in the close air of the interior. Bolton sat down at a desk.

"Been working on my books," Bolton explained, "and was just about getting ready to turn in—gets a little chilly up here at night, and I didn't want to turn on the central-heating plant, so it may be just a little nippy. Now, tell me, Mr. Mason, just what did you have in mind?"

"Something rather simple and inexpensive," Mason said, "but not exactly cheap."

"You'd want to move the body?"

"I would prefer not to claim the body," Mason said. "My function in the case would be to make a sufficient financial contribution to see that there was a modest but decent funeral."

"Well, now, that's right nice," Bolton said. "Would you like to look at some of the caskets?"

Mason said, "I'd be inclined to leave that to you. However, all I have to go on is a name. I wonder if I could look at the body?"

"Sure thing," Bolton said. "You let me have just a minute or two, will you? Then you can go in."

"Certainly," Mason said.

Bolton jumped up from the desk and scurried through a door.

Mason said, "You stay here, Della. I'll tell him to get a check from you. We'll go up to about three-fifty—give me that light-colored lipstick."

"Just what did you have in mind?" Della Street asked.

"I don't know," he said. "You'll have to follow my signals. Let's play it by ear."

She said, "You got a five-dollar retainer in a case, you obligate yourself to pay the Drake Detective Agency about $1250 right off the bat, and then you come up here and gamble three-fifty on a funeral for an unknown corpse."

"Sounds exciting, doesn't it?" Mason said.

"Perfectly disastrous from a bookkeeper's standpoint," she told him.

"How does the Internal Revenue Service feel about practicing law at a loss?"

"They take a dim view of it. Expenses are supposed to be ordinary, necessary and, I believe, reasonable."

"Money," Mason said, "was made round so it can be kept in circulation. Did you ever realize, Della, that if I take a dollar and pay it to Paul Drake, and Drake pays it to his landlady, and the landlady pays it to the grocer, that dollar is doing a man-sized job in the economy. Whereas, if I put the dollar in my pocket and sit on it ——"

The door opened and Bolton came back. "Like to take a look, Mr. Mason?" he said. "Right this way. He's out here in the place I keep for county cases. But I guess you won't mind."

(Continued on Page 60)

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WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO STOP A WOMAN? Check a good neighborhood (we have) the day a new Ladies' Home Journal comes out, and you may think the world's stopped. You'll find more feminine feet get propped up, more rugs go unvacuumed, more meals get burnt on that day than on any other all month long. How does the Journal stop a woman? By being entertaining? Sure, a thriller by du Maurier, a chiller by Agatha Christie, or an eye-filler by Castillo is not to be ignored. But even more important, a woman always stops for a new Journal because she finds it her great, unfailing idea starter. Our recipes; our home, beauty and money features; our Dr. Spock; our health and beauty authorities keep a woman stocked with a host of things to think about and do all month long. If you're an advertiser who'd like to start an idea with the youngest, best educated, biggest spending audience of the leading women's magazines, better make the Journal your *first* stop.

When the Journal speaks—women listen

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Wizard With Rocks (Continued from Page 17)

are three shrines, with a fourth still abuilding. Into this wall, which looks like an outcropping of natural serpentine, Kado has fitted 5000 rocks, blended together so ingeniously that they look like one great mass. This is Kado's art with rocks, making them look as though they had always been there.

"What a man needs is something he can never finish," exclaimed Kado, beaming at the barren uncompleted rear of the main shrine, one of the thirty-five replicas of Our Lady of Lourdes grotto in France that he has constructed in Southern California.

Cocking an ear to the splash of a waterfall known as Music of the Mountain, which he considers one of his masterpieces, Kado said excitedly, "Listen. I hear fourteen different sounds of water falling—all music. The sounds of water are soothing. They quiet the nerves. So I am much interested in the sounds of falling water."

To win recognition as the country's outstanding rock-garden builder, the jovial and philosophic little landscape architect has had to survive some staggering setbacks. They have left no scars on Kado.

A devoutly religious man, Kado was born at the base of Mt. Fuji in Japan to a family of Buddhist tea growers. One brother became a Shinto priest. Kado was converted to Christianity while still in his teens.

"We all live under the same roof, but my father says, 'All religions good, just different point of view.'" A Methodist when he came to the United States in 1910, Kado adopted the Catholic faith after completing his first church shrine in 1929.

With a twinkle, Kado refers to himself as "a fifth-generation rock man—by marriage." His wife, Hama, is the daughter of the late Chotaro Nishimura, who created the Crown Prince's Gardens in Tokyo, then settled in California in 1910 after spending three years building the Presidential Gardens in Mexico City.

"I work for Mr. Nishi, so, like in American success stories, I marry the boss's daughter," laughed Kado. "But success comes the hard way."

Eager to escape the family tea business and migrate to America, Kado left home while still a youngster, worked in Tokyo at many jobs while he studied rock gardens in the Imperial Palace grounds, Hibiya and other public parks. Ironically, it was the tea business he disliked that got him to the United States as a salesman for the Japanese green-tea-growers' syndicate. Kado peddled tea with horse and buggy in Detroit and Cleveland, but earned so little that he had to build rock gardens on the side to eke out a living. He also lectured on Japanese art at colleges in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia. "I marvel now at my gall," he says, recalling this episode.

In Cleveland he was befriended by a discerning schoolteacher and principal, Miss Ida Deighton, who invited him to dinner every week. She and two sisters taught him conversational English. When Miss Deighton urged him to quit the tea business and study rock gardening under the best craftsman he could find, young Kado promptly sold his horse and buggy, closed his store and caught a train for Southern California.

"When I get to Los Angeles, I put on my best suit and derby hat and find Mr. Nishimura," explains Kado. "I ask him to let me work with him. His answer is 'No.' So the next day I put on my best suit and derby hat and ask him again. I do this every day until he says 'Yes.'"

Kado worked as an apprentice to Nishimura for four years, learning the secrets of erecting rock walls, laying out rock gardens and creating artificial waterfalls. Nishimura soon discovered that he had hired a landscape wizard and put Kado in charge of a nursery in Hollywood.

... ...

Smart Ache

Odds favor beauty over
brains
To get a girl a mink—
Because, alas, the men
who see
Outnumber those who
think.

Suzanne Douglass

... ...

"From Mr. Nishi I learn the strength of rocks, the music of the waterfall, the curve of the pine branch to lead the eye to hidden beauty," explains Kado, who opened his own nursery in 1919. After building a small Japanese-style house, he asked a mutual friend to negotiate with Nishimura for the hand of his daughter.

"She was beautiful, poised, gentle and far above me—quite out of reach," recalls Kado. "But this time Mr. Nishi's answer is 'Yes' the first time."

Nishimura told his son-in-law, "I am a fourth-generation rock craftsman. You become the fifth generation of Nishimura artistry."

Kado began practicing this artistry immediately. Each Yule season, for example, he worked night after night turning out diminutive gardens in pot platters for Christmas presents, an cellent practice" that paid off in assignments to lay out many rock gardens for homes of movie stars in the Hollywood Hills. Nearly all of these gardens are bu memories now. Those stars are gone; their gardens have been bulldozed out to make room for apartment houses and swimming pools of another era.

"This is why I like to work for the church," says Kado. "Private gardens are too fleeting in Southern California. What I do for the church is forever, so I put my heart and soul into it."

In the winter of 1923–24, catastrophe struck the young Kados. A black frost swept Southern California. The freeze wiped out the nursery stock on which he had spent four years training *bonsai* trees and shrubs for his patrons.

Kado started all over again, growing trees from seed. He leased a new site for a nursery in Los Angeles and built a house on the grounds. Four years later just as the business began thriving, the street on which he had located was widened into an arterial which cut through the nursery and home. Kado had unwittingly signed a lease which required him to pay all costs for improvements to the property. This financial blow forced him into bankruptcy. Kado, his wife and two small children moved into a one-room apartment.

"For three days we ate nothing but noodles," he recalls. "I was ready to give up. My wife said, 'Come, we will build again.' I said, 'We will be like the morning-glory; cut off the top, and there are three tops next morning.' So I spent the

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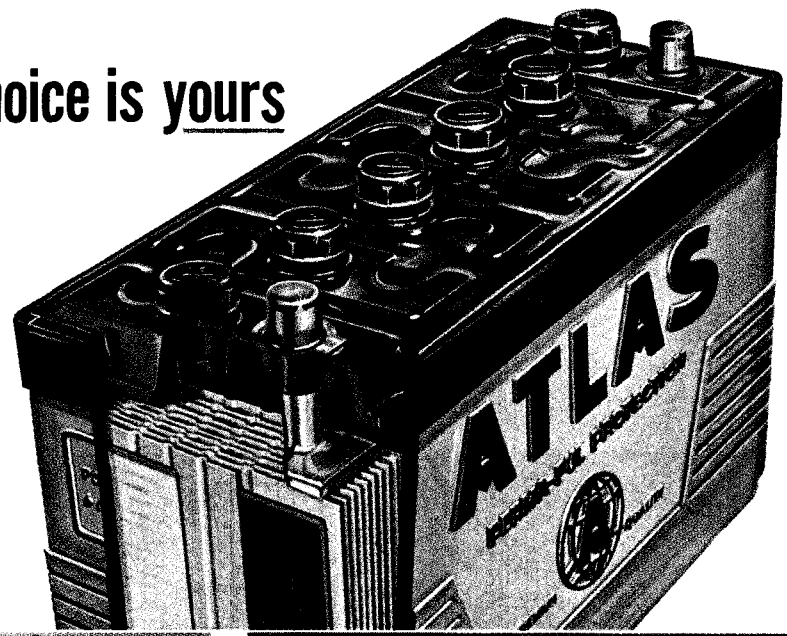

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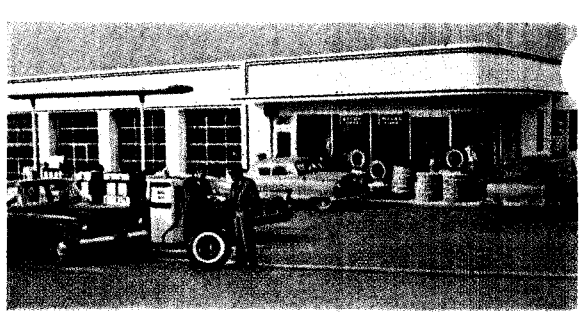

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morning building a rock garden in a dish which I sold at a nursery for five dollars. This went for groceries, but we were in business again."

Once more Kado prospered. The fame of his rock gardens spread. He won thirty awards at county fairs. He developed a new orchid cactus, a parasitic shade plant with gorgeous flowers, that won distinction. One of his achievements was building a jungle for the California Pacific International Exposition botanical garden in San Diego.

Then came his most devastating bad break on December 7, 1941, when bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Kado was "all set for life, the days of insecurity past," as he puts it. In his Santa Monica nursery he had $40,000 worth of prized *bonsai* trees and shrubs. He had bought a new house and moved his family into it a fortnight previous. Within a week—barely time to finish his last rock garden for Hollywood stars—Fibber McGee and Molly, the James Jordans of Encino—he and his family, including his aged father-in-law, Mr. Nishi, were trucked off to Manzanar Relocation Center, a mile-square barbed-wire internment camp in the desert east of the Sierra Nevada.

The Kados were allowed 150 pounds of possessions each. The real-estate agent from whom he had bought his new house assured him it would be awaiting him at the end of the war; within six months it had been foreclosed for the mortgage. Kado got nothing. For his prized *bonsai* trees he realized $800. The work of a lifetime was wiped out.

The Kados arrived at bleak Manzanar ahead of most of the 10,000 tearful Japanese-Americans who crowded into the one-square-mile center. The day after the family settled into their twelve-by-thirty-foot corner in a tar-paper barracks, Kado was out gathering rocks. He had been put in charge of the Manzanar "gardens," at the time only sandy open spaces among the hastily slapped-up buildings.

"But we had plenty of water from Mt. Whitney," recalls Kado, who started at once on a fish pond to revive the morale of the Japanese fishermen from Terminal Island. Then he laid out gardens outside the five mess halls and the hospital. He planted grass and trees for picnic areas and built stone sentry boxes and a rock arch at the Center's entrance. He and his son Louis labored nights on a memorial shrine for the desolate camp cemetery.

"We had lots of help. We put the teenagers to work and kept them in hand. Relocation was hard, but a wise move. Tempers are not normal in time of war," philosophizes Kado.

In 1943 the Kado family got an unexpected break. Two Maryknoll sisters of Japanese blood, who had volunteered to work at Manzanar, managed to have Kado, his wife and two children transferred to the Maryknoll order's headquarters near Ossining, New York. Here they lived in a small cabin, while the energetic little landscaper built gardens, walls, grottoes, shrines and waterfalls of native New York rock. This work, which Kado considers some of his best, changed his career. He decided to devote the rest of his life to landscaping for the church.

"Maryknoll is never finished," Kado exults. "So I spend my vacations there each year. The church keeps me busy, even on weekends and holidays. No garden is ever finished."

This decision interfered with Kado's dream of evolving a distinctly American private rock garden. He has had little time to build home gardens, even for friends. Instead, he plants small natural gardens around the shrines he builds on church properties. Kado thinks he gets his ideas over to more amateur gardeners in this way than he would by building rock gardens in hundreds of homes. Two of his larger shrines, Holy Cross Cemetery in Los Angeles and his Lourdes of the West in Altadena, have been visited by more than 1,000,000 persons.

On his return to Los Angeles in 1946 Kado found that his business had evaporated. At fifty-six he started anew from scratch in a rented home. The one thing he had not lost was his skill. Kado had discovered that by fashioning two Nishimura-type overhanging cantilever walls at an angle from each other and joining them at the top, he achieved a grotto quite similar in form to the famous natural grottoes of Our Lady of Lourdes in France and Our Lady of Fátima in Portugal. Applying this principle, he has built sixty-three shrines in Southern California, utilizing serpentine rocks he discovered while in the desert at Manzanar. Skillfully fitted together, with no mortar showing at the outer joints, these rocks blend into massive formations that look as though they were pushed up by some geological upheaval.

At the base of each shrine Kado usually designs a pool fed by a small waterfall. Around the pool he places logs and stumps. These look like remnants of fallen trees—they are made of cement by a process Kado has perfected—even to the realistic bark.

"Every afternoon at four o'clock when I work on a shrine, I take all the mortar we have left and make a log or a stump," he explains. "By the time we finish the job, we have plenty of logs for poolsides and stumps for gardens."

Kado's ideas for building rock gardens—and shrines, too, for that matter—are almost too simple to be true. (The hardest job, he says, is writing a book to pass his knowledge on to others.) He starts by borrowing ideas from nature. When he finds a natural garden that delights him, he makes a sketch or snaps a photograph to fix it in memory.

Then he makes a miniature, a foot or two high and a yard or so across, on a pottery platter or dish, using small stones as replicas for the rocks. Around these he plants tiny dwarf trees and shrubs. Kado's back yard is jammed with these Lilliputian platter gardens, which are prized for window-box or indoor gardens. One on a platter two feet long has a forest of *bonsai* junipers two feet high. It is ten years old, but the junipers appear to have grown there for centuries. Others have maples, pines, cedars and various dwarfed shrubs growing out of pockets in rock formations Kado has built during evenings and Sundays.

"When you build a miniature, you can change it if you don't like it," he points out. "When you get what you like, you build your rock garden full size. But you don't change that. Too much work."

In his small back yard, Kado has a man-high shrine with a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in a diminutive grotto. At the side, spilling out of the rocks, is the inevitable waterfall, about eighteen inches high. "I promised Our Lady to build her a shrine when the mortgage on our home is paid off," he said. "The home is ours in 1957, so I build this shrine."

In front of his modest cottage, Kado has an entirely different type of rock garden. It was built by embedding several large granite boulders in the lawn. Dwarf pines, a rubber tree, giant ferns and bird-of-paradise plants grow around them. The granite rocks look like casual outcroppings of larger boulders down below.

"Not so casual as they look," he points out. "The big boulder on the left represents the main mountain. The smaller one on the right is a lesser mountain. The still smaller one in the center is a distant mountain, seen through the trees. This gives the garden rhythm, makes the eye move from beauty to beauty.

"This is a utilitarian rock garden. The rocks collect heat during the daytime, keep the roots warm during the night. Everything grows better. This is an inexpensive rock garden, costing maybe two hundred dollars for rocks and trees. Very easy to maintain; just give the pines a haircut now and then."

Kado likes to build a rock garden on a sunny slope, but his own lot was flat.

"No problem at all," he said. "Just dump two or three loads of topsoil in one big pile and one small pile for two mountains. If you dig a basin for a pool, toss the soil up for some low hills."

"I'll bet Ben Hogan doesn't speak like that to Mrs. Hogan."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An eager collector of rocks, Kado buys some at rockyards and picks up the others in his travels. He prizes some of his rocks so highly that he keeps them in a glass case in the living room. His favorite is a crystal with a formation in it that looks like a petrified chrysanthemum.

"Rocks are beautiful," he says. "And cheap. Anyone can have them. Almost anyone can work with them. You have to choose your own rocks for a rock garden. Pick weathered rocks, not too many. You're building a garden, not a rock pile. Hard rocks, like granite, are slow to heat, but stay warm into the night. Soft rocks warm up fast, but cool quickly after sundown. A combination of hard and soft is best. Plant rocks so they slope off into the soil, like a natural outcropping. For walls and grottoes, use equal parts of cement and sand for mortar to bind them together. Very easy!"

Kado's enthusiasm for rocks is matched only by his fascination for falling water. In his Music of the Mountain waterfalls at Holy Cross Cemetery he plays with fourteen distinct sounds by manipulating several types of falls. Some of these he has named, such as the solid, thin "sheet" falls; the slender "thread" falls that drop in lines; the twisting "side" falls with water detoured to give a side view; the "repeat" falls, with the water bounding from rock to rock and the "gliding" falls in which the water burbles down inclined rocks. He works all of these and other variations into one small waterfall only five feet high.

"Three beauties come with a waterfall," he pointed out. "Sight and sound and waves. The splash of water and the sound of water sliding over rocks is beauty quite exquisite. A cascade gurgling over pebbles in a miniature brook is another entrancing sound. Sit by a waterfall and do nothing but listen; the sounds bring you tranquillity. Music of water on soft summer evenings strengthens your soul. You change a rock at the lip of the fall, and you get a new sound. You listen and study the falling water. A shallow pool makes a burbling splash. A deeper pool gives you a deep sound. You experiment until you get the music you like. Most exciting!"

Kado doesn't need much water to get all the music he wants. About 200 gallons—with a small submersible pump, costing forty to fifty dollars, to push about twenty-five gallons of water per minute over the top—makes quite a lot of splash and sound. A twenty-dollar air pump from a tropical-fish store is all he needs to keep the water crystal clear.

"You'd be surprised how much fun it is to make rock gardens," he exulted. "I put my heart into every garden, every shrine, every waterfall. If what I do gives people joy for one minute, I am happy."

Kado's happiest year, he says, was 1954. He and his wife became American citizens, under the new law allowing Japanese-born residents to be naturalized. He celebrated by visiting the original Lourdes grotto in France to see if his replicas were properly proportioned. They were, to his delight. His wife Hama visited Japan, though Kado has not returned to his birthplace. His son Louis, after serving overseas in the Army, was an aviation engineer. His daughter Ida, a University of Southern California graduate named for his Cleveland benefactor, Miss Ida Deighton, became a registered pharmacist at St. Francis Hospital. To top it all, the California Board of Landscape Architects awarded him an honorary degree of landscape architect.

"All in one year!" explodes Kado. "Where else but in America would we be given such an opportunity to rebuild our lives?"

THE END

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That Girl Upstairs (Continued from Page 25)

books, stored in the attic of his parents' home in Belmont, for the large flat-topped mahogany desk which his great-uncle, the deceased Avery of Babcock, Winston, Avery and Tudor had willed him. Approaching thirty, a man thinks of marriage, and his bachelor quarters were too small to share with a wife.

As always, he had a sense of home-coming when he entered his apartment. Through the windows he could see the chimney pots and tiled roofs of Beacon Hill. There was the warm glow of downtown Boston coloring the night sky. He unpacked his bag, took a shower and got into bed.

He was still in his pajamas the next morning when his doorbell rang. He pressed the button which released the lock on the street door, and a voice followed by a soft thud, called, "Sunday paper, Mr. Avery." From the floor above, he heard footsteps and went back to get his dressing gown. He descended the stairs. There was no newspaper in the hall. He opened the outer door, and there was no newspaper outside. *Odd*, he reflected. *Very odd.*

On Monday he went to his office, a ten-minute walk from his apartment. At quarter past five—the walk back up the hill took fifteen minutes—he almost bumped into a young woman in the vestibule who was trying to open his mailbox. She was a tallish young woman, dressed in blue jeans and a striped jersey.

He said, "I beg your pardon," and she turned.

"Why?" she inquired. "What have you done?" She added, "Maybe you can help me. My key doesn't seem to fit my mailbox."

"Your key?" he said.

"Well, it's the key that they gave me."

"Who gave you?" he demanded.

"The renting people," she answered.

"What renting people?"

She looked at him quizzically. "I don't know who you are," she said, "but I have the top-floor apartment, and ——"

"You have *what?*" Tom interrupted.

She laughed. "Listen, Mr. Boston, what makes you think you can talk to me like this?"

"Because you're trying to get into my mailbox, for one thing," he informed her.

Her gray-green eyes flashed. "Your mailbox!" she said. "Can't you read?"

Tolerance is what keeps a woman from scolding her husband for smoking as much as she does.

HAL CHADWICK

"Certainly I can read," Tom said sharply. "It says 'Avery.' A-V-E-R-Y."

"Well?" she said. "That's my name."

"*Your* name!" he exploded.

"Are you crazy?" she asked. "I'm not sure that I care to know you, but for your information, my name is Marian Avery."

He stared at her. "Let me get this straight. You say that your name is Avery and that you have rented the top floor?"

"When do you begin the fingerprinting?" she inquired.

"Listen," he said. "My name is Avery. Thomas Avery. I have lived in this house for two years and I have an option on the top floor."

"You haven't any more," she retorted. "I signed a year's lease last Friday."

For an instant he was speechless. He glared at her, and she glared back at him.

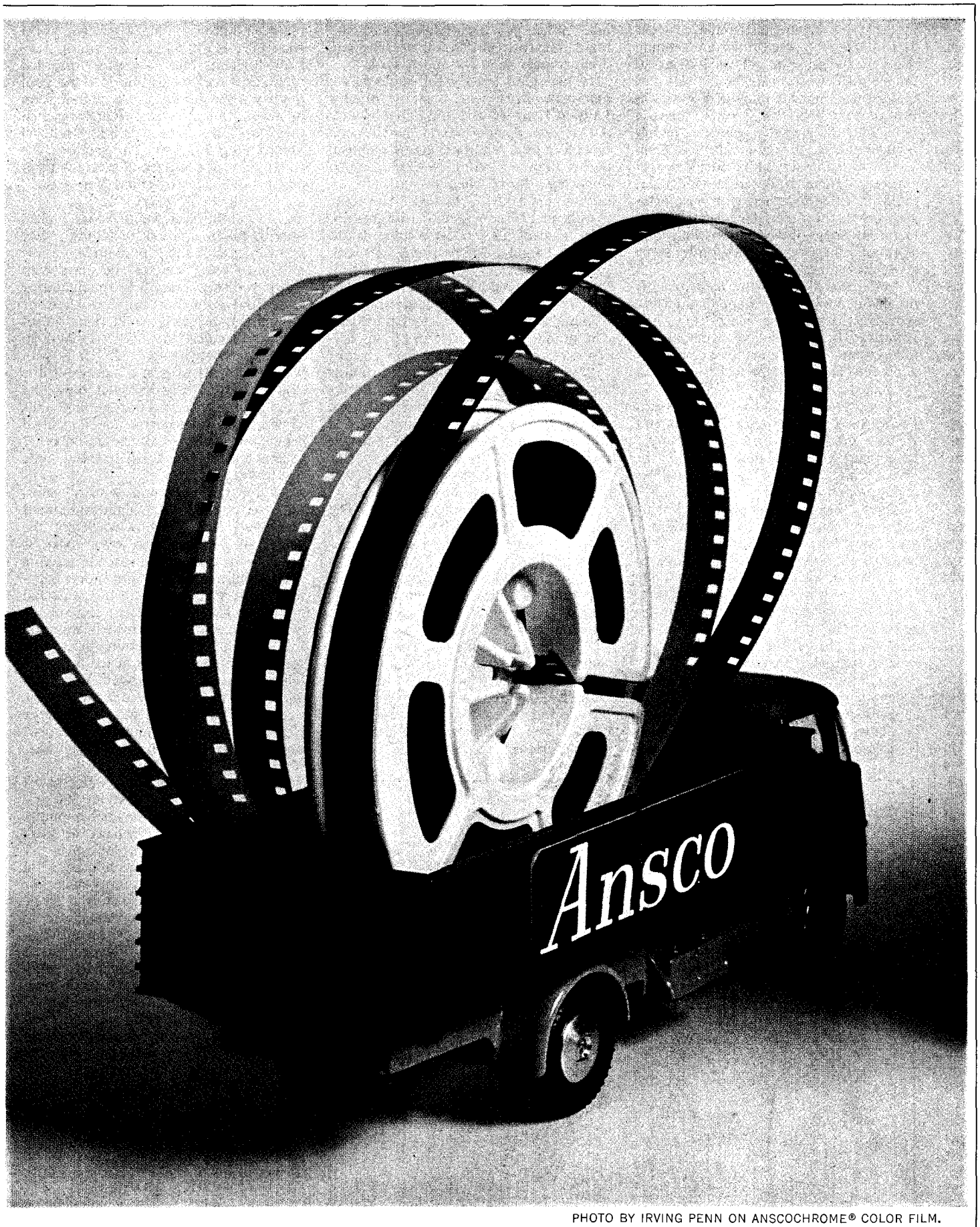
"We'll see about that!" he said and went up the stairs.

Within his apartment, his doorbell was ringing steadily. He called, "Who is it?"

"Now I know!" called the young woman cheerfully. "The other bell and box must be mine. How was I supposed to guess? I'll put up my name at once."

"Why waste your time?" he asked coldly. "I'm telephoning the rental agency and straightening this out right now."

"Telephone and be damned to you," she told him. "My lease is quite legal." She had reached the landing and stood looking at him defiantly.



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"Are you a lawyer?" he inquired.

"No," she said.

"Well, I am," he informed her and slammed his door. He heard her feet running up the stairs, her own door slam. He lighted a cigarette, dialed the agency and got a busy signal.

Undoubtedly this wretched young woman who shared his name had telephoned ahead of him. He would not, he thought further, trust her around the corner. It was she, he was certain, who had appropriated his Sunday paper. She seemed to assume that anything marked "Avery" belonged to her. He dialed again and was connected.

"We did try to contact you, Mr. Avery," the agent apologized. "It all happened so suddenly. Mr. Bemis decided to go to live with his son in Dedham, and Miss Avery has been on our list for a studio vacancy for months. Is she a relative of yours?"

"Certainly not!" said Tom. So he was a lawyer, was he? His option had been oral, unlike Miss Avery's lease. He paced his room furiously. Even if he had not wanted the top floor, this house was not large enough for two people named Avery!

The next morning, as he paused to open his mailbox, he blanched. M. AVERY was neatly printed on the other box, and above both boxes, elaborately lettered in script, were the words HIS and HERS. Thomas Avery, Bostonian, was not amused.

Returning home at five-fifteen, he observed a young woman walking toward him. Without staring, he noted that her suit and hat were a somewhat unusual, but attractive, shade of green, and that her long legs were slender, her ankles trim.

She said, "Oh, hi there, Mr. Avery! I called the agent and I'm honestly sorry about the apartment. I've been looking for a studio for months. You said that you were a lawyer, so you can't possibly need a skylight as much as I do." She was smiling, a friendly, open smile, but Tom found himself incapable of smiling back. She had taken him by surprise. She bore little resemblance to the disheveled girl in jeans of the previous day.

Her smile faded. She said, "So that's the way it is? Very well, Mr. Boston. I guess the best we can do is to try to keep out of each other's hair."

For the second time since his return, Thomas Avery was furious. He was furious with this girl, with her breezy manner and unfamiliar accent—Western, he imagined—and he was furious with himself for not having handled the situation better. She needed a skylight, so he assumed that she was some sort of artist.

He had a dinner engagement and he tried to shake off his angry mood. He changed his clothes and went out. When he returned, shortly before midnight, and discovered that for the first time in his tenancy he had left his keys in his business suit, he swore. There was only one thing to do, and he did it. He rang her bell—HERS. The latch clicked. She called, "Who is it?"

He said, "I'm extremely sorry, Miss Avery. I forgot my key." He heard her door close, and that made him angry. Certainly she could not think that he had any intention of prolonging their conversation!

On Sunday afternoon Persis Tudor called on him. He had known Persis since they were children.

"What," she inquired, "is this 'His' and 'Hers' business?" He told her, and she said, "You poor thing! What's she like?"

He shrugged. "Female artist. Wears blue jeans."

"Young?"

"I guess so. I've scarcely seen her."

Persis made a sound which combined sympathy with disapproval. "Awkward for just the two of you to be here in this house," she murmured. "And you wanted that upper floor!" She was standing by the window. "Even if you are on the shady side of the hill, it's a charming view," she conceded. The Tudor house, on Chestnut Street, was on the proper side. "It's a lovely day. I thought I might persuade you to take a walk."

He neither saw nor heard Miss Avery for a week. Several times he found a letter for her in his mailbox and slipped it into hers. She was, at least, a quiet neighbor.

He was going to spend the Thanksgiving weekend with his family and, on the day before, he walked up Newbury Street, looking for a gift for his mother. Suddenly he stopped short. In the window of a small art gallery was a painting, neatly framed. It was the view from his living room. The tiled roofs and gables, the angular ailanthus trees, even the ancient, knotted wisteria vine in the yard across the way, were identical. It was startling; and impulsively he went in.

"It is a pleasant picture, isn't it?" the young man in charge murmured. He lifted it from the window, and Tom saw the signature in the lower corner and winced. "She has really caught the essence of the Hill, don't you think?"

"Yes," Tom admitted. He looked at it again. "How much is it?" The price was modest. He heard himself say, "I'll take it."

"Would you care to make out a check?"

He felt a sudden chill. "I'll pay cash," he said.

"Where shall we deliver it?"

"I'll take it with me."

The young man looked amused. "If you'll leave your name, we'll put it on our list of announcements of new exhibitions."

"Ernest Pendleton," said Tom. "Better address it to the Harvard Club." Clutching the picture, he fled. As he climbed the hill he looked furtively up and down the street, and when he reached his house, he bolted up the stairs. The last thing in the world that he wanted was for Marian Avery to discover that he had bought a painting of hers.

He propped it on a table and compared it with the actual view. The perspective was slightly different, since she had seen it from the floor above. The additional height made different angles, a more interesting composition.

He started as his bell rang, and put the picture behind a pillow on the couch. A boy carrying a wire hanger, a rustling paper cover concealing all but the hem of a dress, asked, "Avery?" Tom said, "Upstairs."

A moment later there was a knock at his door. "They don't answer. Can I leave it with you?"

He left his door ajar until he heard her quick steps. "I have a dress of yours," he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry." She was wearing the green suit again and the rakish green hat. Her eyelashes were brown and unusually long.

"May I take it up for you?" he offered.

She had not smiled, but her gray-green eyes glinted. "If I'm strong enough to wear it, I'm strong enough to carry it," she said.

He closed his door. In his bedroom, on the street side of the house, he removed a Van Gogh print from its hook and put up Miss Avery's painting. The more he looked at it, the more he liked it.

The first of December brought a tangle of mail, his and hers. Bills in the wrong boxes—he must, he decided, speak to the postman. A telegram for her was delivered to him. They were equally polite and apologetic about these irritations.

Persis called again. "You're being very unneighborly," she reproached him. "Mother wondered if you'd come for dinner tonight." She smiled. "I thought I'd beard you in your den instead of telephoning. You wouldn't give me a cup of tea, would you?"

"Of course." He went into the kitchen and was filling the teakettle when she flashed past him.

"I'll leave my things in your bedroom," she said.

He lighted the stove, set a tray and carried it into the living room. Persis returned and walked to the window. "I was looking at your new picture," she said. "It's nice."

"I like it," he said.

Her back was toward him. "It's this view, isn't it?" She turned abruptly. "Did she paint it here, Tom?"

"Here?" he echoed. "She's never been here. It's from her studio, I presume."

"Did she give it to you?" asked Persis.

He was suddenly irritated. "I saw it in the window of a gallery and bought it," he told her. "She has no idea that I did, and I have no intention of telling her."

"Why not?" she inquired, her blue eyes very still.

"Why should I?" he retorted. "I hardly know the girl."

"It's—odd," said Persis slowly. "You must admit that it's odd, Tom."

"I don't see anything odd about it," he said flatly. A little later he added, "About tonight. I'm afraid I'd better not, Persis. I have some papers to go over."

The days before Christmas produced confusion in the little house. Postmen and delivery boys pressed either bell for Avery, regardless of sex. Perhaps the holiday spirit had soothed him, but Tom found himself more amused than irritated, especially when a parrot in a cage was delivered to his door. From the floor above, Miss Avery called politely, "Was that for you, Mr. Avery? My bell rang."

"I wasn't expecting a live bird," he replied. "Were you?"

She said, "Oh, dear," and descended the stairs. She was wearing jeans again; and watching her, he reflected that at least she had the figure for them. "It's for me," she said. "I *am* sorry."

"I think it's rather funny," he said.

She looked at the parrot without enthusiasm. "So did the donor," she murmured dryly and carried the cage upstairs.

He spent Christmas in Belmont, attended several parties in Boston during the next week. He saw no more of his cotenant until the Saturday after New Year's. He was reading when he heard an odd bumping in the hall. He opened his door. She had a holly wreath over one arm and was dragging a small Christmas tree behind her. She said, "Oh, hello. Did I disturb you? I just remembered that this is Twelfth-night. You know—the goblins will get you if you leave your decorations up."

She did not look well. She was pale and seemed thinner than when he had last seen her, and her eyes were heavy.

"Let me put it outside for you," he offered.

"Thank you." She accepted with unusual meekness. She dropped both wreath and tree and returned to her studio.

It was none of his business, but he was disturbed. She did not look well at all. His awareness of her increased. He found himself listening for her step, looking for her on the streets. Two recent snowstorms had made the hill precarious walking, and the small house was drafty to the cold winds. It was unnatural for two people to share one roof and to have nothing to do with each other.

In late January the agent telephoned him at his office. "I think we'll be able to get that top floor for you soon, Mr. Avery," she told him.

"You mean Miss Avery is leaving?" he asked.

"She doesn't know it yet. But she hasn't paid her rent for two months. If she doesn't pay by February first, we'll give her eviction notice."

Thomas Avery felt no pleasure or satisfaction at all. Returning home through the cold streets, he saw her ahead of him and spurted to catch up with her. Beneath the pale glow of the street lamp, he saw that she was shivering. She was wearing the green suit and a light tweed topcoat. She smiled and sneezed. "Nice weather for penguins," she murmured and sneezed again.

He said, "Look here, you're catching cold. Won't you stop in at my place and let me make you a hot buttered rum?"

"Don't clap, or you'll send it into extra innings."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Her eyes slanted to his face, quizzical, amused. "Why, Mr. Boston!" she exclaimed. "It sounds delicious!"

When he helped her take off her coat, he said severely, "This isn't warm enough for this weather."

"You have something there," she agreed. "We don't have winters like this in Seattle."

He made a fire in his fireplace and sat her before it. He brought her two aspirin tablets and the hot drink. It was the first time that she had been inside his apartment, practically the first time that they had ever conversed amiably.

"Are you doing much painting?" he inquired.

She smiled. "I'm amassing quite a collection of work by M. Avery," she said dryly. "I'm still studying," she added. "I go to life classes in the afternoons and sketch class three evenings a week." She sipped her drink. "But I've actually sold a picture!"

Tom's eyes moved toward the narrow passage which led to his bedroom, where the picture hung. "That's nice," he murmured.

"Nice!" she echoed. "It's more than that." She stood up. "Your fine hot drink has made me sleepy," she said. "Thank you."

The following afternoon he went back to the gallery and bought two more of her paintings—a cheerful still life and a view of the Charles River. He hung them in his bedroom and surveyed his three acquisitions with pleasure. The next day he found a note thumbtacked to his door when he returned from work: MISS AVERY REQUESTS THE HONOR OF MR. AVERY'S COMPANY FOR COCKTAILS AT SIX.

Her eyes were bright when she let him in. "This is a celebration!" she announced. "I've sold two pictures!"

"Congratulations," he murmured.

She laughed. "Don't think that I'm mercenary about my work," she told him. "My brother has just had a spot of trouble, and I helped him out financially, so I've been a little short of cash. I'll get the canapés."

When she returned, he was looking at a painting of the parrot. "Isn't that silly?" she asked. "I did it for fun. He's a dreadful model. He walks upside down on his perch when I'm trying to paint him. I really prefer my models right side up." She poured their cocktails.

"To the end of the cold war?" he suggested, and she nodded.

"Isn't that your doorbell?" she asked a moment later. She pressed her buzzer. "Somebody's coming up."

Tom was halfway down the second flight of stairs when Persis reached the top of the first flight. She said, "Oh!" and smiled rather nervously. "I'm meeting mother and father at the Parker House for dinner. We thought that perhaps you ——"

"Can you come up and meet Miss Avery?" he asked.

Persis descended one step, backward, then changed her mind. "Just for a minute," she said.

Marian's smile was friendly. She brought a third glass and poured Persis a daiquiri. From its cage by the window the parrot said hoarsely, "Cheerio!" and Persis looked up with startled blue eyes.

"He has no manners," said Marian and took him an olive. Abruptly all three of them fell silent, and none of them seemed able to break the silence.

"How about that?" screamed the parrot. "How about that?"

Marian covered his cage with a large square of dark-green cloth. "Let me give you another cocktail," she said to Persis.

"I really must go." She stood looking at Marian. "Unless you'd both care to have dinner with us?"

"Thank you," said Marian. "I have a class at eight. I can't answer for Mr. Avery."

Walking with Persis to the Parker House, Tom wondered whether Miss Avery really had a class. He had intended to ask her to dine with him.

"She's very attractive," Persis said.

"She seems a nice girl," he murmured.

"That *is* a pleasant apartment—her studio. Is there any chance of your getting it when her lease is up?"

"I have no idea," he said.

He wondered later how many times he had dined with the Tudors and Persis in the course of his life—meals in the nursery of the Chestnut Street house when they were children, dinners in the oval dining room later. Once, when his parents were in Europe, he had spent a Christmas vacation with them.

They walked back along Beacon Street, past the snowy Common. Persis was wearing a long coat of Persian lamb, with its shawl collar turned up to meet her small fur hat. He found himself remembering it the next day when the renting agent called. Miss Avery had paid her rent. Tom did some figuring. Three months' rent subtracted from the price of two canvases did not leave her much money for food. She would probably get pneumonia if she did not buy a warmer coat.

The art dealer looked decidedly startled when Tom appeared. "Remember I couldn't decide which of those three pictures I wanted? I've made up my mind to take the third too."

"Miss Avery will be pleased," said the dealer. "Wouldn't you like to meet her, Mr. Pendleton? I could telephone her now."

"Later perhaps," Tom said. "I'm leaving for Florida this evening."

Marian was exploding with excitement when she knocked on his door. "The mysterious Mr. Pendleton has bought another picture!" she told him. "Maybe he's a little crazy. You know, like the Mad Bomber."

"I don't see why," he said. "I'd like to buy one myself."

She laughed. "I'll give you any one you want."

His lie about going to Florida backfired. His firm sent him to Palm Beach a few days later. He left in a snowstorm and returned to a blizzard. The top floor windows were dark. The next afternoon he hurried up the stairs. She called, "Come in."

The high studio window was white with heavy wet snow, and the studio was cold in the arctic light. Marian was huddled in a bathrobe, one foot on a pillow, the ankle bandaged.

He said, "Good grief! What happened?"

"I slipped on the ice." She smiled. "It's only a sprain."

"You need a fire," he told her. She was out of wood, and he brought logs from his place, moved her, chair and all, close to the blaze. "I'm going to cook your dinner," he said and went out to the store, bought steak and mushrooms, a loaf of French bread and a bottle of wine. He had to go out a second time because she had no butter. Her refrigerator was almost empty, and he bought a number of other things.

She made no comment until they were having coffee. She had eaten hungrily, as though she had not eaten for some time. "Now tell me what you spent," she said.

"This is my party," he told her.

"The steak," she agreed. "But not the rest."

"Let's skip it," he said.

She looked at him. "I don't know about you Averys," she said, "but we Averys are a proud and stiff-necked lot. Maybe I am sailing close to the wind, but I have some money. How much?"

He got up abruptly and walked across to the small picture of the parrot. "Let me buy this, Marian. I like it."

"It's yours," she said. "I don't sell to my friends." Her sudden smile was warm. "And you're being one—Mr. Boston."

March blew itself in and went out like a lamb. In mid-April Mr. Babcock said, "I'm beginning to wish I were you, Tom. Somebody has to go to the south of France to settle the Phillips estate and then up to Paris to see old lady Walker."

Marian said, "Paris! I envy you, Tom. I've never been there."

"I wish you were coming with me," he said.

"Why, Mr. Boston!" she exclaimed. "I'll be going one of these days." She laughed. "Then you can have your duplex."

He did not enjoy his trip. Both assignments were more difficult and more prolonged than he had anticipated. When at last he was in a cab climbing the familiar hill, he was as impatient as a boy returning from school for a holiday. Marian was not at home. He left a note under her door and waited until he heard her step.

She cried, "Tom!" and suddenly she was in his arms. She pulled away, laughing. She was wearing a pale-gray suit, a pale-pink blouse and a hat made of flowers, with a wisp of gray veiling.

"You're looking well," he said inadequately.

"I am!" she told him. She was bubbling with confidence and happiness. Her brother had a good position and had paid back her loan—"All in one fat check too." Her dealer had persuaded her to enter a picture in a prize competition. She was exhibiting four canvases in the open-air art show in the Public Garden next month. "Maybe I'll be sending *you* cards from Paris, Mr. Boston!" she said.

"I wish you wouldn't call me that," he said.

Her eyes flickered. "All right, I won't." She had dinner with him. "Tell me about everything!" she said. "Did you go to the Louvre? Were the horse chestnuts in blossom?"

He had had a pretty dull time, he admitted—mostly business. No, he had not gone to Montmartre.

"You're tired, Tom," she said abruptly.

He was boring, he thought, and aloud admitted to fatigue. The spring night was warm, with a salt smell on the wind from the harbor. He felt depressed and dull.

Persis telephoned him in the morning. "I want your advice, Tom," she said without preliminaries. "May I stop in at your place for a few minutes, around five-thirty?"

Persis had a new spring suit, too, of navy blue, and a blue straw hat. She did not sit down. She smiled, a quick, almost automatic smile which did not light her eyes.

"Henry Babcock has asked me to marry him," she said. "Mother thinks it would be—suitable. I'm fond of Henry." She did not look at him. "Do you agree with mother, Tom?"

He said, "Good heavens, Persis, you're the one to decide!"

She nodded. "I just wanted to hear you say so." She smiled again, briefly, and turned and went down the stairs.

He had been depressed before, but suddenly he felt unutterably sad. He was very fond of Persis. He had never in any manner made love to her, yet he had always known in the back of his mind that she would marry him if he asked her. The Tudors would have been pleased; his own parents would have welcomed her happily. Mrs. Tudor's word, "suitable," was the keynote. He did not move or call her. In letting her go, he was renouncing a whole way of life, stepping off a charted road which led to a familiar future.

He made himself a highball. The door to the hall, which Persis had left open, banged back and forth in a sudden draft, and a gust of wind swept through the apartment, followed by a downpour of rain. He was closing the living-room windows when Marian, her hair dripping like wet seaweed, came in.

"It's a cloudburst!" she said. She added, "The wind's from the south. I'll close the windows on the street side."

He said, "No! No, Marian, I'll close them." He stood rooted as she ran down the hall to the bedroom.

Her footsteps stopped. There was no sound of windows being lowered. There was no sound at all. Then he heard the old windows creak, and she came slowly back, her face paper-white and still.

She said, "So—you're Mr. Pendleton!" He looked at her mutely. She added bitterly, "All four of them, hanging in your bedroom like a private exhibition. I feel like a charity patient."

"That's crazy, Marian," he said. "I bought the first picture before I even knew you—because I liked it."

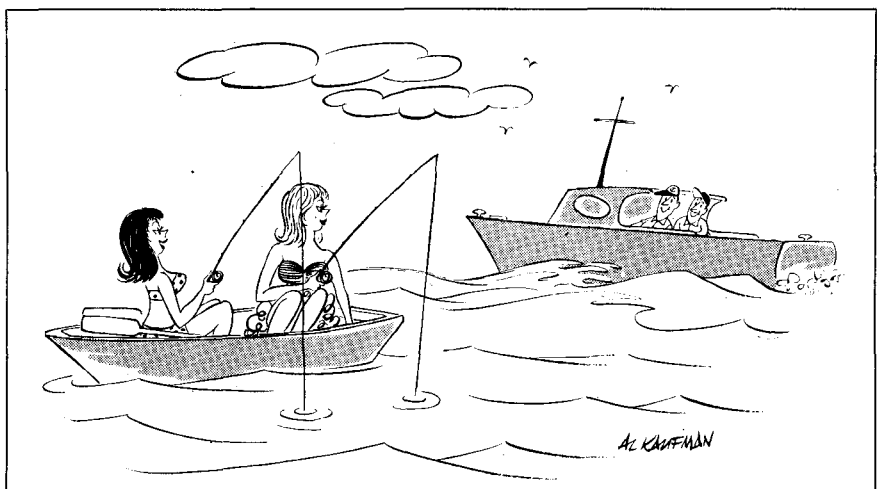
"And the three others?" Her voice was flat. "They weren't to help me out? Because you were sorry for me?"

He said, "No! I tell you I wanted them. I ——"

"You've practically been keeping me," she said.

"I'd like to," he retorted and flushed. "Marry you, I mean, of course. Marian ——"

"No," she said. "I have something to prove to myself before I marry anyone."



"I think I've got a bite."

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"Can't you prove it afterward?" he asked.

She said, "No," again. "And the first thing I'll prove is to buy those pictures back."

He was suddenly angry. "They're not for sale," he said.

"Keep them then," she told him. "But I'm returning your money." Her eyes had brightened, and color had risen in her cheeks. She put her hand to her mouth, darted to the door and up the stairs.

He did not follow her. He stared out at the rain. In a distorted way, she was right. He had bought the pictures because he wanted to help her, because he cared about her, because he loved her. He made another highball and sat down heavily. He did not notice when the rain stopped, did not see the low sun break through the clouds. He was sitting in the dark when the door opened.

Marian said, "Tom? Put on the lights, please." Her voice was controlled. "I've come to apologize. You were kind to want to help me." He could see, in the light, that she had been crying. "I shouldn't have lost my temper, but it was—a shock. I was so proud at selling those pictures. I wrote my family ——"

He interrupted her. "Let's go somewhere for dinner."

"Not tonight," she said. "I have a headache."

Headache, heartache. It was the loveliest May that Tom could remember—and the most wretched. As the days passed, he sometimes thought it would be easier if they did not see each other at all. There seemed no way to break down the wall that had risen between them.

The art exhibit in the Public Garden opened on a Saturday. Marian asked him, with the diffidence which had become habitual, whether he would like to go with her, and he said yes. He wanted to go with her anywhere, at any time.

They descended the hill and walked across the Garden, over the arched stone bridge with the swanboats gliding below on the artificial lake. They moved with the crowd, looking at pictures. Tom thought that nothing he had seen was as good as Marian's painting, but he did not dare to say so. There were many things now that he did not dare to say. Suddenly he grasped her arm.

"Don't move!" he ordered. "Look!"

He had recognized her style from a distance, two landscapes and two flower arrangements. Studying them intently were a man and a woman. The man spoke to the attendant. The woman shook her head. Then her voice, the clear, modulated voice of Boston, came distinctly to their ears. "Why don't we stop disagreeing, Everett, and take them both?"

Marian's eyes met Tom's. "Is this another plant?" she inquired thinly. "The senior Pendletons perhaps?"

He said, "Wait!"

The man had taken out his checkbook; the attendant held out a pen. Tom could hear Marian's breathing beside him. He thought that he could hear her heart beating. When the couple moved on along the crowded walk, he tightened his grasp on Marian's arm and propelled her forcibly toward the tent. The attendant recognized her and smiled.

"Nice timing, Miss Avery," he said. "You just sold two pictures."

She looked at him unbelievingly. "To whom?" she asked.

"The Everett Winthrops," he answered. "A sale is a sale, any day, but they're by way of being collectors—a sort of avant-garde." He picked up two oblong cards marked SOLD. "Would you like to put these up yourself, for luck?"

Tom heard her breath, like a sigh, as though she had been holding it. "You put them up," she said. She looked at Tom. Her gray-green eyes had their old teasing, carefree glint. "Which would you rather do," she asked him, "take a ride on a swanboat or let me buy you a champagne cocktail at the Ritz?"

He could, thought Thomas Avery, almost hear the sound of the wall falling.

THE END

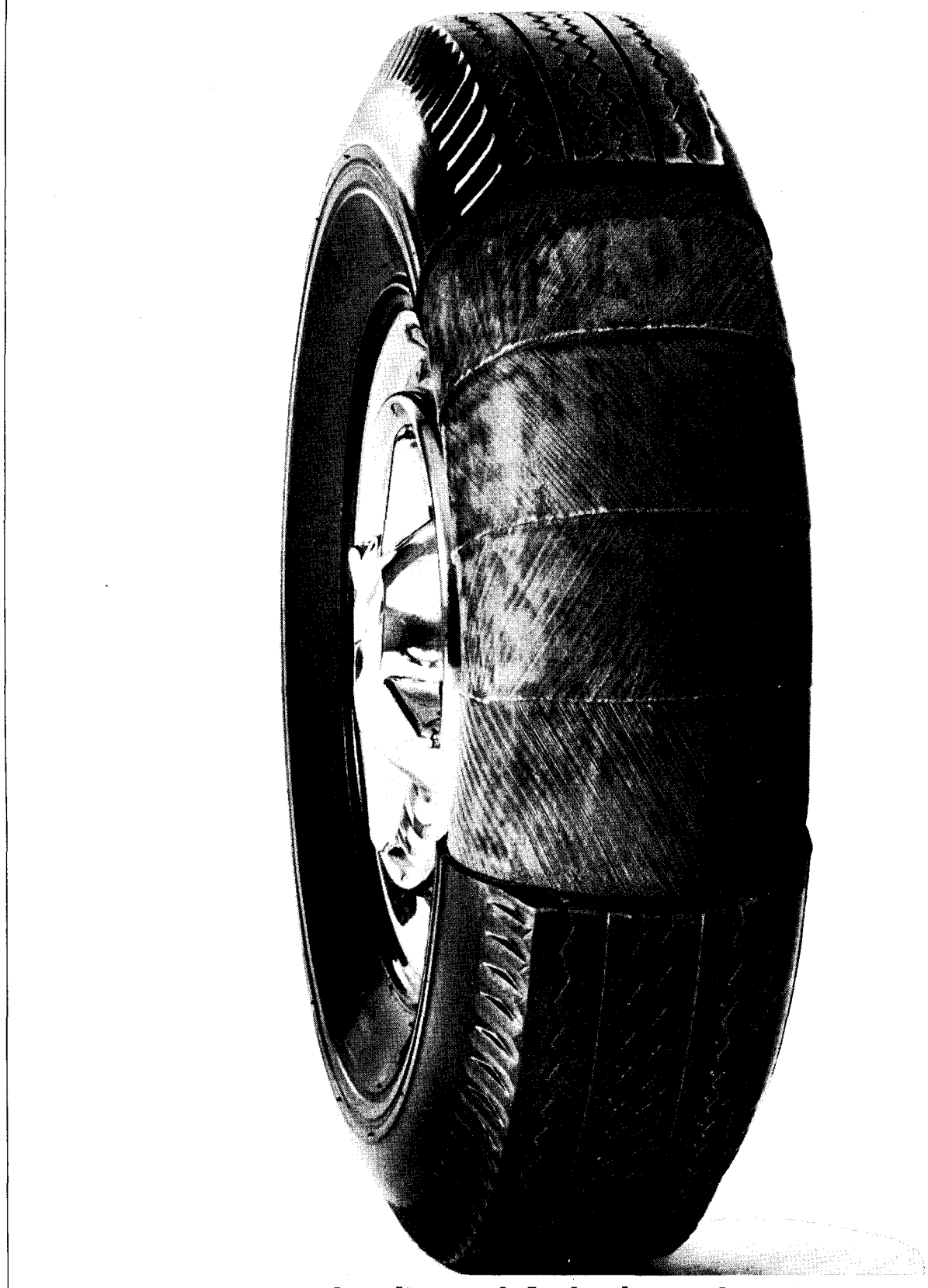
... ...

Dawn in Summer

By Suzanne Luethi Ross

Tangled, sloppy, yellow head
Lifting from hot pink bed,
Light blue wrapper
Faded at the edges,
Trimmed with
Honeysuckle hedges,
Playing fast and warm and
loose,
Changing into bright
chartreuse,
Swilling dew
Spiked with clover,
Brassy baggage
Taking over.

... ...



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The Model From Madison Avenue

(Continued from Page 28)

peremptorily ordered by his father to do so. He had been compelled to make his own life and, having done so, found it good. Furthermore, he told his father, even when he succeeded to the earldom, he did not intend to use the title, which could only embarrass him with his friends.

When George returned to Kenya in 1946, he found himself a rich man. Coffee was booming as never before, and he settled down to enjoy himself, becoming involved in one or two "unfortunate episodes," which is how his father had referred to his earlier scrapes. He was a handsome man, who looked at life through bright blue, reckless eyes in which women read unutterable things, many of which were not there to read. He liked most women, but no one woman well enough to feel impelled to give up his freedom and settle down to domesticity.

Luck was still with George Peverill, for, while coffee was still booming and before Mau Mau came to change the face of life in Kenya, he sold Peverill's Luck to a company for an immense sum. Buying a pleasant house just outside Nairobi, he settled down to fishing, shooting, flirting, polo, racing and other pleasures, earning for himself the reputation of a rich playboy. But somewhere along the line it began to pall. Women were his chief trouble. They wanted more than he was prepared to give them. The Mau Mau rebellion created an interlude for George. Although he had no large stake in Kenya, he fought bravely against the terrorists because in some vague way he deemed it his duty.

Then, in 1956, when George himself was forty-six years of age, there came news from New Zealand that his brother Arthur was dead. Since Arthur had predeceased his own father, the earl, this meant that George was now next in line. Stephen, who would have succeeded Arthur, was now out of the running, unless George died without male issue.

Then George received a letter from his father, urging him to return to England in readiness for the day, not far distant, when he would assume the dignities of the earldom and everything which went with it.

Before going off on a big-game safari in Tanganyika, George sent his father a laconic cablegram which read, "Sorry, not interested." Two months later, when he returned to Nairobi, it was to learn that his father was dead and that he himself was now earl of Melton, the tenth of his line. To the newspapermen who came seeking an interview he said, "You are evidently much more excited about it than I am."

Awaiting him was a letter from his father, one paragraph of which read as follows:

> It is now your bounden duty to return home, marry and, before it is too late, provide an heir. Arthur's boy Stephen, who will succeed you in the absence of another heir, is not an impressive young man. He needs a haircut and babbles about artistic integrity, whatever that may be. He cannot ride or shoot and, despite being brought up on a farm, when I mentioned my prize Shorthorns, thought I was talking about a new musical instrument. If you have any pride in the past or sense of responsibility for the future, you will not allow him to succeed you.

It was not until reading this, his father's last letter, that George realized how the treatment he had received from his father had soured him. Made to feel that he was of no account when it had seemed unlikely that he would ever succeed to the earldom, he did not feel more important now that he had in fact succeeded. He needed time to think.

What George now needed to know was how much of his indifference to the honors which he had inherited was honest and real, and how much stemmed from his burning resentment of the way he had been treated twenty years previously as the youngest son. But the truth, too deeply buried for too long, eluded him. While still the prisoner of his own indecision, a letter he wrote to his nephew Stephen was, although he did not recognize it, the answer to his questions. Here it is.

My dear Stephen: Not knowing where you are, I write this in care of your mother.

You are, as you doubtless know, the heir to the earldom unless I marry and have a son, a contingency which I regard as so improbable that we can rule it out. It seems, therefore, that we should meet. My father devoted his life to the management of the estate, for which I have neither the talent nor interest. The lawyers tell me that land must be sold in order to realize a large sum in death duties. This process will be repeated at my death. Prudent steps taken now could, I am told, do much to improve your ultimate inheritance.

Subject to meeting you, learning your wishes and intentions and forming an opinion of your capabilities, I am prepared to discuss the matter of turning your inheritance over to you as speedily as may be. Say the word, and I will arrange for your transportation here.

Your affectionate uncle,
MELTON

The letter traveled to New Zealand and thence to New York, where Stephen had a job. He wrote to his uncle to say that he could arrange to obtain leave at any time. By the same post George received a letter from the lawyers in England informing him that his presence there was "imperative." Cabling instructions to open one wing of Peverill Castle in readiness for him and inviting Stephen to meet him there, George closed his house and flew to London.

Knowing his father's impatience with modern ideas and his failure to understand the problems of youth, George refused to allow the old man's view of Stephen to influence him, awaiting his coming with an open mind.

George, having led a healthy, outdoor life for years, looked younger than his forty-six years but, like most middle-aged bachelors, he, too, was crusty and intolerant of youth. But unlike most, he knew it, which was his saving grace.

It seemed to George as he drove through the gates of Peverill Castle for the first time in twenty years that his old home came out to meet him and to enfold him in its splendid, somber magnificence. Once he came within the walls, the unhappy memories which he had feared to revive seemed to vanish, and only the happy memories were vivid. There was one familiar face—that of Thompson, the butler, whom George remembered as a footman and who had acted as caretaker since the old earl's death. From him George learned of the last unhappy months of his father's life, tortured by doubts as to what would happen to this ancient monument of the family's greatness and to the estate to which, in face of confiscatory taxation, rising costs and reduced income, he had devoted all his energies for fifty years.

Sleeping that night in the huge four-poster bed in which he had been born and in which his father had been born and died, George awoke in the morning with the strange feeling that the breach between them had been healed. It was good to be home. He became aware, too, of the rebirth of dynastic pride in himself. It was a strange sensation.

Then Stephen Peverill arrived from New York, where he had spent barely a year, talking with a forced and unconvincing American accent.

George, profoundly irritated, stifled his feelings, realizing how his own youthful affectations must have grated on his elders. At the end of three days it was apparent that Stephen was utterly uninterested in the land, the splendors of the castle and the long story of Peverill achievement, which went back to the age of chivalry.

They had dined together in the state dining room, with candlelight reflected from old silver and priceless glass. Efforts to stimulate polite conversation had failed.

"Am I right in believing," asked George over the coffee when Thompson had withdrawn, "that when you succeed me, you will not want to maintain and live in the castle?"

"Live in this creepy old dump?" said Stephen, his voice shrill with horror at the idea. "No sirree, not me. It'd send me loopy in a month."

"Then, unless you change your mind, that's one thing settled," said George evenly. "Quite obviously, in view of your attitude, it would be foolish for me to spend some twenty-five thousand pounds on repairs which, I am told, are necessary. As a bachelor, I think it would be absurd for me to keep it up properly; so, with your consent, I shall probably consider giving it to the nation, retaining an apartment for my lifetime."

"That's O.K. by me," said Stephen "but you wouldn't give away the pictures, would you? Why, I've seen three Gainsboroughs, a Rembrandt, a Rubens, a Sir Joshua Reynolds and, unless it's a fake, the picture over the fireplace in the drawing room is an El Greco."

"There's a catalogue in the library, Stephen, in which all copies of great paintings—and there are not many—are listed clearly as copies. There are no fakes."

"O.K., copies then, and there's a Canaletto in the library. You won't give them away, will you?" Stephen asked anxiously.

"Assuming, for purposes of this discussion, that they are passed to you, Stephen, what would you do with them? You would need a magnificent establishment in which to hang them properly."

"I wouldn't hang them; I'd sell them."

"I see. But tell me, how is it that you appear to know a good deal about art? Your father knew nothing—perhaps you got it from your mother's side. Has she artistic leanings?"

"Mother? Hell, no. The only thing I ever saw mother lean over was the kitchen sink."

"Remarkable!"

Not knowing how long his temper would bear up under the strain and being most anxious not to quarrel with his nephew, George bade him good night and went to bed.

After breakfast they went for a walk in the park, pausing at an old oak tree protected by an iron railing on which was a plaque which read: HAWKEYE'S OAK. George told the younger man the story of Hawkeye Peverill, their common ancestor who, according to the legend, had shot an arrow at this tree from a distance of fifty paces and had then for a wager split the first arrow with the second.

"Do you believe that?" asked Stephen, looking at his uncle sideways.

"It might have happened. Who knows? But it's a part of our inheritance—yours and mine. However, I won't weary you with these old tales, for I see that you are more interested in today and tomorrow than in yesterday. Which reminds me, Stephen, that I know very little about you and what you do. Tell me about it."

"I have a job with the McKechnie and Roberts Agency—Madison Avenue, but not one of the biggest. Billings around twenty-five million bucks and rising. . . ."

This had to be explained, for it was so much Greek to George, but he got the picture. "What do you do there?" he asked.

"I'm a copywriter."

"What is that?"

"I write copy for ads."

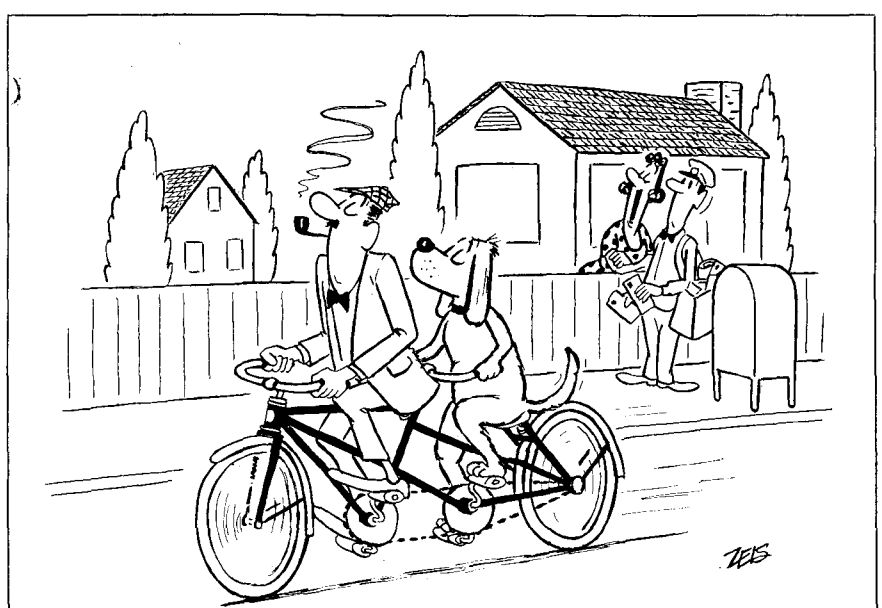
"Copy? Don't you do any—well, original work?"

That had to be explained too. "You must forgive me, Stephen, but I'm very ignorant of your world—as you are of mine. Please go on. Do you like the work?"

"It's a living. But it isn't what I want to do."

"Ah! What is that?"

"I want to be a painter," replied Stephen eagerly, "a great painter. To be that I shall have to study under one of the great masters in Paris—Bertrand, for choice. But it's now or never. I mean, if I don't learn now, it will be too late to correct my faults. Bertrand will take me as a pupil—if I can pay his fee. He doesn't take just anyone. He says I have talent,



"They're inseparable."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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but that talent isn't enough. At the end of six months, he says, he'll know whether I have genius and if I have that—well, I can stay longer with him. Bertrand is tops, but he's tough."

George listened intently, finding for the first time something likable in Stephen. His enthusiasm was real. It came through. So real was it that Stephen had forgotten to use his spurious American accent. He was being himself for a change.

"Let us face the possibility that you have talent, but not genius," said George. "It must be faced. What then?"

"I've faced it, all right," replied Stephen with a grin. "I face it all the time. In that case, I would go into the agency's art department. They'll take me there now, at more money than I make today, but—well, I feel I owe it to myself to find out first just what I'm made of before becoming"—his voice dropped a tone—"a commercial artist."

"Bit of a comedown, eh?"

Stephen nodded. "I'd be disappointed, of course, but it wouldn't break my heart. McKechnie and Roberts are good people to work for."

"Then, I take it," said George, "you'd settle down in New York, maybe become an American? Is that the idea?"

"Yes, something like that. You see, Eleanor and I have talked it all over ——"

"Eleanor? Is she your fiancée?"

"Not exactly, but she's my girl, and I want to marry her. She's willing to go on working after we're married, but I won't have that, of course."

"No," agreed George, "I should hope not. What does Eleanor do?"

"She's a model."

"You mean a mannequin?"

"No, Eleanor's a photographer's model. You know the kind of thing, poses for ads—beer, gas cookers, cars, anything. People associate the product with the pretty girl and think the dinner cooks itself because she smiles at it. When we get back, I'll show you a picture of her. Then you'll understand why I fell for her so hard."

"Is she well paid?"

"I'll say she is," replied Stephen. "She gets fifty bucks an hour and can pick and choose whom she poses for."

"Bless my soul!" said George. "That's quite fantastic! She earns as much in two hours as, shall we say, a bank manager here does in a week. Amazing! Quite amazing!"

After lunch Stephen produced a picture of Eleanor, a full-page ad in one of the fashion magazines. She was wearing a pair of high-heeled shoes, a girdle and a brassière—and a lovely smile.

"My dear chap," exclaimed George, his eyes popping, "you're not serious, are you?"

"Never more serious in my life, Uncle George."

"Tell me, Stephen, is she a . . . lady?"

"Americans don't think quite that way," replied Stephen.

"I'm not asking you what the Americans think, my dear chap. I'm asking you what you think."

"I'll tell you this, Uncle George, whatever Eleanor may be, I'm not half good enough for her!"

"Unless the camera lies, I quite agree with you," said George, his eyes still popping. "But come with me, Stephen, and I'll try to explain what I mean."

George led the way to the long gallery, where hung the portraits of their ancestors, most of whom were, like George himself, handsome men. The women were handsome, too, but not glamour girls. "These women," said George, "were our grandmothers, great-grandmothers, and so on—the countesses of Melton. Fine women—most of them from some of the proudest families in the land. Can you, by the wildest stretch of your imagination, picture one of them walking about in her stays and drawers while she smirked at a camera? Can you?"

"No, Uncle George, I can't. But times have changed."

"Well, thank God we agree about something. Times have indeed changed. And you, standing here in the home of your ancestors, with their portraits looking down on you, still intend to make that—that person the future countess of Melton?"

What this country really needs is a car brake that will stop the car behind.

DAN BENNETT

"Yes, I do."

"Then I hope those others will forgive you, because I can't."

Within himself George was fighting a battle. He was remembering that twenty and more years previously he, too, had contemplated his share of follies.

"Stephen," he said after a long silence, "I don't pretend to be very wise or to understand the new rules which seem to have superseded the old. It may well be that I have been too hasty about . . . Eleanor. I would like to meet her."

"Nothing easier, Uncle George. Fly back with me to New York, and I'll arrange it."

"No, I won't do that. I would like to meet her here, in the home which will one day be hers by right of marriage. Seeing her here may help you to judge how she fits into this environment. Telephone her tonight and invite her. If she will come to stay here, I will ask my sister, your Aunt Margaret, to stay here as chaperon. We will ask the few remaining members of the family—friends and neighbors.

"And, Stephen, if you want to go to study under this Monsieur Bertrand, I will be happy to pay all your expenses for such time as it takes to determine whether you have genius or merely talent. I hope it will be the former, for there don't seem to have been many mediocrities in our family. There have been a few truly great men among them. The blackguards have been out-and-outers, spectacular rascals. Even the wasters—like me—have not done things by halves. You will be the first painter, as far as I know, so be a really good one. Then, the fact that you are an earl won't matter—to you, or anyone else. The family motto is 'We Excel.' So live up to it."

Eleanor flew to England for the following weekend, too soon for George's widowed sister to make arrangements to chaperon her. "I would prefer," said George stiffly as he and Stephen were waiting at London Airport, "that you do not tell her you have shown me that appalling advertisement. I don't want her to be made to feel uncomfortable and, frankly, it would make me feel most uncomfortable if she knew I had seen it."

"O.K., Uncle George. We'll do it your way."

Eleanor's slim elegance, even after a night flight, was amazing to George. There wasn't a hair out of place. She was wearing a pale blue linen suit. She looked happy, relaxed and quite at ease. There was little talk during the two hours' drive to Peverill Castle in the ancient high-backed limousine which the late earl had used for state occasions. "My dear," said George formally, as the main

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doors opened at their arrival, "when this is your home, you will be its chief adornment."

Eleanor, used to brisker, less stilted compliments, gave him a sideways look to see whether this was a sample of English humor and, deciding that it was not, said as she looked around the splendid hall, "I shall never be that, but I'll try."

"I knew you'd like Eleanor with her clothes on," said Stephen while Eleanor was upstairs in the suite which had been prepared for her.

"Then it's a pity that you ever allowed me to see her otherwise," retorted George hotly. "Kindly do not remind me of it."

In the late afternoon, when George suggested a walk round the park and home farm, Stephen excused himself. "I smelled all the manure heaps I wanted to before I left home in New Zealand. But Eleanor loves them. She complains that there aren't any in New York."

"I'm a farm girl," Eleanor explained to George. "I'd be one yet if dad hadn't sold out and gone to live in Arizona. The farm was in Ohio, and where we were it looked like England does. I can drive a tractor, milk cows—and talking about cows, that's a splendid Shorthorn bull."

"That was my father's hobby, but now I don't know what's to be done with the herd. We've been livestock breeders for a long time. The Peverill story is a long one, but it looks as though you've come here just in time to see the last reel. I wish Stephen had more feeling for it all. But I'm a bad one to talk. I never expected to succeed my father, so I rooted it all out of my heart. Now, of course, I wish I'd stayed here. But it's too late. Unless Stephen changes his mind about things, the castle will cease to be a home—just a museum. The tenants will be given the chance to buy their farms, and the rest will go under the hammer. I suppose," George added wistfully, "there's no chance Stephen will want to take over here? You know him better than I do."

"I don't think so," replied Eleanor. "By the way, what am I supposed to call you? I may as well know now."

"Call me whatever you like, my dear. Stephen calls me 'Uncle George,' but for as long as I can remember, I've been called 'George.' These things aren't important to me. I wish they were. You see, the only excuse for being a lord is to be a landlord. I don't mind telling you that if I were prepared to make the castle my home and take my proper place here—House of Lords and all that—I'd do it in style and I'd insist on every right, privilege and dignity I'm entitled to. Do you understand?"

"Sure, I understand. I think I'd feel the same way about it. If I thought there was a Chinaman's chance of making Stephen see things that way, I'd try. But I know there isn't. He's hell-bent on being a painter. But the painters I've met have all been shiftless, foot-loose people who seem scared of putting down roots. Me, I like roots. I like to belong and I can promise you one thing, if I'm ever the countess of Melton, I'll work at it—that is, I'd work at it here. I'll make you another promise. George, if Stephen won't keep this production going, before I marry him he's going to promise me to be plain Mister Peverill. I'm a whole-hogger," added Eleanor, her violet-blue eyes flashing. "It beats me how he can ever even think of giving up all this."

"Frankly, between ourselves, my dear, is he any good? As a painter, I mean?"

"I just don't know," replied Eleanor thoughtfully. "I think so, and so do people who are supposed to know. I hope so, because there are too many bad painters already. If it isn't in him to go to the top, I hope he will know it—soon. I have an apartment in Greenwich Village—that's New York's Latin Quarter, I suppose you'd call it—and I'm sick to death of bum painters, poets, sculptors and writers who, instead of working at it, spend their time talking about the great masterpieces they are going to create someday. Mine may not be much of a profession, but, if I do have to say it myself, I'm not far from the top of it."

There was an awkward silence. "Aren't you going to ask me what my profession is, George?"

"Stephen told me, my dear," replied George, flushing furiously. "It will be fine tomorrow; there's a red sunset."

"I know," said Eleanor, who could not take her eyes off his red cheeks. "I'm looking at it. I didn't know that earls blushed."

When they got back to the castle, they found Stephen in the billiard room, knocking the balls about aimlessly. "Well," he said when Eleanor had gone to change, "what do you think of her?"

"Frankly, my boy," replied George, putting an arm on his nephew's shoulder, "I did not give you credit for such good judgment. She is lovely, which goes without saying, but she is charming, intelligent and has the right ideas. You are, whether you know it or not, an extremely fortunate man."

Dinner that evening was served to the three of them with the utmost formality. George proposed a toast which he and Stephen drank. "To the future countess of Melton."

"Thank you," said Eleanor simply. "You've given me a wonderful welcome. I dreaded coming here, but now I feel at home and when I fly back to New York on Sunday night, as I must, I shall leave a part of me here in this beautiful old castle. . . . I made George a promise today," she added, turning to Stephen, "that unless this becomes our home, I shall be plain Mrs. Peverill."

Stephen drove Eleanor to London Airport on the Sunday. "Tomorrow," she said as she and George were saying their good-bys, "I shall spend the day in a shiny modern kitchen, wearing an apron and being a dutiful little housewife baking cakes."

"Well," said George heavily, "thank heaven for the apron!"

"And now," she said, eyes a little dim, "I feel like Cinderella as the clock strikes twelve. But the glass slippers would have been much too small for me anyway."

Then Stephen went to Paris to study under Bertrand. "The allowance I am giving you," said George, "is exactly double what you tell me you need. It will enable you to live in the style to which your position entitles you. I hope you become great, for I think I know how much it means to you. But whether you succeed or not, I hope you will come back here to take your proper place."

"Thanks, Uncle George, thanks for everything. I can't—I won't promise. My father, like you, was a younger son. He felt as you used to feel. He was very bitter about it all and, ever since I can remember, he dinned into me that the past wasn't very important and that all this grandeur had shot its bolt. He used to call it the 'ridiculous comic opera at Peverill Castle.' And, well, I see it all in much the same way. My mother, you know, came from a very humble family."

George nodded understandingly. When Stephen went to Paris, George spent several days with the family lawyers and then, unable to endure the splendid solitude of the castle, flew to Kenya, a land which had been kind to him.

Stephen did not write. The only news of him reached George via Eleanor. "Stephen," she wrote, "has left Bertrand's atelier. B. has told him that he will never be more than a 'competent' painter. It's something to be competent, but S. seems to think he has been insulted. Now what?"

Not long afterward, Eleanor wrote: S. is jubilant. Despite all that Bertrand told him, he has been commissioned to paint a portrait for three thousand dollars. That's an awful lot for an unknown. I don't know what to think."

To this George replied that he would go to Paris immediately and write or phone her from there. In Paris George learned from the concierge of Stephen's apartment that Stephen had been away for nearly a month. Mail was being forwarded to Antibes, where he was painting a portrait of Jacqueline Delacroix, a name which meant nothing to George. Suitably tipped, the concierge added with a wink, there was a good deal more than portrait painting involved. From a friend at the British Embassy, George learned that Jacqueline Delacroix was a thrice-married ex-danseuse with a none-too-savory reputation, and enormously rich.

Deciding against going to Antibes, George phoned Stephen without admitting what he had learned. Stephen returned to Paris that same evening, arriving with Jacqueline Delacroix, who, it transpired, was the subject of the portrait Stephen had just finished and which she herself had commissioned.

Jacqueline had a vulgar, flamboyant beauty, and her possessive manner left George in no doubt as to the terms she and Stephen were on. She had come a long way from the gutter, but some of the mud was still visible. Concealing the disgust he felt, George made his escape as quickly as courtesy permitted. "We must have a chat someday soon," he said vaguely to Stephen. "You'll be hearing from me."

George detested Paris, but was grateful for the anonymity it gave him. Unable to think clearly, he decided on the spur of the moment to fly to New York and see Eleanor, for he had great faith in her good sense. He had no set purpose except that of preventing her from being hurt too much in her pride. Cabling the time of his arrival, he flew by the first available flight. Eleanor drove to Idlewild to meet him.

"I wish you had phoned me, George," she said over the dinner table that evening, "and I could have saved you this long trip. I will listen to anything you want to say, but you are wasting your time. As I told Stephen in my last letter, he and I are all washed up. He loves Paris and being a second-rate painter more than he loves me. But don't look so unhappy and worried, George, because I'm not brokenhearted about it. I would have loved being the countess of Melton, I admit that, and I would have tried terribly hard to do the job well. But it just wasn't to be. I think I knew that on the day I said good-by to you at the castle. As I told you, I felt like Cinderella and I felt I wasn't going to wear the glass slippers again. Are you taking great care of them, as I asked you?"

"Of course, my dear, but ——"

"Please, George, no 'buts.' Don't spoil this nice evening. My mind is made up, and that's that. Nothing you can say for Stephen will influence me. It's over, finished and forgotten."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked George, aghast, "that you think I came here to plead for Stephen?"

"Then if not, why did you come?" replied Eleanor sharply.

"I came here, my dear, to plead my own cause," said George, realizing then with amazement that he was speaking the sober truth. "I came here to ask you to do me the honor of being my wife. I'm afraid I'm not very good at this sort of thing—haven't had much practice. I'm twenty or more years older than you are, Eleanor, and no great bargain at that, but I love you very dearly and will try to make you happy. You don't have to answer me now. Take time to think."

"I don't need time to think, George. I did my thinking over there in England. Yes, dear George, I'll marry you—joyfully, not just to become countess of Melton, although that helps, too, but because I want you for yourself. I can even prove it, if you insist."

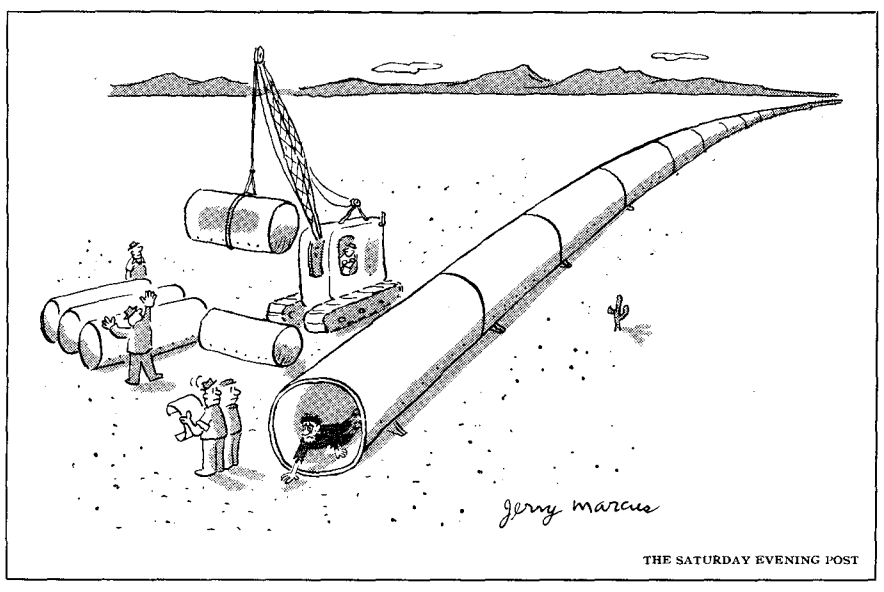
"I do insist, my dear. Prove it!"

"When I came back here, George, I remembered that red sunset when you blushed, and ever since then I've refused to pose for anyone unless fully dressed. You see, Stephen told me what you said about me and those other countesses and, without quite realizing it, I did it for you, George. Greater love hath no model than this, and you may believe that, because it cut my income in half. I have a very nice figure, and the more I took off—within reason, of course—the more I was paid.

"No, George, not here. We'll find a cab and tell the man to drive round Central Park. No, please! Everyone is looking. If you're going to make me a countess, I insist upon being treated like one, beginning right now!"

That was several years ago, and a lot has happened since. Stephen, who is now a successful commercial artist in New York, recently paid a flying visit to Peverill Castle. Gazing down into the cradle of the new heir, he was heard to say, "Thanks, pal! It's all yours, and you're welcome. I wouldn't have fitted in here, but you, you'll take it in your stride. You're born to the purple."

Eleanor was wrong about one thing—everyone agrees that the glass slippers fit her perfectly. THE END



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Master of the Pentagon

(Continued from Page 21)

were known as the Whiz Kids, and McNamara soon gained the reputation of being the whizziest of the lot. Quickly he climbed the Ford ladder and he had just reached the highest rung, the presidency, when he was tapped for his present job. But McNamara never behaved like an auto magnate.

Typically, an auto magnate lives in Grosse Pointe and sees other auto magnates. Instead, McNamara lived in Ann Arbor, seat of the University of Michigan, where his friends were mostly professors, and he divided his spare time between his duties as an elder in the Presbyterian church—where there are few McNamaras—and reading the likes of Spengler and Toynbee. The fact is that McNamara is a businessman by accident, by nature an intellectual.

But not all intellectuals are also intelligent, and what really sets McNamara apart from other men is his mental equipment, which is genuinely extraordinary. McNamara has been called "the kindly computer," but it would be wrong to picture him as a sort of walking mechanical brain. On private occasions he is a friendly and unpretentious man with a mild, slightly acid sense of humor. But one quickly senses in him a total confidence in his own ability to come up with the right answers—a confidence reflected in that thrice-repeated "Yes, sir."

When McNamara is testifying before Congress one is reminded of P. G. Wodehouse's great literary creation, Jeeves the butler. When Jeeves's master, the egregious Bertie Wooster, asked him a question, Jeeves always had the answer and he gave it at some length, in impeccable grammar, with a wealth of allusion and detail and with much use of the word "sir." So does McNamara-Jeeves when he is answering the questions of Bertie-Congress. And McNamara has the true Jeevesian qualities of total recall, imperturbability and inevitable, unarguable rightness.

Reading the record of McNamara's testimony, you wait in suspense for the inevitable human error, for McNamara to forget a fact or get his grammar mixed up, but you wait in vain. What is really breath-taking is McNamara's mastery of the most complex technical details, from the way "discrimination radar" works, to the precise difference in cost between the mobile-based and stationary-based Minuteman missile. One Republican senator was urged to challenge McNamara on a technical issue.

"Listen," he said, "I'll tangle with anybody else, but not with that guy."

Capitol Hill is not the only place where the unwisdom of tangling with McNamara has been widely recognized. Another place is the Pentagon. And here we come to the first of the vital changes which McNamara has introduced into his vast domain during his brief tenure as Secretary. It concerns the way the defense establishment is run, and it can be fairly described as revolutionary. This change in the way the Defense Department is run can be summed up in three words—*McNamara runs it.*

It may not seem a revolutionary change that the Secretary of Defense runs the Department of Defense. But it is. From the moment when the three services were ostensibly "unified" by the National Security Act of 1947, the Secretary of Defense has always had an almost impossible job. For one thing, the military men—the Joint Chiefs of Staff—were given a curious coequal position as "advisers" to the President and to Congress. For another, there is a certain built-in illogic in a mere civilian's giving orders to a lot of much-decorated, four-star professional soldiers. For such reasons most of McNamara's predecessors shied away from what one of them, Charles E. Wilson, used to call "all that military stuff."

The trouble is that every major decision that confronts the Secretary of Defense is inevitably deeply mixed up with "all that military stuff." Take, for example, the ancient, bitter battle over "roles and missions." The issue goes right to the heart of the unending rivalry between the services, for it concerns what part each service is to play in case of war. The first Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal, tried desperately to get the three services to agree to a joint strategic plan with the missions of each service defined in advance. He failed, and the failure helped to drive him to his grave.

The issue has never since been really resolved. When McNamara first found this out, he was frankly amazed. At the Ford Company, he said, they would have put a task force to work on the matter with instructions to come up with a solution in a week or so.

The remark was thereafter repeated with amusement as a measure of McNamara's naïveté. But the fact is that the ancient issue *has* been resolved, and in just about the way McNamara's remark forecast. So have a whole series of previously insoluble issues, like the problem of which service was to be responsible for space weapons. (McNamara's sensible answer: the Air Force.) McNamara's way of resolving such issues is typical of the man. It falls into three parts.

The first part is summed up in a favorite McNamara remark: "I want to have people working for me who are smarter than I am." Few if any of the people McNamara has brought into the Pentagon are that smart. But they are very smart people.

In general, they are of two types. First there are the old hands, men who, unlike McNamara, have had a lot of Washington experience. No. 1 man in this category is McNamara's very able deputy, Roswell Gilpatric, a brilliant New York lawyer and former Under Secretary of the Air Force. McNamara recruited Gilpatric by telephoning him at six o'clock on a Saturday morning. As Gilpatric has since remarked ruefully, this should have been sufficient warning of what he was in for. Like the other inhabitants of McNamara's Pentagon, Gilpatric works almost as long hours as McNamara—but not quite.

Other old Washington hands include Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert, Navy Secretary John Connally and Assistant Secretary Paul Nitze, who was Dean Acheson's chief policy planner. Besides being an old hand, Nitze is also a sort of dean or elder statesman to the second group of men whom McNamara has brought into the Pentagon. These are members of the new breed of defense-intellectuals, many of them spawned by the Rand Corporation and other brain factories handsomely supported by Pentagon money.

This category includes such Rand graduates as Comptroller Charles Hitch, and Alain Enthoven and Henry Rowen, two very young men who have contributed heavily to the McNamara defense doctrines, of which more later. Others in the same general category are Research and Engineering Director Harold Brown, a brilliant physicist who is at thirty-three the chief military scientist in the country; Nitze's very able deputy, William Bundy; and McNamara's special assistant, Adam Yarmolinsky. All of these people are genuine intellectuals, a type not always heavily represented in the Pentagon in the past.

The Secretary of Defense (right) and *Post* editor Alsop. McNamara's job is one of the hardest in the Government. It drove James V. Forrestal (in portrait) to suicide.

The second part of the McNamara technique of making decisions is to assign the smart people who work for him—both military and civilian—to task forces to examine major problems and come up with solutions. At last count, McNamara had assigned upward of 150 such task forces to consider problems ranging from "how to stop news leaks" to a "complete assessment of all anti-missile missile programs." Having got his task-force recommendations, McNamara himself then takes over, studying the problem, mastering every detail and consulting all interested parties.

Among the parties McNamara consults are the military, conspicuously including the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The oft-repeated charge that McNamara "bypasses the Joint Chiefs" fills him with indignation. And it is not true in the sense that McNamara makes no important decision with military implications without consulting the chiefs. But, as Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer, Chairman of the Chiefs, complained in a memorandum to McNamara, he often asks to have their views within a week or even five days, which is no time at all by the leisurely past standards of the Pentagon. And when the military have had their say, McNamara is likely to start a sentence with three key words: "I have decided. . . ."

McNamara, in short, himself provides the final answers to the questions he asks. Unabashedly he makes the decisions, including those decisions with vital military strategic implications which his predecessors hesitated to make. This is the third and most vital part of the McNamara decision-making process.

It is hard to exaggerate its importance. It means, quite simply, that unification of the services is becoming a practical reality for the first time since the National Security Act was passed in 1947. Quietly—for he is no table-banger—McNamara has achieved "administrative unification," a phrase he admires. He has done so without asking for legislation to create a single chief of staff, or other drastic measures proposed in the past to achieve unification. "Hell," one military man in the Pentagon has remarked, not without bitterness, "we've already got a single chief of staff. He's it."

Besides revolutionizing the way the defense establishment is run, McNamara has also radically revised the theories on which our defense effort is based. From the first, McNamara's orderly mind demanded a solid theoretical basis for the American defense effort. "Bob kept asking," one of his Pentagon imports recalls, "'What are we trying to *do* here?'" The result of this questioning has been a couple of new strategic doctrines—the "doctrine of the controlled response" and the "doctrine of the conventional option."

According to the first doctrine, what McNamara calls "the hair-trigger response" must be avoided. Instead we must have "the kind of forces which could ride out a nuclear attack and which could be applied *with deliberation and always under the complete control of the constituted authority*."

In other words, if nuclear war comes, our reaction must not be an automatic thermonuclear spasm designed to reduce the other side to a "waste howling wilderness." Retaliation for its own sake is irrational. It should be selective and controlled—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a Minsk for a Hartford."

The complementary McNamara doctrine of the "conventional option" means, in McNamara's words, that "the decision to employ tactical nuclear weapons in limited conflict should not be forced upon us." In other words, if we wish to do so, we must be able to respond to limited Communist aggression without using nuclear weapons.

Taken together, these twin McNamara doctrines mean the final abandonment of the previous doctrine of "massive retaliation," which implied the use of nuclear weapons on a very big scale as an automatic American response to Communist aggression. As the Soviets became more and more clearly capable of turning the United States into a wilderness, the notion that we would respond to any major Communist aggression by turning Russia into a wilderness became less and less rational and believable. This is the fact that McNamara has faced squarely, and his fact-facing represents a major turning point.

The McNamara doctrines that have resulted from the fact-facing are not empty words. They have intimately and directly affected the McNamara defense planning. The "controlled response," for example, makes sense only if both our

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command and communications systems and the bulk of our strategic forces survive, in case of a surprise attack. Both these matters—"survivability" and "post-strike control and communications," as they are known in Pentagonese—are under intensive study by McNamara's collection of defense-intellectuals.

Under study are such questions as whether a shelter for the President, blast-proof against even a very big thermonuclear bomb, is technically feasible. This sort of thing is in the Top Secret category, as are studies of "manned systems" other than the traditional big, expensive bombers, for delivering nuclear weapons to target. But the major changes made as a result of the new doctrines are on the public record.

For example, the smaller, more mobile solid-fuel missiles are much more "survivable" than either the manned bombers or the huge liquid-fuel missiles, which are dangerously vulnerable to surprise attack. Thus the Polaris and Minuteman solid-fuel missile programs have been steeply increased, while the liquid-fueled-Titan program has been cut back and the B-70 bomber program has been chloroformed, if not killed outright.

If McNamara does not change his plans—which he may, in the light of Berlin and other sinister portents—the last manned bomber will be produced next year. After that the long "Billy Mitchell era" will begin to come to an end. Meanwhile, for some years—perhaps until 1970—the United States will continue to be heavily dependent on the manned bombers of the Strategic Air Command. Therefore, to assure "survivability" McNamara has ordered a sharp step-up in both SAC's fifteen-minute ground alert and in its ability to launch on short notice a round-the-clock air alert.

At the same time various steps have been taken to increase our conventional—or nonnuclear—power, to provide the "conventional option." Reserve-force readiness has been stepped up, more money has been provided for Army weapons modernization, the divisional structure has been drastically reorganized, and the Marine Corps has been increased by some 15,000 men.

All this has caused deep unhappiness in the three services. At first blush this unhappiness may seem surprising. The Army, for example, has been crying to high heaven for years for more limited-war capability. McNamara agrees. Logically, therefore, the Army ought to be happy with the "doctrine of the conventional option." In fact, the Army is even unhappier than the two other services. The reason is simple.

One of the first facts the perceptive McNamara brain bumped up against was the fact—which the Army hates to talk about—that there are more than 70,000 men in Army uniform for every combat-ready Army division of about 13,000 men. McNamara ordered a detailed comparison to be made between the American Army's ratio of noncombat to fighting men, and that of the Canadian, French, British and West German armies.

The Army was shaken to its bureaucratic foundations by this impious request, and all sorts of reasons were found why it simply could not be complied with, including the ludicrous complaint that it would require the examination of "600,000 tables of organization." But as this is written, McNamara is still grimly insisting that the comparison be produced.

McNamara is also grimly insisting that the Army must deliver a lot more combat power out of the men already in Army uniform. There are, to be sure, certain valid reasons why the American Army's noncombat "tail" is longer than that of any other Army in the world. But almost all serious students of the subject—including the wiser Army officers—agree that McNamara is dead right when he insists that the tail is too long. The Army, however, automatically counts as an enemy anyone who threatens to cut its tail. And when McNamara offered a manpower increase to the Marine Corps, while denying one to the Army, that was in Army eyes the most unkindest cut of all.

One Air Force general explained the unhappiness in the Air Force in this way: "It's like you were a football coach and you had a pretty good team, but the university president and all the faculty thought football was immoral." Since Hiroshima, the Air Force has been taught that its honorable and essential mission is simply to knock the enemy out of existence in case of war. To the big-bomber men especially, the "doctrine of the controlled response" sounds suspiciously sissified—the more so because under the McNamara program the day will come when there will be no more big bombers.

Even the Navy is not jumping for joy, despite the big increase in appropriations for nuclear subs. Submariners are a small minority in the Navy, and the air and surface men have an uneasy feeling about the future. And there are other reasons for the unhappiness in the Pentagon.

McNamara's insistence on decisions within a few weeks or even a few days is contrary to hallowed Pentagon custom. Some of the younger men whom McNamara has brought into the Pentagon display occasionally the intellectual arrogance that is the chief failing of the overintelligent. "McNamara's whiz kids" the disgruntled military call the young defense-intellectuals, or "those damned Rand boys."

Unhappiness is not confined to the Pentagon. In the operational units there is a feeling that McNamara, who has rarely shown his face outside of Washington, is not interested—that he is concerned with "slide rules, not soldiers." Outside the services important defense contractors have been hurt by certain cutbacks, and powerful politicians have been embittered by McNamara's courageous and long-overdue program for closing pork-barrel military installations.

But the root cause of the much-publicized "turmoil in the Pentagon" is the sense among the military that the real power has passed, perhaps irrevocably, into the hands of McNamara and his civilians. The passing of power always causes pain, especially in Washington, for power is what Washington is all about.

No one can say with assurance whether all of McNamara's decisions have been good decisions, simply because no one can answer Carl Vinson's conundrum with assurance. Certainly some of the things McNamara has done—like his chloroforming of the B-70 program—have been open to question. But in this reporter's opinion, what McNamara has been doing needed doing very badly all the same.

Our defense establishment has long threatened to become a monstrous self-consuming bureaucracy, run chiefly for the benefit of big contractors, local political interests, and military officers who have no more to do with soldiering than adagio dancers or accountants have. At the same time American strategy and planning have been based less and less on realities and more and more on budgetry or political pressures, and on such illusions as the amazingly longevous notion that the American atomic monopoly still exists.

McNamara has been trying earnestly to bring the Defense Department back to its essential job of defending the United States in the most dangerous period in American history. In trying to do this job (which was begun, it is only fair to say, by his predecessor, Tom Gates) McNamara has necessarily stepped on a lot of powerful toes. Some of those toes badly needed stepping on, but in the process McNamara has inevitably made a lot of enemies. And there is one area where—so far, at least—McNamara has failed.

His relations with the press are a symptom of this failure. At first his press relations were downright superb. Like a good reporter he is interested in facts rather than windy generalities. He is also, when relaxed, a most likable man. So at first the press was ready to fight and die for him. But the love affair was of short duration.

From the beginning there were warning signs of trouble to come. McNamara always insisted on having a third man—usually his popular and able press secretary, Arthur Sylvester—sit in with him when he talked to a reporter. To any old Washington hand this means that the official distrusts either himself or the reporter. He also had a habit of telling reporters that he "authorized" them to see so-and-so. This may be normal in Detroit, but in Washington a reporter needs no man's permission to talk to a public official.

His relations with the press began to turn sour early. McNamara thought, with some reason, that he had been badly treated when the politically touchy view that there was "no missile gap" was attributed to him as a result of a not-for-attribution briefing. Things got worse when a couple of confidential memoranda were leaked. They got worse still when the President ordered the FBI to investigate Pentagon press relations after a news magazine had published a rather routine reconstruction of certain Berlin contingency plans.

Nowadays the business of "stopping leaks" has become an obsession with McNamara—it is the one subject that causes him to lose his Jeevesian imperturbability—and he has clearly begun to think of the press as The Enemy. But McNamara's unhappy press relations are only a symptom of a larger weakness. For there was nothing in his background to prepare him for one aspect of his job. The man who holds McNamara's job, whether he likes it or not, must in the nature of things be a politician, in the best sense of that misused word.

McNamara is too intelligent a man to fail to recognize the political overtones of his job. In contrast to Charley Wilson, who used to address august Senate committees as "you men," McNamara is careful to call the lowliest congressman "sir," and his congressional testimony has been brilliantly persuasive. He also often sees journalists—always with that third man present—to explain or defend his program.

But all this is not enough. "The trouble is," one old friend has said of McNamara, "that Bob's really an inside man." He is used to working as a private citizen, in a private company. But he is now a public man, running the biggest public enterprise in the western world. As such, the essentially political task of public education, explanation and persuasion is an indispensable part of the job he has to do. Tom Gates, the only Secretary of Defense to leave the Pentagon with his reputation enhanced, has testified that he discovered that this task was "about half the job," and every successful high public official sooner or later makes the same discovery.

The president of a great company need only do a good job to succeed. But the holder of a high public office must persuade the voters, who are in the long run his bosses, that the job he is doing is good. This effort of public persuasion is also, as every successful public official has discovered, the best way to "stop leaks," on the old vacuum-filling principle. Moreover, if the effort is to succeed, the press must be not the enemy of the official but his indispensable ally. If McNamara fails as Secretary of Defense, it will be because of a failure of public persuasion, since under our system one failure begets the other.

But despite all those toes he has stepped on, and the almost impossible nature of his job, it is somehow difficult to imagine McNamara's failing at anything. Somehow it seems more likely that the promise McNamara made back in February—that amazing, thrice-repeated "Yes, sir"—will come true, despite the odds. THE END

"Oh, this is terribly inopportune. Could you try us again about the middle of the month?"

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Can We Get Rid of Bad Doctors?

(Continued from Page 19)

organization—whether it be a county society, a state society or the American Medical Association itself—has any legal control over medical licensing. Such a group can throw a member out because of unethical conduct, but it cannot take away his license or stop him from treating patients. Similarly, no hospital organization can legally keep an expelled staff member from finding a job in another hospital that is willing to accept him.

"As a result," says an A.M.A. official, "medical and hospital societies can no more dictate which doctor should be kicked out of medicine than can the American Legion dictate to the Army which soldier should get a dishonorable discharge."

Under the laws of every state in the nation it is only the state government—usually through a board of medical examiners—that can issue a license and admit a doctor to practice, and it is only the state that can revoke a license.

"Unless a doctor plays fast and loose with narcotics and abortions or forgets to pay his income tax or gets caught at public rape," claims one embittered Illinois medical official, "not even the state will lay a glove on him."

Medical groups are able to handle some cases of incompetency. Experienced members can often take a careless young doctor in hand and induce him to mend his ways. Sometimes they can meet with a doctor who has grown old and lost his skill or judgment and induce him to limit his practice or retire completely. But if a physician is grossly incompetent and spurns all advice, his colleagues may be virtually powerless.

This was indicated by a recent incident in which a doctor was refused staff privileges in a small public hospital at Truckee, California, near the Nevada state line. The doctor went to court demanding the right to use the hospital facilities. "So far as I know," he said, "my medical and personal records are without blemish."

In the trial, testimony was presented to show that the doctor had first practiced medicine without a license and then had performed illegal abortions, done sloppy surgery, been remarkably loose with narcotics prescriptions, aided and abetted an unlicensed practitioner and been frequently under the influence of alcohol. The judge ruled in favor of the hospital.

The California Court of Appeals, however, overruled the lower court. Even though the doctor may have been rather careless in the past, said the appeals court, there were no charges pending against him at the moment. The hospital was ordered to give the doctor a hearing.

Before the hearing could be arranged, the doctor was arrested for performing an illegal abortion in Nevada. He was found guilty, sentenced to jail and removed—at least temporarily—from the practice of medicine.

"We were just lucky," said a hospital official. "No medical society, no hospital, not even the state board could stop him."

Although some twenty states, led by the state of Washington, have passed laws or are in process of preparing legislation to tighten medical discipline, most state licensing boards still operate under laws that have been described as archaic and unrealistic. Most boards can crack down on a doctor for illegal operations or illegal advertising, but few have specific provisions that can be used against a doctor who is bungling and slovenly.

The budgets for these agencies are usually so tight that they make it impossible to pay for vital investigations and enforcement proceedings. Some critics have strongly suggested that appointments to the boards—usually made by the governor of the state—too often represent merely the payment of political debts. The boards function without any nationwide clearing agency. In some states the boards work under such secrecy that it is difficult to discover the number of licenses suspended or revoked, even though legal experts have long held that these are matters of public record.

Earlier this year, for example, this reporter wrote to every state board in the United States to determine how many medical licenses had been revoked during the past five years. Ten boards—Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Virginia—were unable or unwilling to provide the data. Ten others—Florida, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, North Carolina, Oregon and South Carolina—declined to answer.

From official reports, as well as from other reliable sources, I estimated that about 130 medical licenses a year were revoked by state boards from 1956 to 1960. The American Medical Association's Medical Disiciplinary Committee, which has just completed a nationwide investigation of medical abuses, reports only sixty-eight licenses as having been revoked by state boards during 1960. With about 240,000 doctors now licensed to practice in the United States, this means that last year fewer than three of every 10,000 doctors were actually stopped from treating patients. The A.M.A. committee also pointed the finger at a number of state boards for taking the view that discipline is either something of secondary importance or something not to be discussed.

In close to one half of the revocations during the past few years the grounds were violations of state or Federal narcotics laws. Nearly half of the others were attributed to working illegally with unlicensed practitioners and performing illegal abortions. Less common causes were sex crimes, frequent intoxication, mental illness, violation of the income-tax laws and illegal advertising. But loss of a medical license because of gross incompetence was so uncommon as to be viewed as a medicolegal freak.

The signs that the medical disciplinary situation needed radical therapy have been evident for several years. In 1954, the A.M.A. appointed a special group to investigate mounting complaints against unethical and incompetent physicians. Dr. Stanley Truman of Oakland, California, a widely honored family doctor, was induced to serve as chairman.

After a nationwide study, the investigators concluded: "The present supervision of organized medicine over the ethical standards of doctors is not adequate." They bluntly reported a lack of vigorous activity on the part of county societies. Too often, they said, there seemed to be "close and personal ties" that kept doctors from cracking down forcefully on their erring brothers.

Hospital discipline was found to be more effective, but it wasn't going far enough. The committee warned that expelling a bad doctor from one hospital, only to let him appear shortly on the staff of another, was not solving the problem. But the major difficulty, said the Truman committee, was the dangerous gap between the medical societies, with their responsibility for medical ethics, and the state medical examining boards, with their responsibility for medical licenses. With this diagnosis the prescription seemed obvious—bring medical societies and examining boards closer together, logically at the state level.

When the report was presented to the A.M.A. in 1955, the association's board of trustees commended it warmly—the board chairman called it "the most constructive and exhaustive" he had ever seen—and then promptly ordered it locked in the files. A few months later, however, some doctors who felt there had already been too much secrecy in this field saw to it that a few copies leaked out.

Although it thus appeared that the A.M.A. itself was not yet prepared to spearhead any nationwide program, the Truman committee findings quickly provided support to state medical leaders who were ready to act on their own. Doctors in the state of Washington were one of the first groups to move.

"We'd been looking to the state medical examiners to do the job for us, but in thirty years they'd revoked only about two licenses," says Dr. James Berge of Seattle. "This wasn't very good, but we in the county and state medical societies weren't able to do much better."

Doctor Berge had been serving as chairman of the state medical association's grievance committee, which met every Saturday to listen to complaints from aggrieved patients.

"A lot of the complaints came from misunderstandings, and we were able to help by offering the proper explanation," he said. "But there were other matters which literally cried for investigation and discipline. And that's when we ran into trouble."

Some of the accused doctors were not members of any medical society and were beyond reach of either the state committee or similar county medical society committees. Other accused men were members of a society and therefore subject to discipline. But when they were ousted from the organization, they went to court and sued the committee for libel or slander.

In the city of Walla Walla, for example, a doctor was telephoned one night by a distraught father who reported that his

NEXT WEEK

CHICAGO'S POLICE COMMISSIONER:

HE MAKES COPS COME CLEAN

By Peter Wyden

I CALL ON PETE MARTIN BY BING CROSBY

MUST PLAYERS ENDURE THE WRATH OF POST-GAME MOBS?

BALLPLAYERS VS. THE FANS

By Edward Linn

IN COLOR:

BRITTANY: FRANCE'S ENCHANTED CORNER

By Ernest O. Hauser

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

THE TIME OF OUR LIVES

By N. J. Berrill

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child had swallowed a whole bottle of laxative pills. "Please come at once!" the father begged. "The baby looks terribly sick!"

"I hardly think that will be necessary," the doctor replied. "I can tell you over the phone what to do, and I'll have the drugstore send over an antidote."

Somehow the prescription never arrived; later the druggist insisted he had never received any order for it. Although the child survived without serious aftereffects, the father was irked. His irritation became more acute when he received a bill from the doctor for what the latter termed professional services.

The bill was trifling in amount—only $1.50. But the father refused to pay and thereby touched off a mammoth hassle which eventually involved two medical societies, one hospital and fourteen medical-society officials.

During the course of upheaval, evidence of previous offenses on the part of the doctor was put on the record, and his society voted to expel him. In reprisal, the doctor claimed slander and brought suit for $269,169. After years of litigation and acute emotional anxiety the United States Circuit Court of Appeals finally handed down a verdict for the medical society.

In the city of Spokane, however, when a doctor was charged with incompetence and ousted from the local medical society, the outcome was different. He claimed he was being punished because he had dared to testify on the side of a patient in a malpractice suit. A jury found there had been a "deliberate and malicious conspiracy to deprive him of his society membership and livelihood" and awarded him a judgment of $30,000. Members of the society had to dig into their own pockets to pay the damages.

"You don't need to have many decisions like this to worry the members of a disciplining committee," says Doctor Berge. "Furthermore, when the members of my committee found we were almost powerless to stop really bad doctors, they began to resign in annoyance or hopelessness or absolute disgust."

To remedy this unpalatable situation, Doctor Berge and some of his associates prepared a new bill for presentation to the legislature. It called for creation of an entirely new agency—the Washington State Medical Disciplinary Board—which would have full power to investigate the work of any practicing physician and to suspend or revoke his license forthwith. It would not be involved with issuing new licenses. Rather than being political appointees of the governor, the members would be elected by all licensed physicians in the state, whether or not they belonged to any medical organization. And, of particular significance, it was specifically provided that board members would be immune from lawsuits based upon "any disciplinary proceedings or other official acts performed in good faith."

A few physicians voiced their opposition, feeling that somehow or other the plan would inevitably bring governmental control and socialized medicine. Nevertheless, the act was approved by the state legislature and went into effect late in 1955, with Doctor Berge as the first chairman of the board.

"Taking away a doctor's license is serious," says Doctor Berge. "It's taking away his livelihood—almost taking away his life. Yet we recognized that protecting his patients is even more serious."

Court tests came quickly. In one of its actions the board revoked the license of a doctor who had returned to Washington after his release from a mental hospital. "You can't take away my license," the doctor claimed. "I've been discharged from the hospital. Even the courts have ruled that I'm legally sane."

"You might be legally sane," a board member told him, "but our investigation has clearly demonstrated that you're not medically competent to treat patients."

The doctor took the matter to court. The state supreme court ruled for the disciplinary board.

With this and other favorable court decisions in its support, the new board began to move more firmly. It revoked licenses for narcotic addiction, mental illness and drunkenness, suspended them temporarily for income-tax violations and put doctors on probation for sex crimes and other offenses. The number of these punishments was not large, but within five years the board had clamped down on more bad doctors than had been disciplined in the previous half century.

Unfortunately, in its present form the Washington state law has one serious flaw. It contains no specific provision enabling the board to go after doctors who prove themselves to be simply blundering, stupid and incompetent.

"We couldn't get this into the first bill," says Doctor Berge. "But now I am confident that whenever the doctors in this state are ready to ask for it, the legislature will give us this power too."

Even without this additional provision, Washington's new disciplinary act has been widely hailed as a significant advance in the attempt of medical men to discipline themselves. It has demonstrated that the machinery works—that a body of elected doctors, devoted solely to investigation and discipline, can forcefully and legally do a job of house cleaning.

A law was recently adopted in Iowa with specific provisions to take away a doctor's license for "incompetency in the practice of his profession." Iowa medical officials feel it has not been used long enough to demonstrate its true values and weaknesses. In Delaware, medical discipline was tightened last year by the adoption of procedures used by various state bar associations. More than twenty other states have indicated that changes similar to those in Washington, Iowa and Delaware are under consideration.

In California a special governor's committee urgently recommended a broad program involving not only a new state medical disciplinary act, with regional boards of doctors elected and empowered to act, but also a state hospital-licensing system. Last spring a bill was passed by the California legislature to protect members of disciplinary committees of hospitals and medical societies from libel and slander suits. Another bill, providing a compulsory inspection and accreditation program to require all hospitals—private as well as public—to meet high standards of staff competency, was blocked in committee.

Faced with continuing bad publicity concerning incompetent and unethical doctors and under pressure from state and county medical societies to provide national leadership, the board of trustees of the A.M.A. decided in 1959 to take another look at medical abuses. A medical disciplinary committee under the chairmanship of board-member Dr. Raymond McKeown of Coos Bay, Oregon, was directed to find whether or not the problem was serious—some faint hope was indicated that possibly it had gone away.

"May I speak to the head of the pad?"

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Moreover, in language generally reserved by the A.M.A. for its comments on advocates of socialized medicine, it was stated that the committee was to determine how organized medicine might best crack down on "the few 'bad-egg doctors' who are incompetent to the point of criminal negligence, who overcharge to the point of community revulsion, who evade their tax responsibilities to the point of court censure, or who run their practice while at the point of insanity or under drug addiction."

In a series of free-swinging regional meetings across the nation the committee members speedily learned that the problem had not vanished. They were told that present disciplinary methods in most states were inadequate, that too many of the widely publicized grievance or disciplinary committees of medical societies had proved to be toothless watchdogs that bark but don't bite. Repeatedly they were urged to find some way to stop not merely the few offenders who break the narcotics or abortion laws but also the many more who practice what one Western doctor described as "plain lousy medicine."

The Medical Disciplinary Committee's 100-page report, adopted virtually intact a few weeks ago by the A.M.A. House of Delegates, stressed action to correct some abuses but fell short of the drastic recommendations many doctors hoped would be forthcoming.

State boards of medical examiners were urged to check records of the A.M.A. and "if possible" of every other state board before issuing any licenses to practice medicine. It was recommended that a central clearing house be established so that disciplinary action taken by one board is known to all. And state boards were requested to "seriously consider the advisability and necessity of making discipline their primary responsibility."

Also, state and county medical societies were asked to utilize grievance committees as "grand juries" to initiate action against an offender, obviating the necessity for an individual medical-society member to have to complain against a fellow member.

Unfortunately no recommendations were offered advocating tough state laws throughout the country to empower medical examining boards to crack down on incompetent practitioners.

Among those impatient with the measures being taken to eliminate medical fraud and incompetence is California's Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown. "I have always believed that a profession should be given the first chance to do its own house cleaning," Governor Brown told me recently. "Certainly physicians should be the best judges of medical ability, medical judgment and medical integrity. I would prefer not to see a nonmedical committee dictating to physicians how they must discipline themselves. Accordingly, I have asked medical leaders to tell this government what further changes are needed in the laws, or in the enforcement of the law, so they can do the job themselves."

However, the governor said that neither the people nor their elected representatives are willing to wait indefinitely for the medical men to decide whether or not to act and what changes to propose.

"The government has a clear and inescapable responsibility here to protect the welfare and even the lives of its citizens," he declared. "If the doctors do not work with us to clean their own house, soon and thoroughly, then I'm very much afraid that government will do it alone." THE END

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I Call on Pete Martin (Continued from Page 13)

my opening paragraph. I don't think she ever read the rest of it, the part in which she came through good. She had worked with a writer friend of mine of whom I'm very fond—a gentleman and a scholar.

Bing: I know who you mean.

Pete: I told him, "I couldn't care less what Debbie thinks about me, but you I do care about. You've worked with her!" And I told him the circumstances. He wrote back, "Don't worry about this girl. The 'unfriendly' people in her life are the ones who haven't given her diamonds or furs. Obviously you haven't given her either."

Bing: But, Pete, she's an interesting little girl, a good talent. She can do anything. She's been in this business ten or twelve years, and she's got a lot of mileage out of those years. In addition to her personal problems, which have been widely publicized, and the maintenance of her home and the care of her family, this girl works very hard. She's done a great deal of singing and dancing, endless hours of rehearsing, and she's made a great many pictures. She's really an outstanding performer—I made a movie with her once. Before we started, several people suggested she would be difficult to work with, but I didn't find her so at all. She's ambitious, but that's no knock. I don't know. Pete, you know I'm putty when they're "five-foot-two with eyes of blue." Do you suppose I was being manipulated?

Pete: Maybe you get along well with everybody.

Bing: You know better than that. But I have a method. If we can't get along, I duck 'em. Not very brave, but convenient. Do you think nice guys make poor interviews?

Pete: Well, stories about controversial figures are supposed to sell more magazines, but controversy isn't everything. The first series of articles I did with showbusiness personalities was that one with you—CALL ME LUCKY (February 14 to April 14, 1953). Then I did a series with Bob Hope. Each of them set new circulation records, although no one can honestly say that you two were controversial, or that our collaboration made you sound like jerks.

Bing: I'd like to think that readers want to hear nice things about actors. Do you write to build circulation, or because you like to put together a good story?

Pete: Quite honestly my main concern is in helping the team ram the ball over the line. I like to think that I'm helping sell copies of the magazine I work for. After all, I'm not T. S. Eliot, or Dylan Thomas, or Robert Frost. I'm just a reporter, writing to please my editor and the readers. If the readers like it, they buy it. Eggheads seldom read me. I don't mind, because I'm aiming at another target—mass readership and mass sales.

Bing: I take it that the status of the person you're interviewing has a good deal to do with the circulation—I hope I'm not taking a bow here. What happens if you write a fine series on somebody who isn't very newsy?

Pete: I can give you a good example. When I called on Lerner and Loewe, my boss thought the interview I brought home was one of my best stories. I suppose he meant it was passable as prose, but he was afraid it wouldn't do much for newsstand circulation. I'm grieved to say he was right. Lerner and Loewe didn't sell magazines. Readers care about people they see on the stage, or the screen, or television. They don't care about the people behind the scenes. But they used to. I've done stories about Mike Curtiz, Nunnally Johnson and George Stevens, and they pulled very well.

Bing: Maybe you should have done Cole Porter, or Irving Berlin. Lerner and Loewe have written at least three smash shows, but their record isn't so long or so lustrous as Porter's or Berlin's, and their public image isn't so clearly defined. They're tremendous artists, great creators and fine writers, but if you ask the average man who wrote *I Could Have Danced All Night*, he'll probably say, "Arthur Murray." But ask him who wrote *Begin the Beguine*, or *God Bless America*, and it's even money he'll nail it. Porter and Berlin are household names.

Pete: I pulled other boners. I interviewed Laurence Harvey last year, because he was nominated for the Academy Award. He had made *Room at the Top* and a film called *Expresso Bongo*, which nobody had seen, but I thought it was hilarious. Nobody really knew who Larry Harvey was, so that story didn't pull very well. Then I heard that Dick Clark was supposed to have twenty or thirty million viewers, and I thought he was bound to explode at the newsstand. I wrote a story about him, only to discover that most of his followers were twelve or thirteen years old and read scarcely anything but comic books.

Bing: Well, my ignorance of journalism is out in the open now, because I would have bet a chunk that a story on Dick Clark would have run into extra printings.

Pete: He didn't do a darn thing. He told me he had an adult audience, but I think he's kidding himself.

Bing: Well, he's certainly got all the teenagers. He's got 'em staring at that TV tube all afternoon, when they ought to be outdoors getting some fresh air, or reading a good book. Say, I sound like a real curmudgeon, don't I? Tell me something, Pete. When you interview nice, conventional people, are you set up to needle them a little, hoping to provoke something exciting, even at the risk of being a Paul Pry?

Pete: If I touch a sensitive area—and I think I should once in a while to keep the franchise—it grows out of my research. If I were interviewing you, for instance, instead of vice versa, I would show up with ten typed pages of questions. These questions would be based on interviews with people who know you and my reading of everything written about you. However, if an interview is bouncing along merrily, I leave that list in my briefcase and never look at it. If I need it, I've got it, and once or twice it's been a lifesaver. Ethel Merman was great when it came to answering questions, but I had to ask them. She belted out answers as she does a song, but at the end of each answer she waited for me to ask another question.

Bing: She wouldn't go into orbit? That's certainly not the Ethel I know. You must have frightened her, or something—and that's not the Ethel I know either.

Pete: No. Now with you, I'd throw you a subject, and you'd pick it up and run. You made Bennett Cerf look like a mute. Your only rival as a storyteller is Jackie Gleason. He's a master of conversation.

Bing: Especially if you count interrupting. Yes, Jack's double verbose.

Pete: Danny Kaye's a great wordsmith too. With people like that I can turn on my tape recorder and leave the room, and they'll keep right on talking.

Bing: But not Ethel Merman.

Pete: No. And I got in a worse jam with Rock Hudson. I got careless and neglected to bring a list of questions. I thought, *I never need them anyhow.* Well, I got down to his place at Newport Beach, and in fifteen minutes Rock came to a full stop. He leaned back and said, "How about asking me some questions?" To my horror, I realized I had no questions.

Bing: You were trapped.

Pete: I had to fly from Los Angeles back to Philadelphia, assemble some questions and return to California.

Bing: What did you tell Rock—that you forgot your pencil?

Pete: No, I said, "I'm sorry, I'm not prepared."

Bing: Was he miffed?

Pete: No, he was quite understanding. Still, it was a goof. My best goofs, though, are mechanical. Mechanically I'm a moron. I can't even drive an automobile.

Bing: I'm no Juan Fangio myself. But I do remember that you had a few problems with your tape machine when we were doing CALL ME LUCKY. Unfortunately you were working with a guy who can't fix a safety pin. What a time we had.

Pete: I once lost a half-hour tape of Bob Hope reminiscences. But I really hit my stride with Jimmy Stewart—a whole two-hour tape was blank when I got home.

Bing: The whole schmeer?

Pete: I still don't know what he said on that tape. It was a 120-minute lost chord. When I came back West again, he was game. He made another tape.

Bing: With your experience I'll bet you could go into deepest Africa recording tribal dialogue with the machine working perfectly.

Pete: But where would I plug it in? I'm no good with these small portable jobs. When I first approached Hope, I said, "I use a tape-recording machine, you know," and he said. "Fine. We can do it on the golf course." And I said, "Where am I going to plug it in, on the caddy?" He hadn't thought of that. There's actually no place on a caddy where you can plug in.

Bing: Unless you had a "wino" packing for you. Do you favor any particular tape recorder?

Pete: Yes, I call mine Old Faithful. It's more reliable than I am, if I just leave it alone and don't mess with it. Sometimes I leave it on "playback" instead of "recording." That's how I get my blank tapes. If anything, it's too faithful. This thing picks up every sound—if a taxi went by outside, the tape would be getting taxi noises.

Bing: Plus the dialogue, I hope. It strikes me that you're sort of a national inquisitor. Do you ask your wife questions too? I mean, has question-asking become a habit with you?

Pete: My wife's trouble with me as a talker—she says—is that I get excited when we have guests and talk too much. Having people around steams me up. I know I'm flapping, but I can't seem to stop it. When there are just the two of us, we read, or do crossword puzzles, or edit one of my interviews.

Bing: Until people come in. Tell me, has anyone ever offered you a bribe or a little payola to get on your interview parade?

Pete: Well, I've had some tempting propositions, such as "How would you like to run over to Paris at our expense and call on old whosis?" Not for me. Moral decay would set in; and I'm sure my editor would detect the odor in my copy.

Bing: No one has ever offered you an out-and-out bribe?

Pete: Not brazenly. A night-club owner once dropped a solid-gold cigarette lighter in my pocket, and I returned it to him by registered mail the next day. Later I discovered that I'd been a real Eagle Scout. He was handing out gold lighters to bellhops, elevator men and taxi drivers—I might as well have kept mine. I probably would have lost it anyhow.

Bing: It was probably a tax write-off for him.

Pete: What I'm most leery of is junkets, Bing—not trips to Las Vegas because the actor I want happens to be playing there, but big, suspicious-type junkets, like one I was offered by a major studio. It was suggested that I blip away on a trip to Ireland to interview one of their stars. I wanted to go to Dublin like crazy—my grandfather came from Ireland—so I said, "Sure, I'll go." Then I fell to thinking—*Suppose this thing doesn't turn out? Suppose my article is a bomb?* And suppose this movie exec called up my boss and said, "What ever happened to that piece about our boy that that rat Pete Martin was going to do? We paid his passage to Europe and back, and when does he kick through?" So I backed off.

Bing: Maybe you were being too stiff-necked. What about the libel problem? Would your tapes of interviews be useful in defending a suit? If you have it on tape, you can say, "That's what you told me."

Pete: My lawyer tells me to keep tapes for at least a year, so I have stacks of tapes around the office. Some tapes I'll always keep, because ten or twenty years

"Attention, everybody!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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from now somebody's voice might have historic value. I value my tapes of Gable's voice and Gary Cooper's voice.

Bing: I think I can give you my personal guarantee that you'll never get a libel suit from Dean Martin. He talked frankly, didn't he?

Pete: He was honest and forthright. He just brought it out and let it quiver.

Bing: Very candid fella, Dino. Did you know that he always becomes nervous when he records? He told me and Sammy Cahn, who helps write his songs, that he is absolutely in a snit when he has to record or make a personal appearance. He gives exactly the opposite appearance when he's on stage, or when he's recording. He doesn't have a great deal of confidence in his singing.

Pete: I didn't know that.

Bing: He doesn't think he can sing. I caught his act at Vegas last spring. He was on forty-five minutes, and he never completed one song. He'd do a few bars, then he'd say, "This doesn't sound good to me—I know you don't like it." Then he'd tell a few jokes, sing a bit of another song and say, "This thing isn't going anywhere—let's drop it." Literally he never sang a song all the way through. He was on forty-five minutes, and they loved him.

Pete: That's amazing.

Bing: Dean cruises out on the stage with this big flagon of amber liquid in his hand. It's apple cider—not booze at all. He drinks the cider while he's on, and people think he's loaded.

Pete: How do you suppose Jerry Lewis feels about him?

Bing: I don't know. Dean says that every time he's in a hit picture, Jerry has a sinking spell. You know, Pete, when people work together closely in night clubs, vaudeville and pictures, tensions develop. Differences of opinion about the act, about their business affairs, crop up. There's no way to avoid it. In their case it culminated in a big blowup. I know that Dean was apprehensive after the split, but he's gone on to be a very big star, and so has Jerry. Now they get laughs by reference to their bustup. Now, for a question: Who does the work, you, or the person you're interviewing? In my case I just went along for the ride, but how about other people?

Pete: I start my interviews by saying as impressively as I can, "If this interview is going to be any good, it'll be your doing, not mine. You're the one who has to be intelligent and amusing; I'm the mouthpiece." I got away with this for years, until I ran into Danny Kaye. He said, "Don't give me that stuff. If this thing is going to be any good, it's going to be your doing. Don't put your burden on me." He stopped me cold for a moment.

Bing: Have you ever found anyone you interviewed who was exactly like yourself, someone with whom you were completely compatible?

Pete: I've seen people I'd like to be like. I'd like to be like you. I'd like to be like Perry Como, or Dean Martin, or Garry Moore. You all seem to be very low-pressure guys. When I was with Como, it was like being massaged, or taking a Turkish bath. I kept thinking, *This guy is really relaxed. I wish some of this would rub off on me.* It didn't. I'm a high-blood-pressure type, a mass of insecurity sometimes. I'm cantankerous and contentious. I get into arguments, although I try not to when I'm interviewing anyone.

Bing: I feel the same way—full of faults and phobias. And I've met people I admire because they don't have my faults. Take Hope—I never cease admiring him for his energy and his industry. He's very kind and very thoughtful—really a great humanitarian. He takes care of a lot of old actors, people who are up against it. He finds jobs for them in his movies and on his television shows. The public visualizes him as a funnyman with a twinkling eye and a quip, but basically he's a very sentimental man. Say, Pete, do you ever find, as an interview progresses, that you're losing the project, you see that it's turning into a bomb, and you wish you could dump it?

Pete: That's happened to me several times. Once I arranged to interview Sid Caesar. The day we met he lost his job.

Bing: Unfortunate timing!

Pete: His employees had just had him to lunch to tell him good-by, and he sat at his desk looking at me as though I were a blend of J. Edgar Hoover and Mickey Cohen. He practically defied me to get any kind of answer out of him. I tried. I wrote down his answers to my questions, such as they were, but I didn't even bother to type them out when I got home. I knew it was dead before it was born. There are other people I got nothing usable out of—Audrey Hepburn and Mickey Rooney and Jack Benny. I'm willing to admit that Hepburn and Rooney might have been my fault. But Benny—I couldn't translate his timing, his voice, his gestures, to words on paper. And I couldn't capture his running gag, because he's not really stingy.

Bing: Caesar is a great talent, but I've heard he's very uncommunicative, even when things are going well—just as tough without the loss of the job.

Pete: You know what I think? I think he has to play one of those characters he portrays in order to unleash his tongue. When he gets up there and does a character, it lets him go. That's my theory. As for Rooney, who you'd think would take over my machine and let me go out to the patio while he conducted his own interview—well, when we met, I did all the talking.

Bing: You did all the talking with Mickey Rooney in the room? This is incredible!

Pete: He had his entourage with him—his manager and, I think, his father-in-law, the works—but about all he got in were a few laughs, ha-ha-ha, once in a while. I did the yakking. When I got home and my wife Virginia read the transcription, she asked, "Why didn't you just shut up? You've ruined the whole interview." And I had.

Bing: Are you sure it was your fault?

Pete: I'm sure. There's a trick to interviewing. If you sit there and don't open your trap, as I did not long ago with Allen Funt, the *Candid Camera* guy, it makes the other fellow nervous, and he'll talk. Funt talked for three hours. A sound vacuum worries people, and they want to fill it.

Bing: Or they feel that they have to defend themselves against a suspicion of being stupid or something.

Pete: Jack Benny was another one. I sat in his office with him one afternoon, and we had a very pleasant time, I thought. He's an agreeable man, and I thought I'd had a great interview; but when it was on paper, it was just a couple of guys talking.

Bing: Did you bring out your list of questions for him?

Pete: Yes. I asked him about timing. He's a master of timing, but he couldn't explain it—maybe nobody can.

Bing: You're right, you can't describe it or analyze it.

Pete: I thought, *I've got to do something about this man. He's great. He's a wonderful comedian.* So I called him up. I said, "Why don't we drop around to the Hillcrest Country Club and tear a herring with some of your pals. I understand you have some wonderful conversations there with Groucho and Jessel and Burns." The trouble was, Benny's no dummy. He knew that I was going to try to beef up my Jack Benny interview. I could feel a little chill come over the wire, and he allowed that he didn't think that was so good. So I said, "Maybe we could have luncheon with some of your writers, and all of you could toss the ball back and forth." That's when the ice age set in. I might as well have come right out and said, "Our interview wasn't very funny, and I'm trying to salvage it." You don't say that kind of thing to one of the world's greatest comedians. So that was the end of me and Mr. Jack Benny. I flunked.

"I'm afraid you haven't a leg to stand on. Legalwise, that is."

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Bing: I've seen Jack around the golf courses and at cocktail parties and dinners, and he seems to be a great listener. A great laugher. He doesn't do much talking. Maybe you should have asked to sit in on a script conference. I've been on several shows with Jack, and those conferences are pretty hilarious. I've been on a Benny show when George Burns was with me as a guest. That was very funny, because Jack likes to get Burns started. Between the two of them it flies pretty good. Off stage, though, Benny is basically a listener.

Pete: You see, I didn't know that.

Bing: When I've been around Jack, he's mostly saying, "George, tell them that one about. . . ." He gets other people going. Maybe he should be doing the interviewing. How many interviews have you written, eighty or ninety?

Pete: About that, maybe a hundred.

Bing: It must take all your time. Do you think you're a good writer?

Pete: I don't think I'm a good writer at all. I think I'm a pretty fair reporter. I get along with people, they find it easy to talk to me, maybe because I'm really interested in them. I don't have to fake my interest. I seldom have any trouble getting people talking. But putting it all down on paper means drudgery, sweat, blood and tears. I'm a master of the clumsy sentence, and I need quite a bit of help from my editor. If you like my stuff you see in *The Post*, he should take a deep bow for it.

Bing: You mean Ben Hibbs?

Pete: Yes. When I hand in my stuff, it seems pretty good to me; but that night I'm sleepless, wondering if Ben will say "O.K." the next day.

Bing: Why suffer?

Pete: I always have. I used to play college football, and I suffered before every game. Besides, I don't really think of myself as a good writer, despite the fact that hundreds of strangers have told me they like my stuff.

Bing: Maybe you're a better writer than you think you are. If you wrote a book on some subject that you liked, and you didn't care whether people liked it or not, you might turn out to be a hell of a writer.

Pete: I'd love to try one where I didn't care, where I was just pleasing myself. A few weeks ago I found a beat-up copy of *Catcher in the Rye*, by Salinger. I thought that one reason Salinger is so good is that he doesn't care what editors or readers think. Once you overcome that block, you've really got something. But I do care what my editor thinks. I do care about the public. Besides, I'm work-happy. I'd be miserable if I couldn't work. I don't think I could stand it.

Bing: I think I could.

Pete: What's the longest you've ever tried loafing?

Bing: About thirty-five years.

Pete: Oh, come now, you've just taped a TV special with Chevalier. How long ago was that?

Bing: A month or so ago. It was only a week's work. And it may have been futile. They put me on the air against Ingrid Bergman and, man, that's like a Little Leaguer going up against Mickey Mantle. She's pure power, a big draw. I might just as well have stayed in the barn. I played golf not long ago with President Kennedy, and he asked me how it happened that, in a week when there were few outstanding shows on television, two programs which looked pretty good were booked opposite each other. I told him I didn't think Bergman suffered any, but I sure got clobbered. Imagine Kennedy and Crosby concurring! Well, we did.

Next week Bing Crosby continues his turnabout interview of Pete Martin.

—THE EDITORS

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The Time of Evensong

(Continued from Page 23)

his life. First there had been the young boy, running and shouting in the warm vening, stretching into infinity the last inutes before bedtime. In young manhood there had been the realization of the seed—the love of night and the finding of woman in the moist darkness. Next, the fullest of all ecstasies—the blending of good food and good wine and good conversation, the slow easy smiles as the night drew a circle around you. And now, last, this fragrance of a pipe in a quiet dawn.

Parks lighted his pipe with long slow draws and threw the curling match into the water. The dear doctor would not approve. "Parks," he would say, "nature has shut you off from the one thing that could kill you the quickest—namely, women—but it's just too damn bad you couldn't have had a change of life in your taste buds and olfactories. That heart of yours can't take tobacco and brandy."

Parks wondered how many times he had tried to tell the doctor that after a man has had a body for seventy-eight years he doesn't think of it as being made up of bits and pieces. It was all one need, ll one being. It all functioned, or it all didn't. He never thought of himself as being made up of Parks the mouth, Parks the heart and Parks the brain. He was simply Parks, and as long as he could hold together what he was because of those seventy-eight years, and know that he was holding it together, he existed.

But the dear doctor—he just didn't understand. The decades of disassembling patients had marked him. Parks sometimes wondered if he ever looked at a man and could see the personality. And now that the doctor was getting old and slightly senile—Parks grimaced as he wondered if his own stubbornness were a symptom of senility—he had given up his practice and was devoting himself to the hounding of aging friends. It almost seemed as if the doctor felt that the death of a contemporary was a thrust at his own life.

Parks looked out over the water, turning gray-blue as the light of day increased. If only the doctor would come out here with him, then he would understand a pattern that Parks knew but could not explain to him. It was a simple equation. A certain number of dawns equaled death, for ducks or men. It was right, and it was inevitable.

The sound of three distant shots seemed to come up to the blind out of the water. The dog stirred. "Seventh-inning stretch," Parks said. They stood up—the old dog ponderously, as was his way, and Parks slowly, with creaks that were audible.

It was full daylight now. The gray sky and the mist rising from the water made it seem as if it still might be dawn. Except for the sounds of other guns, Parks might have been the only man on earth. His blind sat alone on the bar that he had once shared with three other blinds. A hurricane many years ago had wiped out all the others and destroyed all the vegetation. The blind was conspicuous and scared off many ducks, but Parks had continued to hunt there because of habit and because he knew he would be alone. A mile out on the lagoon, blinds on stilts were clustered like tenements under the main duck routes. Parks wanted no part of the slaughter that went on out there. He preferred this solitude, this peace, and whatever few singles that happened to come his way.

"Steady," he said, sitting down slowly. "Here comes some work for us, Carar." Four ducks were coming from the southeast and were headed directly for the blind. He picked up his gun and leaned low over it. There was no need to use the call. These birds had decided where they were going. They did not need to be led. They saw the decoys and circled for a look before they reached them. Watching, Parks could almost tell the exact second that they decided they would land. They came out of the circle, dropped a little and flared. Parks's gun went to his shoulder. The bead followed a big breast and wide, fluttering wings. The duck seemed to fill the whole horizon. Parks let the barrels drop, and as they fell, he fired. The gun roared, and Parks used the recoil to swing the gun to his left. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the duck collapse and plummet. He picked up another duck that was flying frantically toward the lagoon. It was almost on the water. He caught it with the bead, passed it and fired. Over the barrel he saw the duck framed in the center of the shot splash. It folded and hit the water like a skipping rock.

The last had been a good shot, and Parks was proud of it. But at the same time he was depressed. *Hunting is a poor sport for an old man*, he thought. In youth a hard kill is good because you are intelligent and alive and the other is dead. In old age there is no intelligence, only life, and it is valuable.

Parks let the dog out of the door of the blind and pointed in the direction of the first kill. The dog thrashed through the shallow water, throwing spray high in the air. Parks smiled at the happiness and turned toward his second duck. The smile disappeared from his face. It was a cripple. As he watched, it swam in a tight circle and then headed away from the blind.

Quickly he reloaded his gun and fired twice at the cripple. Both times it was swallowed up in the spray, but both times it swam out, untouched. Parks cursed the gun. His first shot had been perfect. He knew it was not his fault that the shot string had only crippled.

He yelled at the retriever, who was bringing back the other duck. The dog pushed a bow wave in front of him as he obeyed. He reached the shallows and in a few bounds was beside Parks, who had climbed out of the blind.

"Fetch. Hurry, boy!" Parks pointed out the cripple, while he took the duck from Carar's mouth. The dog hit the water with a splash. The cripple heard and dived. Parks dropped the duck in his hand and reloaded, never taking his eyes from the water. The dog reached the spot where the cripple had disappeared and, wise from many seasons, circled as he looked for the duck to reappear, at the same time keeping an eye on Parks for any signal.

Both of them knew it was hopeless. The duck would not come up again. Its mouth would be clamped to a stick or a strong weed. It was drowning itself to be safe from dogs and men.

The hunt was ruined for Parks. He might find the cripple. The water was clear, the surface calm, and the lagoon was shallow. But gone from his mind was the peace, the glory of the morning. *An old man shalt not cripple*, was all he could think.

He went back into the blind and put on his waders. He did not look at the water. It was unlikely the duck would come to the surface, and, if it did, Carar would do his job. The water was cold as he waded into it. By the time it reached his knees, he felt chilled. He almost smiled as he thought of what the doctor would think of this. When the water reached his groin, his teeth were chattering. Fortunately it got no deeper, and when he reached the retriever, he found that it came up only to his thighs.

The dog circled slowly in front of him and looked up questioningly.

"Sorry, boy," Parks chattered. "I don't know any more about this than you do."

And then he saw the duck, not more than three feet ahead of him. Its tail was a foot under the surface. It hung straight up and down and waved slowly in a gentle current. Parks waded over to it and saw that its bill was closed on the twig of a waterlogged branch.

Parks pulled the duck loose. Its lungs were full of water, and it floated heavily on the surface until Carar picked it up and waited for Parks's instructions.

"Back to the blind," Parks said, rubbing his hand on the broad head.

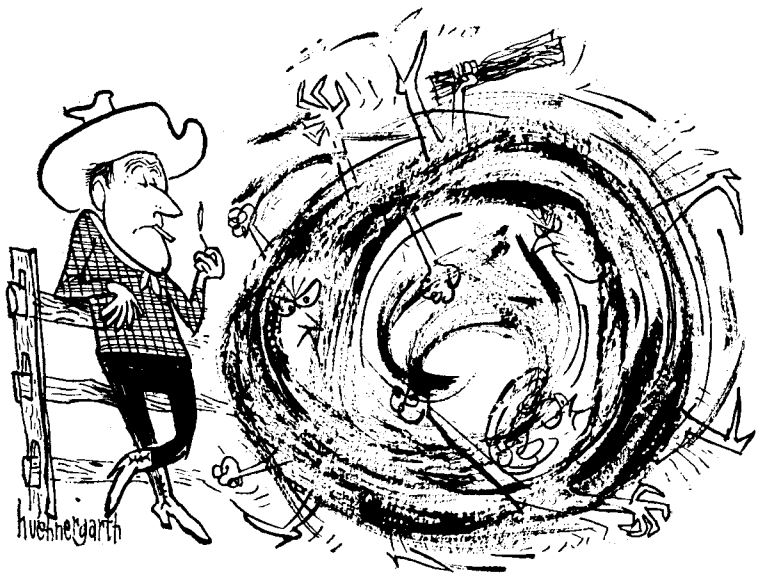
He waded back to the blind and took the duck from the dog and laid it next to the other bird. The dog shook himself happily and lay down by them. Parks paused in taking off his waders. He smiled at the contented dog. "So you grow old too," he said, remembering this dog in the years when all the ducks in the lagoon would not have satisfied him. Parks sighed and finished taking off the wet and clammy waders. Perhaps he was a fool to force the two of them out into the cold dawn. But no, not to go would be a loss of too much pleasure, and perhaps the loss of even the desire to live. He valued too highly the feeling of waking while the world slept, the bitter stimulation of the first cup of coffee, the wonderful warmth of the car heater on the drive to the lagoon—and the ducks, the wonderful humorous ducks.

"I would rather be dust," he said half aloud as he poured out some coffee. But the cripple had disturbed him. Its courage had pointed up what he had known but would not admit. A man should not hunt when a kill was a regretted thing. A man should not raise a gun when he no longer felt it was a clean act. And most of all, an old man—beyond creation, beyond vision, an old man waiting—should do more than welcome his last few dawns with death.

He realized that these few minutes of thought had taken him a long way. *A long, long way*, he thought. *But it is done and it is immutable. And how we who are old hate the immutable.* He sighed and picked up the gun and broke it. The act of removing the heavy shells tore at his insides, but when it was done, he felt better. It was with a pleasant finality that he slammed the gun together.

To Carar's questioning glance he said, "New tricks for old dogs, Carar. No more shooting from this blind." He suddenly smiled. "We'll learn to watch. And I'm going to bring that doctor out here and get him addicted to dawns and ducks and coffee and cognac if it's the last thing I do."

THE END



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Jim, angry because frail widow Abigail drove his cattle off her land, put his husky young wife up to beating her. The wife obliged by breaking a stick over Abigail. Jim, standing by unconcernedly, warned a neighbor not to go to Abigail's aid. Abigail, badly battered, sued for damages.

"This was a fight between women, and Jim did nothing but chat with a neighbor; therefore he shouldn't be held responsible," Jim's lawyer claimed. "Besides, Abigail was the aggressor."

"My so-called aggression consisted only of trying to keep Jim's cattle from wandering over my land," Abigail countered through her counsel. "Actually I never lifted a finger toward anyone."

If you were the judge, would you make Jim pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Jim had to pay. The court said that he prompted his wife to attack Abigail, who had done nothing to provoke the onslaught. It added that a person who causes or encourages another to commit an unlawful act is liable for damages due to the act.

Based upon a 1955 Louisiana decision.

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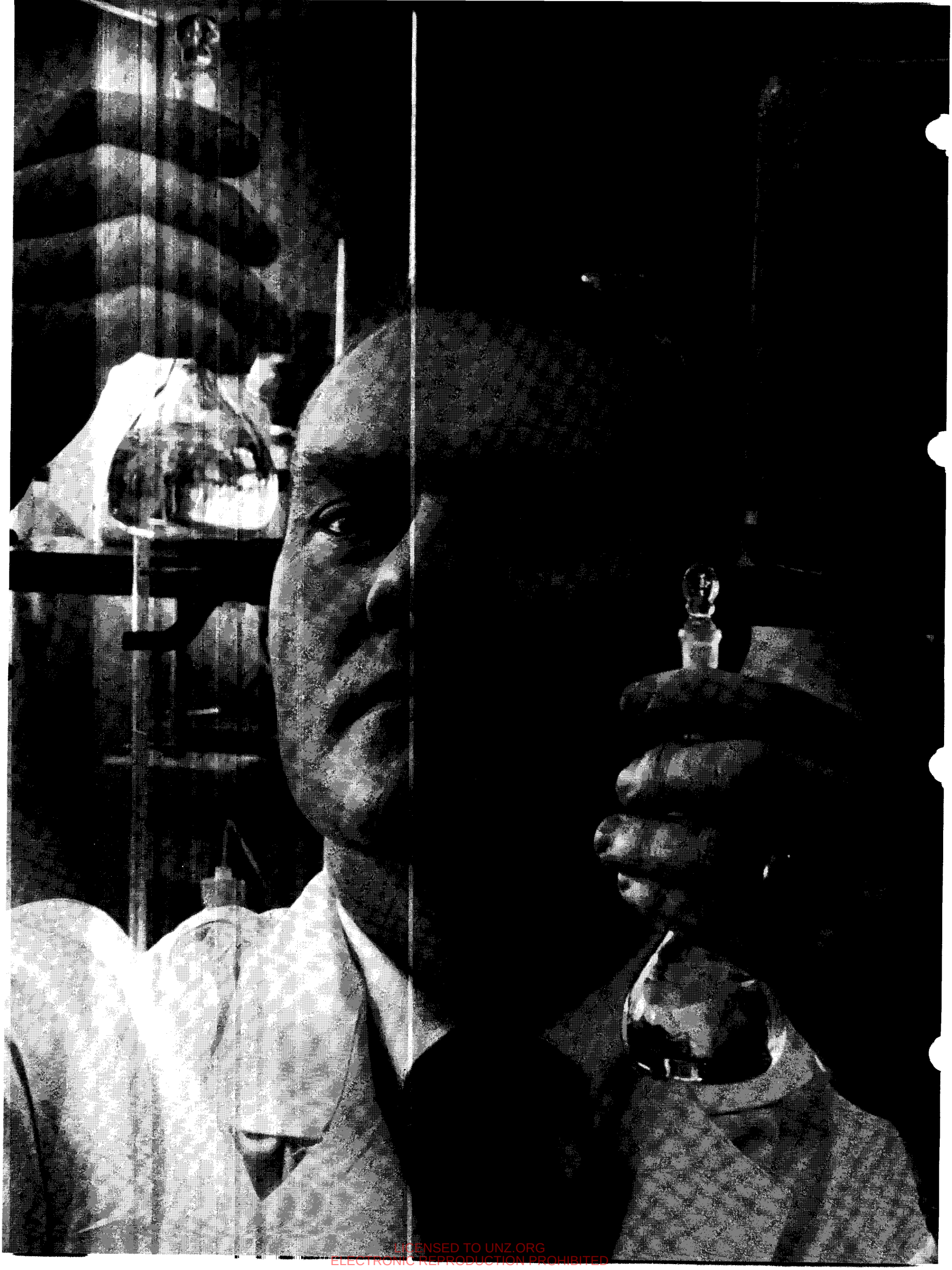

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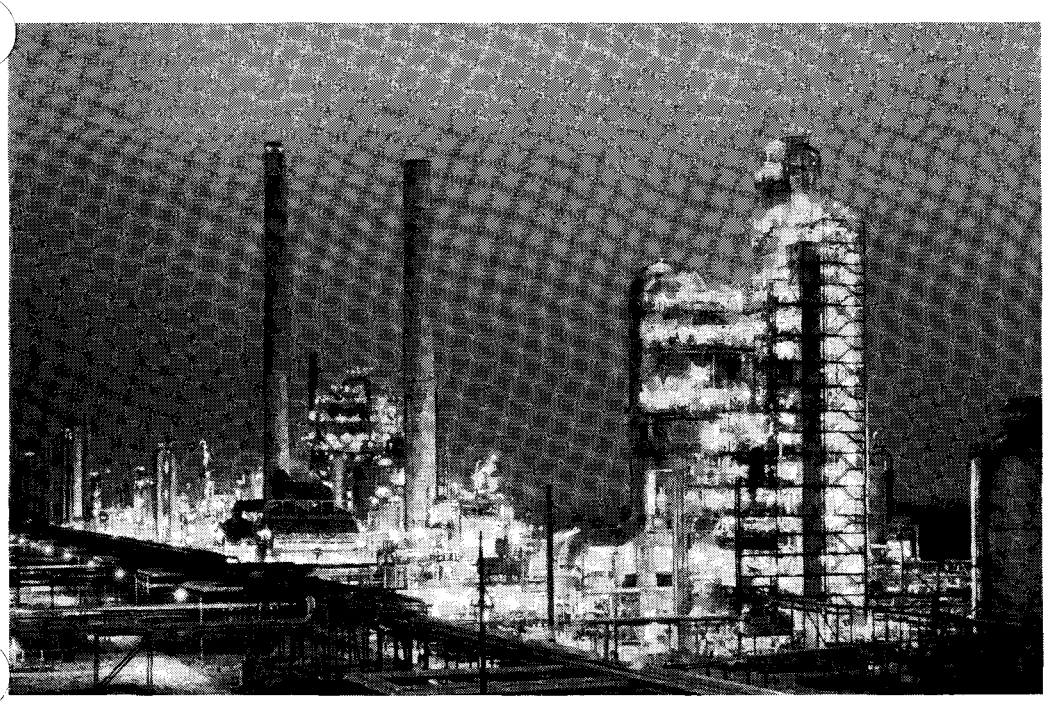

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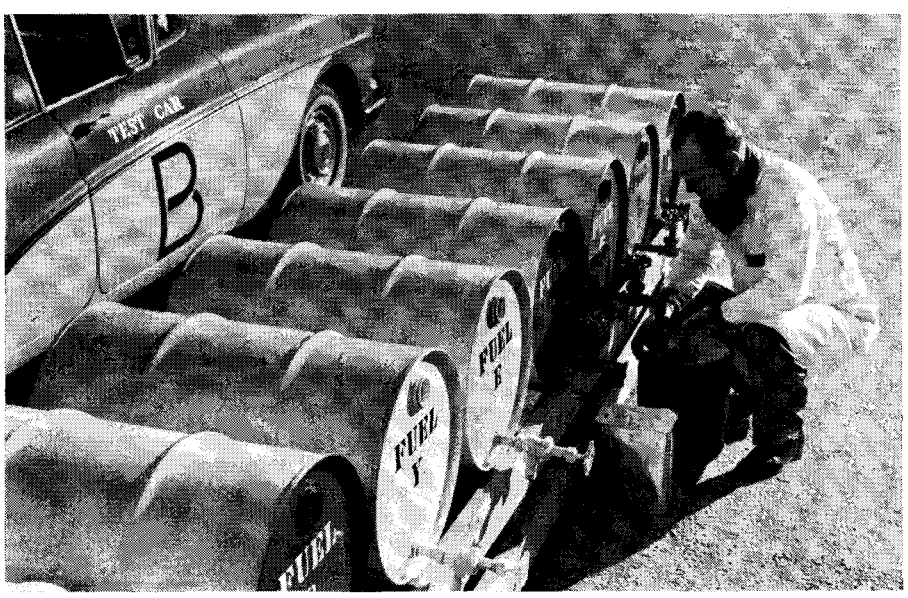

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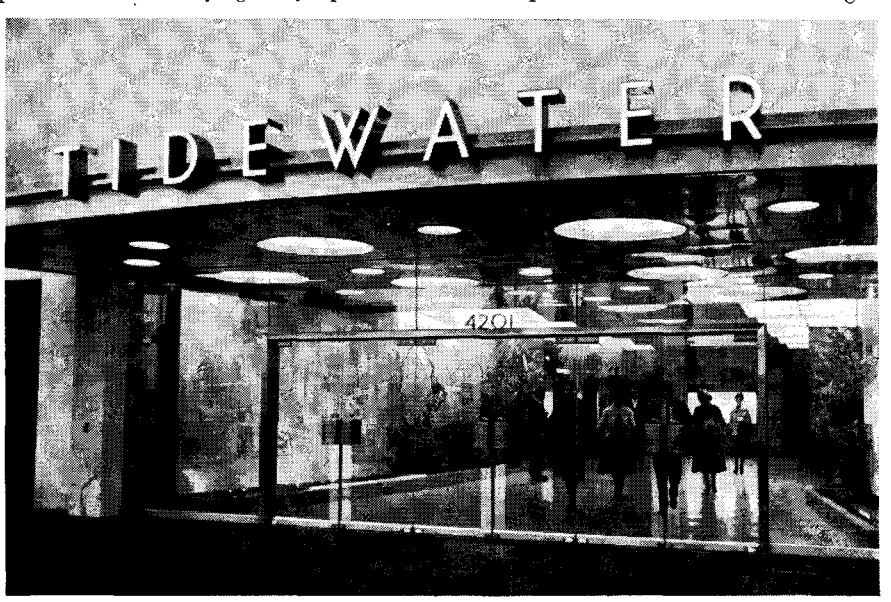

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Texas Helps Her Little Latins

(Continued from Page 31)

Mexican-born parents immigrated to Sugar Land, Texas, where he was born fifty-five years ago. When Felix was nine years old, his father died. Felix joined his mother and four sisters, chopping cotton in the fields. When he was thirteen years old, Felix went to Houston, twenty-one miles away, seeking regular employment. The only job he could find was as a busboy in a Mexican restaurant.

Felix wanted to be a waiter, but even in a Mexican restaurant such a job required a working knowledge of English. Felix claims he learned the language by "reading menus and the labels on catchup bottles," but, of course, there was more to it. He took a six-month night course in English at the Hawthorne School in Houston. Afterward he bought a few textbooks and laboriously taught himself the fundamentals of spelling, grammar and composition. In time Felix was talking "Tex-Mex"—English with a strong Spanish accent. It was enough to get him the waiter's job he wanted. His energy and ambition carried him from there.

Today Felix Tijerina is married and has two children, a thirteen-year-old son and a nine-year-old daughter. He still speaks English with a noticeable Spanish accent and he reads English slowly. He owns three restaurants in Houston and one in Beaumont, each done in Mexican décor and each called Felix Mexican Restaurant. He employs approximately seventy people, and the gross income from the small chain of restaurants is close to $500,000 a year. Felix also is on the board of directors of the Downtown Rotary Club, the Montrose National Bank and the Houston Housing Authority, which controls 3000 rental units in five housing projects. For four years—through mid-1960—Felix was president of the League of United Latin American Citizens. LULAC, which has 12,000 members in fourteen states, was started thirty-two years ago for the purpose of promoting good relations between the Latins and Anglos. Members of its 250 chapters help migrant farm families locate homes, find jobs for Latins, interpret for them when they get in trouble and, if necessary, provide bail money. LULAC usually provides the speaker when some community activity requires a Latin spokesman.

When Felix was elected to his first one-year term as president of LULAC, he wanted to do something about the high rate of school dropouts among Latin children; he understood how the corrosive taste of failure was intensified as these children grew up. Felix had never forgotten how his inability to speak English held him back in his youth. He felt that the same lack was holding back his people. In his capacity as president of LULAC, Felix visited the State Board of Education in Austin.

Felix is a short, intense man, inclined in conversation to emphasize his points by smacking a fist into the palm of his other hand or by slapping a tabletop. When he met with the educators, he used all his eloquence in a plea for a special program to teach English to the Latins; he said he would assist anyone who wanted to help. The educators were impressed by Felix, but no one had any practical ideas.

A brief account of the meeting was published in a spring, 1957, issue of *Texas Outlook*, a magazine published by the Texas State Teachers Association. Felix's appeal attracted one volunteer—Isabel Verver of Ganado, Texas, about ninety miles from Houston. She had seen the magazine in her dentist's reception room and, after reading the article, had written to Felix.

Isabel was a slim, brown-haired, businesslike seventeen-year-old, a sophomore at Ganado High School. She was six years old when she started school at Palacios, where her family was then living. She told Felix of her early frustrations: "When the teacher asked my name in English, I didn't understand her. One of my friends had to translate, and then I could only answer in Spanish. I cried and cried. A little later I wanted to go to the rest room. Same thing—I cried again. I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Later, when her family moved to a farm near Ganado, Isabel's difficulties at school continued. "We were segregated—all the Latin children in the same room," Isabel said. "We stuck together, and learned how to read, do arithmetic and speak English—little by little." Isabel wasn't assigned to a classroom with Anglo children until she reached third grade.

Although many of Isabel's classmates quit school after third grade, she stuck it out. Her brother Frank had dropped out after repeating fourth grade several times; her brother Paul had quit after failing sixth grade once and seventh grade twice. Isabel plugged away, doing poorly some years, quite well in others. She dreamed of becoming a teacher.

Her ambition was realized suddenly, if informally, in Felix's office. He told her he would pay her twenty-five dollars a week—the money would come out of his own pocket—if she would organize a class in Ganado for the preschool children of the community. Her mission: To teach them enough English that summer so they would understand their teachers when they started first grade in September. How much was "enough English"?

Felix's executive assistant for the small restaurant chain, Tony Campos, had been an elementary-school teacher in Baytown, Texas, before Felix hired him. Campos said he would get in touch with Mrs. Elizabeth Burrus, who had had considerable experience teaching Latin children at Baytown and surrounding communities, and find out what the goals should be.

Isabel's first task was to find a classroom. She approached Pat Ozment, principal of Ganado High School, but he was dubious in view of Isabel's youth, inexperience and her so-so academic record. But after three lengthy meetings with Isabel, Ozment decided to let her try.

Walking around the neighborhood where she had grown up, Isabel invited mother after mother to send her children to the new, free school. Some of the women weren't interested. Others, burdened with unending baby care, said they needed their five- and six-year-old children to help out around the house. And a few, Isabel realized, never would send their children because they were ashamed—their children didn't own adequate shoes or clothing.

"That first week I had only three children," Isabel says. "I was so disappointed."

By this time Isabel had received from Felix a basic vocabulary list of 400 words, prepared by Mrs. Burrus of Baytown; if the children started first grade with this list mastered, Mrs. Burrus felt, they would get along well. The small enrollment and the size of the list gave Isabel's school its name—the Little School of the Four Hundred. Isabel went to work, teaching her three pupils a few words a day. At the end of the first week she gave a public demonstration for the neighborhood mothers. When the class was over, Isabel had won her point.

Within two weeks she had forty-five pupils, ranging in age from four to ten. None of them had ever been to school before and, if it seems strange that a ten-year-old can be considered a preschool student, an understanding of the Texas attitude toward Latins is necessary. Sc of the children's parents were migi farm workers and had never lived in on place long enough to send their children to school. Also, because the Anglo community was generally indifferent to the Latins, truant officers rarely concerned themselves with the children, however blatant their truancy. It was that simple. But now they were in Isabel's class, and Isabel made them work. She had one advantage over most of the state's licensed first-grade teachers—she was bilingual. Isabel would say a word in English, over and over, reverting to Spanish when a child couldn't comprehend, until all the children caught on.

She taught her pupils a minimum of five new words a day all through the summer. Each lesson began with a review of the previous day's work. Isabel mothered her pupils and cajoled them and sometimes scolded to hold their attention.

Every two weeks Felix visited Ganado to pay Isabel's salary, observe the progre of her students and talk to the parents. I always brought candy and fruit, which h passed out as rewards to the children when they answered his questions correctly in English. His message to the parents was substantially the same each time—a plea to support the Little School and to participate in local school activities, such as the Parent-Teacher Association.

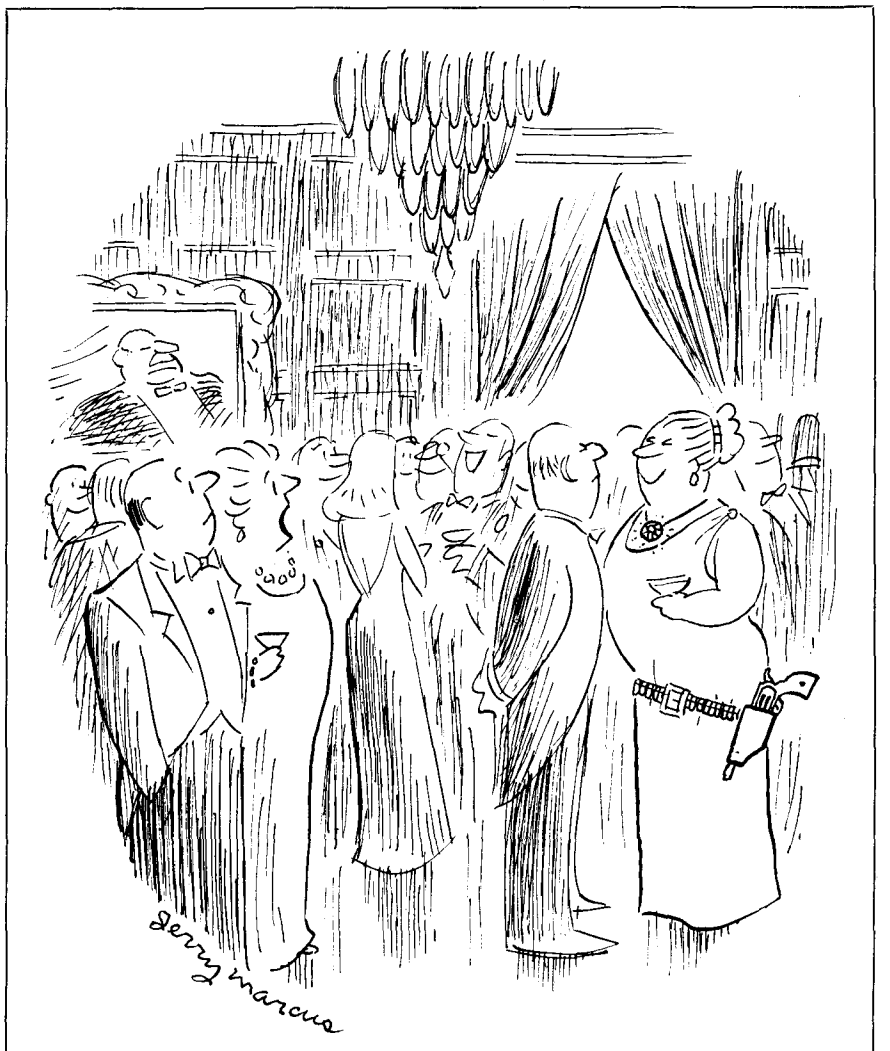
Even that first summer Felix thought of establishing additional Little Schools. But before acting on these plans, he wanted to be certain he was on the right track. He had his answer that fall. Within a few weeks the principal and the four first-grade teachers at Ganado Elementary School asserted that Isabel's pupils were doing far better than those who hadn't attended the summer classes. Also, many of these youngsters, who might normally have been kept home by indifferent parents, were staying in school.

Heartened, Felix visited leaders of the Latin communities—usually LULAC members—in many towns and asked the to line up pupils for a Little School. Whenever fifteen parents signed up, Felix promised to hire a bilingual teacher for the coming summer.

He got the Boy Scouts to distribute 40,000 circulars printed in Spanish and English telling about the Little Schools. He enlisted the help of priests and ministers to spread the word to their parishioners. Then, through LULAC, he hired ten missionaries to go from house to house in "target" communities to give the parents fuller information.

Eventually there was sufficient interest in nine communities—Edna, Vanderbilt, Wharton, Rosenberg, Aldine, Brookshire, Fort Stockton, Ganado and Sugar Land—to warrant hiring teachers. Candidates were recommended by LULAC members. Felix did the final interviewing and hiring and, as in Isabel's case, agreed to pay each teacher twenty-five dollars a week for the summer of 1958. There wa no difficulty finding classrooms that second summer. Dr. J. W. Edgar, commissioner of the State Education Agency, had endorsed the Little Schools project.

Isabel Verver was no longer able to teach. After her summer as a teacher, she had to drop out of high school and find a job. Felix hired her as a hostess in one of his restaurants. Before long she married John Gonzalez, eldest brother of one of her former pupils. Today she has a twenty-month-old son and is assistant manager of a women's clothing store in Corpus Christi.



"She's wearing the famous Kolomar diamond!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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But the techniques she had employed that first summer set the pattern for the other Little Schools. The new teachers—most of whom had approximately the same qualifications as Isabel—used Mrs. Burris's vocabulary list and relied on the age-old teaching method of demonstration and repetition of new words, until the children mastered them. Spanish was spoken in class, but sparingly. As he had done the first summer, Felix visited the classrooms regularly.

In September, 1958, Felix reported to LULAC that in the summer just completed, the nine Little Schools had succeeded in teaching the vocabulary list to 402 children. Six of the Little Schools would remain open to teach 222 Latin youngsters who were enrolled for the coming three months.

Reports from the public-school teachers continued to be enthusiastic. Mrs. Raymond Reue of Ganado Elementary School stated emphatically that language was no longer the reason for failures among her Latin pupils who had attended the Little Schools. Those children with native ability were holding their own; the failures, she said, could be attributed to immaturity and poor home backgrounds.

Results were just as encouraging the ollowing year, when a dozen Little Schools prepared more than 800 Latin children for first grade. The time had come, Felix decided, for an even broader program. He appealed to the Ford Foundation for money to support LULAC's Educational Fund, Inc., which had been set up to administer and operate the Little Schools. He was told the foundation would be glad to contribute $100,000—provided Felix could raise $50,000 in Texas. He tried, but the best he could manage was a humiliating $3000.

Discouraged, Felix went to Dr. A. J. Stoddard, consultant to the Ford Foundation. "Why don't you get the state to support the Little Schools?" Stoddard asked. This hadn't occurred to Felix; he had regarded the problem as one that had to be solved by the Latins. But Stoddard had a persuasive argument—"Look at all the money Texas saves by not having to teach those first-grade children a second year!"

Following this new lead, Felix went to Austin for a private conference with Gov. Price Daniel at the state capitol. The governor not only welcomed Felix's proposal but appointed him to the twenty-four-member Hale-Aikin Commission, which was preparing recommendations for revising the state education laws. During that legislative session, Felix made some twenty trips to Austin and buttonholed virtually every state representative and senator. He produced records showing what the Little Schools had accomplished and had ready information about similar programs that had been individually sponsored by private day nurseries and school districts in the communities of Victoria, McAllen, Laredo and Corpus Christi. At Corpus Christi, for example, Dr. E. E. Morales had co-ordinated a local program to teach English to approximately 700 Latin children in 1956–1957. There had been no effort to expand that program.

When the Texas Legislature voted on the Hale-Aikin recommendations, Felix's program of preschool training in English was passed almost without opposition. The 1960–1961 budget allotted funds to pay first-grade teachers $200 a month for the summer sessions. No teachers could qualify unless they spoke some Spanish or had some experience teaching Latin children. Classes would be established wherever there were fifteen children enrolled; attendance was voluntary.

Now that Texas finally had moved, it moved on a massive scale. The Little Schools of the Four Hundred had fulfilled their purpose and cheerfully closed their doors. More than 600 public-school teachers were hired for the summer of 1960. According to the State Education Agency, nearly 15,500 Latin youngsters attended the special classes in 136 school districts. It was a start; nothing more. The state agency estimated that an additional 10,600 children weren't reached.

Not unexpectedly, there was opposition to the preschool classes in English. One of the dissenters, Clyde Blackman, is principal of the Anson Jones Elementary School, which draws most of its students from low-income families, including those living at Clayton Homes, an all-Latin housing development run by the Houston Housing Authority. Blackman contends that, "It's not an English-Spanish situation at all," but is a slum, or environment, problem. In support of his thesis, Blackman adds, "Five hundred of the five hundred and fifty children living in Clayton Homes watch TV daily. It *is* an education of sorts." Blackman believes that kindergarten is far more valuable than special classes in English.

The children at Anson Jones speak whichever language they prefer during recess—a safety valve of sorts for the requirement that they speak only English in class. But in Baytown, thirty miles to the east, Miss Jess Pumphrey permits only English on the playground at DeZavala Elementary School. The idea is to make English the habitual language for the Latin children. Mrs. Elizabeth Burrus, who drew up the original word list used by the Little Schools, is the only one of the dozen teachers at DeZavala who speaks Spanish in addition to English.

Mrs. Burrus taught one of the preschool classes last summer. She spoke only English. The first word she taught her pupils was "come." By walking toward the children and motioning, she demonstrated what "come" means. Then she proceeded to "tell me."

"Every speaking situation can be handled by those two simple directions," Mrs. Burrus says. "When they don't know any English at all, you have to show them what each thing is, then say the English word for it. Then the child repeats it. They must understand the word before they can learn to read it."

Despite the free public-school classes, some of the Latin parents in Baytown preferred to have their children learn English at a private nursery school for Latin children run by Miss Rey Garcia, who uses Spanish and English interchangeably in her classes.

In substance, Miss Garcia's method seems as effective as that employed by the Texas summer teachers. Miss Garcia has conducted her nursery school for nine years. On the basis of past experience it is probable that most of her pupils will successfully complete first grade. And, on the basis of reports that came from schools all over the state at the end of May, Dr. V. J. Kennedy, the administrator of Texas' preschool summer classes, expects approximately 80 to 85 per cent of those who attended the summer classes in English would be promoted to the second grade at the end of the school year.

The summer program in 1960 cost Texas $480,000. On that basis Felix Tijerina and Doctor Kennedy calculate that the net saving to the state was over $1,000,000. Without the special classes in English, the education bill for retraining these same children—most of whom would normally have flunked first grade—would have come to around $1,600,000. As for those 10,600 youngsters who didn't go to the voluntary summer session, educators anticipate that approximately 8000 will fail and end up repeating first grade.

A state law, dating from 1915, requires Texas students to attend school only 120 days a year. Felix has been after the legislators during the 1961 session with a new campaign—to extend the school year to 175 days and to extend school-bus transportation to the summer classes. While he is not hopeful about the bus service, Felix has high hopes for the longer school sessions. If they are made compulsory, he feels that the younger children of migrant farm families will remain home with their mothers and attend the classes in English before they start elementary school.

He is realistic about the difficulties still ahead. "The biggest job, still, is to sell preschool to the Latin mothers," he said. "It will take three more years of door-to-door campaigning before registration becomes self-sustaining. The big help for it will come in five to ten years, when some of the preschool children become leaders in their communities."

Felix estimates that the Little Schools project, from inception to the time Texas began carrying the ball, cost about $65,000. Donations from LULAC chapters and members and the organization's national treasury came to about $9000. The Jesse Jones interests provided $1500. Two of Felix's fellow Rotarians donated a fund-raising movie which would have cost $3600 at going rates; they made it in their spare time. The Gulf Oil Corporation donated $15,000. Various companies and businessmen also contributed money, and Felix himself spent around $25,000.

"My goal now," he says, "is to see every Latin child get seven and a half to eight years of school—and it is coming closer. Then they can plan careers for themselves instead of settling for any laboring job. They will vote by themselves instead of carrying a printed slip of paper into the booth to match on the ballot. They'll be able to read and write English—and not lose the rights of native-born Americans by speaking and understanding only Spanish all their lives. They'll be leaving second-class citizenship behind—along with hate and resentment."

THE END

Jet-Age Reverie

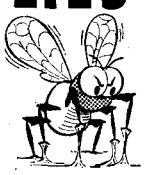
By Lawrence A. Perkins

When last the circling sun
went down
You sat in silence by my
side
To watch the crimson
colors drown
In night's advancing
westward tide.

But you have flown so very
far
That morning here is
afternoon
Across the ocean where you
are,
And night will follow
far too soon.

And still I watch, as
evening dies,
The cloudracks in the
afterglow.
I, at nightfall, where they
rise;
You, at dawning, where
they go.

CATCH FLIES



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Sitting Duck (Continued from Page 15)

clarity and oblivion. He kept his eyes focused on a single ceiling spot, as if there, in miniature, he could see again everything that had happened, because it was important that he forget nothing. It was even, perhaps, mandatory that he remember—a matter of life or death.

He had stepped down from the bus, the black briefcase in his hand. He had moved forward a step so that the bus lights might show him clearly. The bus had pulled away with a snort of exhaust and a stench polluting the clean country air. And then—it was here that the confusion began.

There had been two cars; of this he was sure. One had shown lights and had made no attempt to dim them. He had had a mere glimpse of this car's license plate *after* the initial shock, but the number was fixed in his mind, and there was no need to recall it now; it would come back when he willed it.

The second car had shown only parking lights. Was this convincing proof? He had no way of knowing. Either car could have been the one that ran him down; both cars had stopped after the impact; and, although he had clung desperately to consciousness—lying crumpled there in the snow, not yet feeling the numbness or the lassitude or the cold or the pain that had come later—still he could not remember with clarity from which car someone had come to bend over him briefly. And yet he was sure someone had come. Or almost sure, which was not good enough.

He tried to lift his left arm to the hanging light button. The arm would not move. He took a deep breath and worked his right arm across his body, scrabbling with the fingers over chest and collarbone. He grabbed for the light button and missed, and he waited patiently until the pain and the nausea passed before he tried again. He reached the light button on the fourth attempt, and when the nurse arrived, trotting, almost incredulous, he said merely, "My things, clothes ——" His voice was close to normal.

"Now—" the nurse said "—now just relax, rest. Your clothes are here." She even smiled in a professional way. "When you need them, which will be a little time."

His eyes concentrated on her face. "I had a briefcase."

And again the smile and an annoying hand cool on his forehead. "You're imagining things. There was no briefcase. Now relax. Sleep. You need rest." And she almost, but not quite, added that along with rest a minor miracle would not go amiss.

"No briefcase." He said it aloud, a statement of simple fact. And now, at last, he could close his eyes and allow the drowsiness to take over, the pain to recede. Now he knew for sure.

Someone from one of the two cars had come to him—no hallucination, this—and had bent over him and had taken the briefcase, which was knowledge enough for the moment. Their theory, then, was correct, guesswork and all; and it made no real difference that what had happened to him had been no part of the plan. He would survive; he had no doubt. The lure had been cast and the hook taken; from here on the struggle would commence. His face bore the faintest of smiles as he drifted off into oblivion.

This was Wednesday, a little after eight o'clock in the morning, and the balance of the day passed in the kind of calm that precedes a set battle—the principals busy with their thoughts and their planning, weighing, evaluating, examining, each reacting in his own way.

Lieutenant Carter drove past the large white house and satisfied himself that the car tracks had disappeared with the melting snow. He wanted, but did not dare, to drive up to the house and speak with the man and the girl who lived there, whose name was Vanden. For the present it was best that he display no knowledge of where the tracks had led. First he would deal with the man in the hospital. He anticipated no difficulty in that direction.

Within the white house there was only the normal routine, unbroken. Bruce Vanden, the father, drove down to the bank at nine o'clock, which was his accustomed time. Janet, the daughter, dealt with the household chores, the planning and the ordering, the issuing of instructions. She had lunch at the River View House with Charlie Webster, who owned the Webster Press specializing in fine black-and-white and color post cards. The fact of the luncheon, too, was entirely routine; all the village knew about Janet and Charlie, and most of them approved, Lt. Tom Carter being a minority exception.

In the city, an hour away, a man named Bart Willis, whose official title is unimportant here, waited with long patience for a telephone call that did not come; and if he was tempted to set wheels in motion to discover the why of silence, he stifled the temptation, because the only sensible course of action was to give a man like Brock a job and let him do it without interference. And so he, too, waited.

Only one thing of note occurred: The black briefcase, empty, turned up on the village dump, where a scavenger found it and carried it away to peddle for whatever it would bring.

And a girl named Elizabeth Peters, who worked on the village paper, checked the hospital entries and wondered who Walter Brock, address unknown, might be. In Brock's wallet there had been no identification beyond personal calling cards.

And so Wednesday passed, and Brock slept and woke and slept again, the pain diminishing and strength beginning to return.

Thursday midmorning the doctor examined Brock's chart and Brock himself. "You're luckier than you have any right to be."

"That's nice," Brock said. "I'm ready for visitors now."

The doctor's eyebrows rose. "I thought you were a stranger in town."

"And I'd like a telephone," Brock said. "And then maybe a razor." He was a black-haired man, with heavy eyebrows in inverted V's giving his face a reckless kind of look; his jaw would appear blue-black even after a fresh shave. "Pass the word, doctor, if you will."

The nurse brought the telephone and plugged it in. "I'll place the call for you."

"You'll close the door as you go out," Brock said, and that was that.

To Willis, who answered the call, Brock said, "Somebody was waiting. In a car, and with ideas. The somebody took the briefcase. I'm in the hospital, and word will get around. The somebody will come to see me." And he drew the license number out of memory and spoke it. "There were two cars. This was one of them."

"We'll check it," Willis said. "In the meantime I'll send somebody to have on hand ——"

"Do you know what villages are?" Brock said. "I do. I grew up in one. You send somebody to hang around, and you might as well send a brass band with him. Leave me alone."

Willis was silent for a moment. Then, "The local police ——"

"Not till I've seen them," Brock said. "Local cops have been bought before this."

There was a faint chuckle in Willis's voice. "You sound normal—Walt the Cynic."

"And to you," Brock said. He was smiling faintly as he hung up the phone and rang for the nurse and the razor; and when he was done with the shaving chore, he rang again. "Now the visitors," he said.

The nurse sniffed. "You sound as if you expected a line to form at the door."

Funny thing was, it practically happened. Elizabeth Peters came first, small and pert, with freckles dusted across her nose and copy paper and a pencil ready in her hands. "Do we bill you as the mystery man?" she said. "'Take me to your leader,' and that sort of thing?"

"No comment," Brock said. He had encountered the press before, and in its presence he was uneasy.

Elizabeth perched on the arm of the visitors' chair. She swung one small, shapely leg. "Give," she said. "Hit and run. We haven't had such a juicy bit since a phony twenty-dollar bill turned up at Lou's Bar." She missed the almost imperceptible change in Brock's face. "You were hit," she said. "Who ran?"

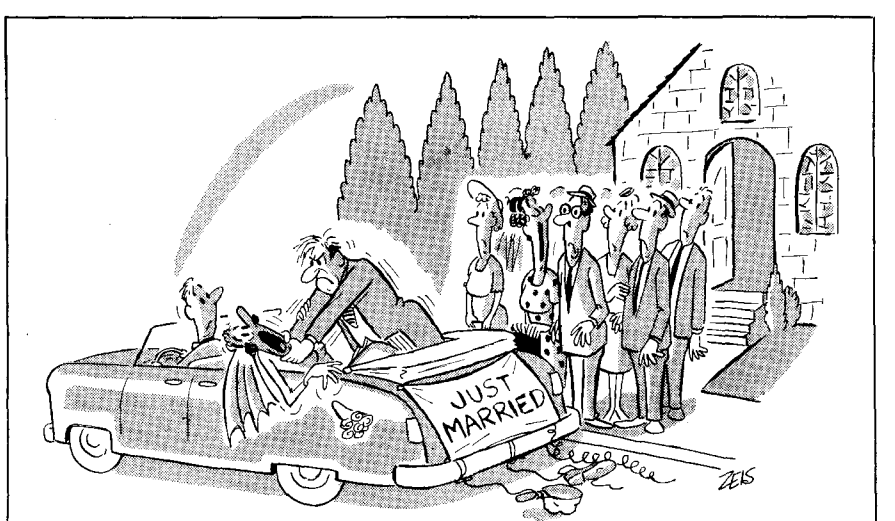
"I wouldn't know, Miss Peters."

"Most people call me Liz."

Brock was silent.

Liz said, "But you intend to find out, track down the scoundrel?" She smiled suddenly. "It's the romantic in me. I'm digging hard for a lively quote." Still he was silent. She stood up. "Ah, well." And then, "Those eyebrows fascinate me—a real buccaneer type ——"

"Go away," Brock said.



"It's their first quarrel."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The next visitor was Tom Carter, tall, broad without fat, all business and officialdom. "Walter Brock," he said, "that's the right name?"

"It is, lieutenant."

"Address?"

"The city."

Carter looked up from his notebook. "That's a big place." He made an abrupt gesture. "Let it go. You were doing what when the car hit you?"

Brock smiled faintly. "Standing, lieutenant. I'd just got off the bus."

There was a long silence. Carter said then in a new, soft voice, "Look, friend, I'm asking questions. I want to know who you are and where you came from and why. I want to know ——"

Brock said, "I had a briefcase, lieutenant. It contained personal property. Was it found when I was?"

"No briefcase," Carter said. "Now ——"

Brock said, "And I saw a license number." He gave the number. He waited, watching Carter's face.

Carter said after a little time, "You know what I think? I think you're a smart city character trying to cause trouble." He paused. "Don't, friend. We don't like sharpies out here."

Brock said, "There was snow, lieutenant. And no other cars passed." He smiled faintly once more. "I know. It waited quite a time before your police car turned up. The tracks of the car I saw should have been easy to follow, and footprints ——" He was unprepared for the force of Carter's fury.

"I'm warning you again for the last time," Carter said. The lumps of muscle worked at the sides of his jaws. "Try to cause trouble here, and you'll wish the car had made a real job of it." He stood up. He slammed the notebook closed. "Keep that in mind, friend." He marched out.

Brock stared thoughtfully at the spot on the ceiling. He was still at it when Liz walked back in again, perched on the arm of the visitors' chair. There was a new expression on her face. "Around here," she said, "people take care not to rub Tom Carter the wrong way. He tends to get mean when he's riled. I offer that for what it's worth."

Brock merely looked at her.

"You don't seem impressed."

"No comment, Miss Peters." He resumed his study of the ceiling, trying on various hypotheses for size to explain Carter's attitude. In the end he decided that he did not know enough yet to judge which of the explanations might be the real one. The only thing to do was wait and see what else turned up. *Like a big, fat spider in his web*, he told himself, and then altered the analogy. *Like cheese in the trap, irresistible attraction to the mouse. For mouse read rat.* He liked that concept better.

When he came back out of his thoughts, Liz was gone, and then here came the nurse again, bearing the telephone. "For a man who yesterday was almost dead," she said, "you're real lively." This time she closed the door without being told.

It was Willis. "The license number belongs to a station wagon registered to a Janet Vanden. And a quick check puts her as what used to be called a member of the leisure class, which is to say that her father, name of Bruce Vanden, runs and owns the local bank and a fair share of the village, and the Dun and Bradstreet people look respectful when his name comes up." Willis paused. "Can you see him, or her, interested in the plates?"

"All I know," Brock said, "is that she was there, or her car was."

Willis said, "Think it through, Walt. Somebody clobbered you to get the briefcase for free. And that somebody ——"

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"That somebody," Brock said, "doesn't like what was in the briefcase, and I'm still alive, so the somebody will come to have a talk with me. Simple as that."

"I don't like it," Willis said. "You're a sitting duck ——"

"They're my feathers." And then, for the first time, his voice altered, took on an edge. "Aside from everything else, I don't like people who knock me down. Get off my back." He looked up at the knock on the door. "Company," he said in his normal voice. He hung up.

This visitor was something special, tall and sleek with an Ivy League ease, not cold, but not warm either, merely polite. "I'm Janet Vanden," she said. "I understand that you wanted to see me."

Brock said, "Sit down, Miss Vanden." And it was on the tip of his tongue to ask how she knew that he wanted to see her, but the obvious explanation slid smoothly into place. "The newspaper girl," he said. "She identified your license number and gave you a call." It was a statement, no question, and he told himself to be more careful in Liz Peters' hearing after this. She must have skulked in the hall to listen in on the Carter talk. Why? At the moment, no matter. "Was it you who ran me down, Miss Vanden?"

"Would I be here if it were?"

"I wouldn't know," Brock said, and for a little time there was silence between them.

Then she said, "I did not run you down, Mr. Brock." Statement of fact; belief expected.

Brock said, almost smiling at the girl's assurance, "But you were there."

"I don't find it amusing," the girl said. "Perhaps you do. I was there. It was two o'clock in the morning, and I was alone, returning from a party. I am not afraid of being alone, but I do exercise prudence."

"There's a word," Brock said. It was as if he had not spoken.

"I saw what happened," Janet Vanden said. "I stopped my car. The other car stopped, too, and a man got out and went back to you. I assumed that he would do whatever was necessary. I drove on home."

"Did you sleep well?" Brock said. He watched the girl's lips tighten a little, but that was the only movement she made. He went on relentlessly. "The other car drove on too," he said. "A police cruiser found me a little after five o'clock." The girl's eyes closed, then opened again; some of their calm assurance was gone. Still he went on, because he knew too little and had to know more, and only pressure applied in all directions would keep matters, and people, churning. "By that time," he said, "you must have had almost three hours of restful sleep, Miss Vanden. Because of your prudence."

Janet Vanden opened her mouth, closed it again in silence.

"Were you," Brock said, "about to say that it was, after all, none of your concern? Whether somebody you didn't know died or not, I mean?"

"That's unfair."

Brock smiled. It was not a pleasant smile. "I didn't die," he said, "so it's perfectly all right, isn't it?"

The girl stood up then. "You're not a very nice man, are you, Mr. Brock? I think you enjoy—hurting people. There is a word for that."

Brock stopped her at the door. "A favor, please," he said. And he paused, watching the puzzlement on her face. "It's quite simple, Miss Vanden. It's merely to tell your friends what an unpleasant, sadistic character I am."

"Do you enjoy your reputation?" the girl said, and it was pure anger in her voice now, all other reaction wiped away. She walked out and was gone.

Brock gave the ceiling spot another brief study. Bits and pieces, he thought, like parts of a jigsaw puzzle—gather enough of them and a pattern might conceivably emerge. Which brought up another thought, and he raised his voice, "Come in, Miss Peters. There's no sense in your hiding in the hall."

Liz came in slowly. She did not perch on the arm of the chair, but stood instead looking down at the man's face on the pillow. "Maybe," she said slowly, "maybe buccaneers aren't very savory characters when you meet them up close. Maybe they only seem romantic on a movie screen and in color."

Brock's smile this time showed no malice, merely amusement. "Could be."

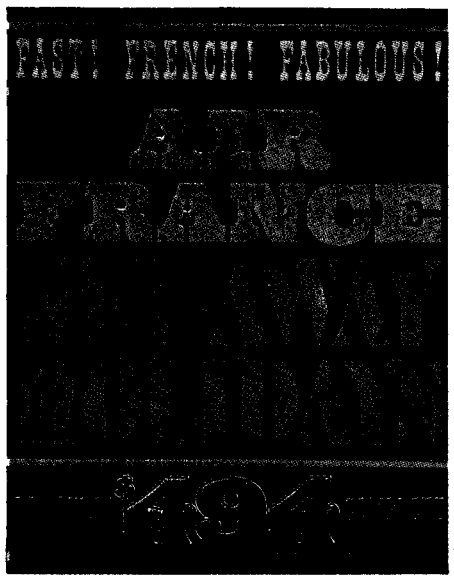
"But it could be that you use your needle for a purpose," Liz said. "I wonder what the purpose might be."

"I'm devious," Brock said.

Liz nodded. "I think you are. I think I'm going to make it my business to find out how devious." She was gone, small, pert, tenacious as a terrier.

The door was open, and Brock studied it for some time, willing it to close. It remained open. Now, he told himself, was as good a time as any to find out how badly off he was, and he got the covers thrown back and worked himself slowly, carefully to a sitting position and swung his legs over the side of the bed. When the dizziness cleared and the pain was down to bearable proportions, he surveyed himself, long bare legs and all.

His left arm was in a cast from finger tips to elbow. He wondered how bad the break was, not that it mattered much His ribs on the left side were tightly strapped, and deep breathing was not to



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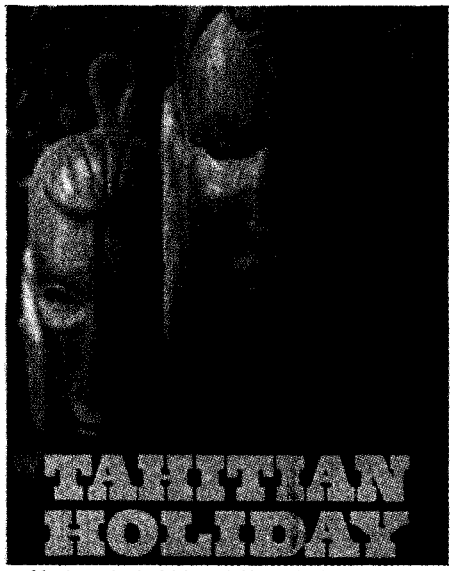

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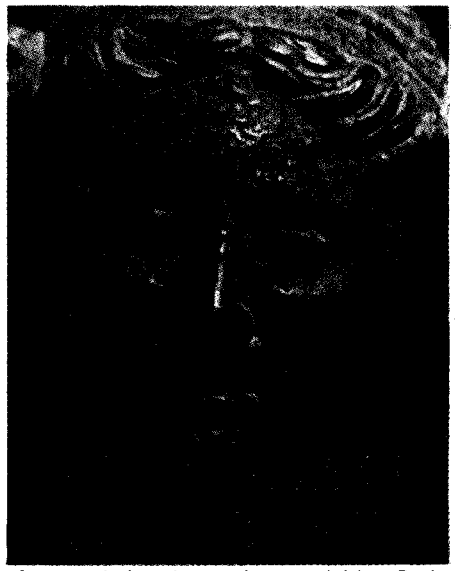
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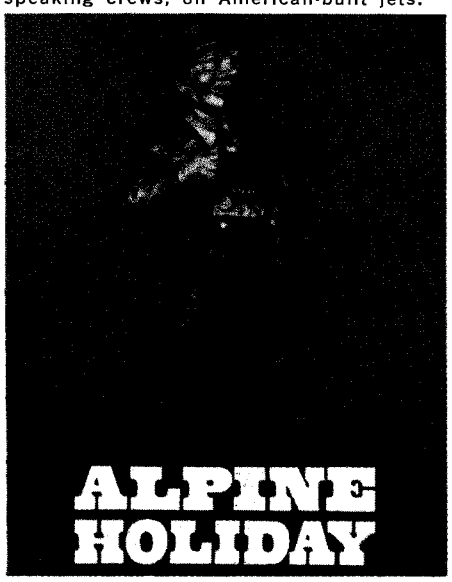

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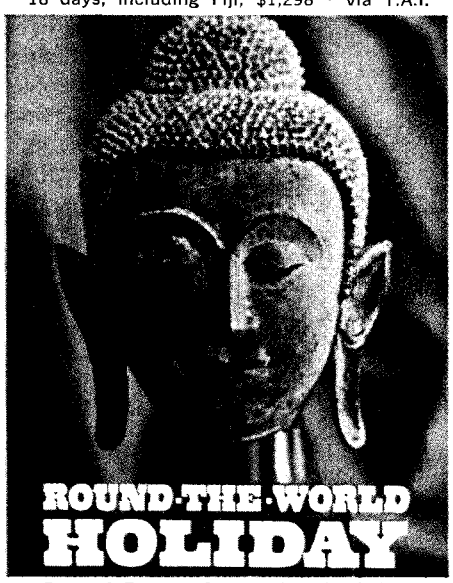

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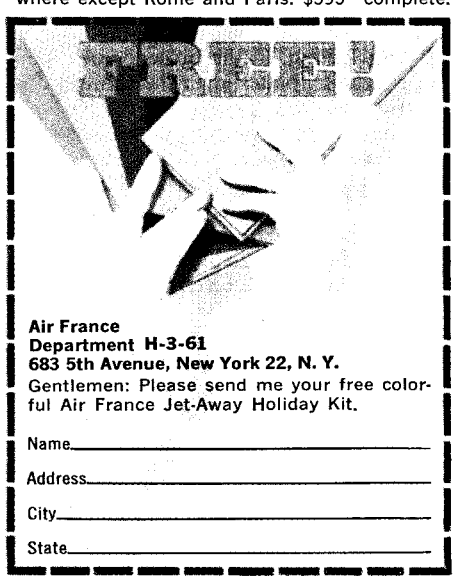

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be recommended. There were bruises on his legs, but everything seemed to be in working order. Beyond and beneath all else, he felt as if he had been beaten all over his body by little men with hard hammers. So be it.

He looked at the door again, concentrated on it, stood up and walked over and closed it, and managed to get himself back into bed, feeling a childish pride in the accomplishment. Then he picked up the phone again, the moments of self-indulgence past.

To Willis he said, "It might be a good idea to stake out my apartment. There may be visitors."

"Will do," Willis said.

"See who comes," Brock said, "but don't touch."

"You sound as if you're enjoying yourself."

"Fun and games being the cheese in the trap." As he talked he worked his left arm, flexing and straightening the elbow. The cast was heavy, solid. At need, it could be useful. He concentrated on working strength back into the shoulder and upper arm. "One thing more," he said. "Make me a package the size and weight of the plates. Send it registered to me, general delivery, and if the post-office people will co-operate and date-stamp it day before yesterday ——"

Willis chuckled. "I'm way ahead of you." And then, "You'll be interested to know that we've found out who our dead man was. He used to be one of our own engravers. Left, and dropped out of sight."

"And caught a coronary," Brock said, "in that dirty, little one-room apartment." He was staring again at the ceiling spot. "Gives a man to think, doesn't it?" He hung up, and his left arm continued its flexing—straightening motions, exercising automatically against possible need.

It did indeed give a man to think, he told himself, relaxed now for the first time since before he had stepped off the bus; because the links in almost any chain of circumstance were so neatly enjoined and led so inevitably from fact to fact that a man, viewing them, could scarcely escape the creepy feeling that everything was *planned* from the ultimate beginning lost in time. Take his being here now:

A man, unidentified beyond a fictitious name, had been found in a one-room apartment and pronounced dead of a heart attack by the city-hospital intern. Wheels, official wheels, had been set in motion; the city police had sifted in their routine fashion until the oddity had turned up, and then—for a wonder, in Brock's ungracious view—they had used their heads and shouted for Willis and Brock, feeling, in the presence of a pair of engraving plates, over their local-jurisdiction depth.

They were beautiful plates, obverse and reverse, capable of producing twenty-dollar bills that would pass in almost any circles. How they came to be there was a question that would probably never be answered—that chain of circumstance led off into a different, unimportant direction.

Where they were destined to go was something else again. The unidentified man had had a small, grubby notebook, and sandwiched in among laundry lists and marketing lists and names and telephone numbers—all of this currently in the hands of the local police—there had been one cryptic notation: BLACK BRIEFCASE—10 G—#20 BUS—FOUR CORNERS—2:06 A. M. A date also was listed. Brock had seen it first, and so it had been, from the start, his baby.

Were the plates to be delivered and paid for at the ten-G price? It seemed possible, even logical, because in the one-room apartment with no equipment beyond bed and chairs and stove and refrigerator and ubiquitous television set the plates were useless. Step No. 1 in the guesswork.

There were many bus lines radiating from and traveling within the city, and a good share of them had routes marked No. 20. But only one line had a No. 20 bus passing in its route at 2:06 A. M. a stop called Four Corners. And the date was unequivocal. Step No. 2 in the guesswork.

Was the unidentified man known to the somebody who would take delivery and, presumably, pay ten G's? Because if he were known, no masquerade would be possible. From the notation "black briefcase" the answer appeared to be negative. ("I'll be carrying a black briefcase. That's how you'll know it's me." A man could almost hear the words spoken.) The third, and final, step in the guesswork.

And someone had waited for the bus and the man with the black briefcase, but the someone had waited, not with ten G's, but with cold malice that might have, but had not, ended the chain of circumstance right there. Brock's left arm worked on automatically.

A man with skill in his hands, an engraver, dying alone. And now another man, not dead, merely damaged. Two links in a chain that extended back into time, and forward who knew how far. It did indeed give a man to think.

The next visitor was a man, middle-sized, neat, with cool gray eyes that could have been copied from those in Janet Vanden's face. "My daughter came to see you," Bruce Vanden said. "And then she came to see me and told me of your—your attitude."

Brock said nothing. He lay quiet, the left arm stilled. He waited, wondering.

"I should like to know," Bruce Vanden said, "precisely what your intentions are."

Brock thought it over in silence. He said presently, "I haven't decided yet." Which seemed ambiguous enough, and susceptible to any one of several interpretations.

Vanden nodded. The gray eyes were expressionless. "I'm a businessman, Mr. Brock. I'm accustomed to frankness. My daughter has admitted that she was at the scene of the accident. Since she was not involved in any way, I think she broke no law by driving on." He paused. "On the other hand, I'm not sure that her behavior was entirely above reproach. Nor is she."

And Brock said automatically, "That makes it unanimous." He paused, then asked, "So what are you proposing, Mr. Vanden?" And he waited, watching his visitor carefully.

Bruce Vanden said, "You are in a position to cause embarrassment. I admit that. The publicity could be distasteful. Is that your intent?"

"How much are you offering?" Brock said.

The gray eyes studied him. "I have an idea," Vanden said. "that you set a high price on your nuisance value. Perhaps too high a price."

"It was your idea to come here."

"But you expected me. In a way, you summoned me through my daughter."

Brock said, "Were you there, too, Mr. Vanden? When I got off the bus, I mean?" A shot in the dark, no more than this, and yet it could fit; from what little he knew so far, almost anything could fit.

"I was not there, Mr. Brock."

"Perhaps someone was there as your—representative?"

For a few moments Bruce Vanden was silent, frowning. Then, "I don't think I like the implications in that. Are you saying that what happened to you was not an accident? Have you told that to the police?"

"Lieutenant Carter," Brock said, "doesn't listen very well."

Again there was the silence, unbroken this time.

Brock said presently, "If what happened to me was not an accident, and your daughter was there, and I saw her license number and remembered it, then it's possible, isn't it, that whoever was driving the other car also saw and remembered the license number?"

"Go on." The gray eyes watched steadily.

"If it was not an accident," Brock said, "the person in the other car, the person responsible, would not like to have witnesses. And your daughter was a witness."

"She did not recognize the man in the other car. She could not identify him."

"Maybe he doesn't know that," Brock said. "Have you thought of that?"

Vanden stood up. He said, "I am thinking of it." And then, "Lieutenant Carter will listen to me."

"Suit yourself," Brock said.

Vanden was at the door. He stopped, turned. "That means what?"

Brock shook his head. "You'll have to figure it out for yourself." And he studied the ceiling spot again, in annoyance this time, because he knew too little and he could only fumble, deal in ambiguities, view with skepticism everyone who came to see him whatever each person's ostensible motive—Lieutenant Carter with his anger; Liz Peters with her curiosity; Janet Vanden with her resentment; now Bruce Vanden with his poker-face businessman approach; all of them, each one.

Brock could only wait and use his needle, as Liz Peters had put it, until someone came into the open; because the briefcase had been false bait, and the plates it had contained had been blank plates, and so the someone who wanted the real plates would try again. Brock hoped the person would, although at the moment he was far from confident.

There was one more name to be added to the list of visitors, and it was mid-afternoon before this one arrived—young, crew cut, tall, pleasant-looking, and angry. "My name is Webster, Charlie Webster, and I've got a good-sized bone to pick with you."

"So," Brock said, and that was all.

"I had lunch with Jan Vanden," Charlie Webster said, "and she told me all about you. Just what in hell are you trying to do?"

Brock was silent, watching, studying.

"So she drove off and left you lying in the snow," Webster said. "Why shouldn't she? What law says otherwise? What makes you something special that a girl, alone on a country road in the middle of the night, should lift a finger to give you help? Tell me that."

"You're making the speech," Brock said.

Webster nodded. "You bet I am. And if you've got ideas of trying to shake somebody down, forget them. I don't care who you are, big-city sharpie or whoever." He paused, breathing hard, impotence plain. "I wish you weren't in that bed."

"Why, so do I," Brock said, "now that you mention it." The inverted-V eyebrows were amused.

"I'd break your other arm," Webster said. "Or your neck. So help me, I would. Remember that." He was gone, leaving Brock to wonder vaguely if there was anybody left in the village who had not

The Perfect Squelch

The tourist group had just left Texas and entered Mexico when a stop was made for dinner. As always, Mr. Hardentop, a born menu analyzer, fussed endlessly over the choice of food. While others in the group sat in embarrassed silence, he studied each item on the menu, criticizing the dishes he recognized and grumbling suspiciously over the others.

The patient Mexican waiter, who spoke perfect English, did his best to be polite until Hardentop reached the last listing and began barking another series of questions.

"Well, waiter," he demanded finally, "are these American quail or Mexican quail?"

The waiter sighed. "We really don't know, sir. They *will* fly back and forth across the border."

Dorothy T. Cook

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come to look at the stranger in their midst.

About four o'clock Willis phoned again. "You work fast. And as bait you seem to be irresistible." Laughter bubbled beneath his voice.

'Spell it out," Brock said, and he listened, concentrating, his eyes on the ceiling spot. So three persons had been interested enough to look up the name Walter Brock in the city telephone book and pay a visit to his apartment. Interesting.

"Somebody," Willis said, "got the idea real early—last night, as a matter of fact, as close as we can figure. He, or she, went through your place with a fine-tooth comb. Your cleaning woman raised hell when she got there this morning and found the mess. She called the local cops, but nothing was missing and nothing really hurt, so they didn't see any urgency about telling me about it."

"Dandy," Brock said. "Real ginger peachy."

"That's what I told the day captain," Willis said. "I think I got through his thick skull. Nobody saw the visitor, and he left no prints."

"That's what's so funny?" Brock said.

Willis said, "The comic relief comes with the other two. The first one even smelled like a cop and took a real serious view of himself." He described Lieutenant Carter with precision. "Asked questions of everybody who'd listen and wrote down all the answers in a notebook. Who you are, what do you do; are you a savory character or do children shun you?—that kind of thing. He found out exactly nothing except that you work in the city somewhere and don't give opium parties in the halls." He paused, chuckling. "He tried to get in the apartment, but your cleaning woman had blood in her eye from the work she'd been caused, and she wasn't having any. The cop went off muttering. I gather that he has a low boiling point."

"That," Brock said, "is the prevailing view." Lieutenant Carter would bear further study. Why had he seen fit to go all the way into the city instead of calling the city police, one local authority to another, to ask what they might have on one Walter Brock currently mixed up in hit-and-run case and apparently bent on causing the village's leading citizens embarrassment if not worse?

It was as if Willis had heard the thoughts. Willis said, "Just to cover that rathole, I told the day captain in your precinct—while I was chewing him out about the other thing—that if any official inquiry came in on you, would he this time use his head and refer it to me."

"Good," Brock said. "And the third person?"

"Pint-sized," Willis said, "and freckled and, by accounts, cute as a button and twice as bright. Her the cleaning woman let in and got real friendly with, but didn't tell her much because she doesn't know herself what it is that you do. Seems you're a mystery in your own castle, and how you do it I'm damned if I know. My wife knows all about me."

"There's a minor difference in status," Brock said. So Liz Peters, too, had made the pilgrimage to the city. And that he would study on.

"And your package," Willis said, "is in the village post office, date-stamped day before yesterday, which I'm told is a Federal offense, but the postal cops cooperated. I told them that maybe one day they'd want us to scratch their backs where they couldn't reach."

"Thanks, Bart," Brock said. Inexplicably he felt better, more nearly confident. "Now maybe, just maybe, somebody will make a move when he hears about that package."

"Walt," Willis said, and his tone was no longer light. "You're sure you know what you're doing? I'll give you protection out there if you'll hold still for it, if I have to plant a fake medico on the hospital staff. Somebody tried to kill you once ——"

"And I want to meet him," Brock said. "We'll play it my way." As he hung up the phone he heard that he was a stubborn, opinionated, plain and fancy damned fool, but if that was the way he wanted it ——

He began to work his left arm again slowly as he pondered. The package was in the village post office—this was the immediate and paramount thing, and his mind walked deliberately around this basic fact, examining it from all angles, because everything hinged upon the manner in which he handled the package. Or seemed to hinge on this, which amounted to the same thing.

Whoever had run him down and taken the briefcase knew by now, of course, that Brock, in his role of seller, had taken the precaution of not having the merchandise on his person, where it could be taken from him by force. Therefore the merchandise, the beautiful plates, were somewhere else, presumably safe. It seemed logical to assume that the first visitor at Brock's apartment had been the somebody looking for and, of course, failing to find, the merchandise. So?

So now a package turns up, date-stamped *before* Brock had taken the No. 20 bus. And what else would the somebody think than that Brock had mailed the merchandise to himself to be held safe in the post office of the village where he was bound until he and the somebody, the prospective purchaser, had come to satisfactory terms? So far, so good.

The trick now was to make sure that word of the package's existence got around and eventually reached the proper ears. Given the fact of a village's grapevine and his, Brock's, current position as *No. 1 local attraction, the problem did* not seem difficult. Brock could think offhand of three or four ways in which it could be done, and while he was making his choice, the matter was taken abruptly out of his hands.

There was no knock at the door. Lieutenant Carter, in uniform once more, marched in as if he were on parade. And a little man with glasses trailed in after him. The little man had a brown paper package in his hands. Brock looked at it thoughtfully.

"This," Carter said without preamble, "came for you at the post office."

The little man said, "I'm the postmaster, Mr. Brock. The lieutenant asked me to bring it to you."

"That was good of him," Brock said, and that was all.

"What's in it?" Carter said.

In a way it was ludicrous, Brock thought. On the other hand, he was not sure he liked it at all. He said, "It contains cat fur, lieutenant, for the making of kitten britches. Next question?"

All views had agreed, and all views were correct—Lieutenant Carter's flash point was very low. He seemed on the verge of explosion, a large, hard, violent man, controlling himself with considerable effort. "All right," he said presently. "We'll open it and find out." He reached for the package.

Brock said quickly, "I hope you enjoy your stay." And there was that in his voice that turned Carter's head, stopped his reaching hand.

He studied Brock's face. "Stay?" He said it slowly, wonderingly.

"In a Federal pen," Brock said, "for robbing the U. S. mails."

There was a long silence that lay heavy. Carter looked then at the little man, and the little man blinked and swallowed and nodded slowly. "I'm afraid, lieutenant, that until the package is delivered I can't let you touch it."

"Then deliver it," Carter said. "Hand it to him, or drop it on the bed. Or throw it at him."

Brock said, "It's registered, isn't it?"

The little man's head bobbed. "Now if you'll just sign the receipt ——" And the words stopped there, and unhappiness was upon his face again.

"That is a problem, isn't it?" Brock said. "Without a signature you can't release a piece of registered mail." He was quite aware of what he was doing to

... ...

Corn Forest

By Louise McNeill

Out in the garden picking beans,
  Along the fence where the
    pole beans climb,
I looked through the wire mesh
    and, behold,
  There was the other side of
    time.
A corn-row forest deep in
    shade—
  Damp woodland floor and
    trunks of green
With old winds singing blade to
    blade
  And morning-glories wound
    between.
There in the wooded dusk—a
    hush,
  A painted warrior, slinking,
    stepped.
Behind him close a little girl
  I had forgotten slyly crept.
They vanished, and I did not
    cross
  My fence to track their
    forest tall.
A grown-up woman learns to
    keep
  On her own time-side of the
    wall.

... ...

Lieutenant Carter, and he supposed that the enjoyment he took in the doing was, indeed, proof of sadistic tendencies, but he couldn't work up much worry about it at the moment. "So," he said, "it looks as if the Post Office Department of the U. S. Government is going to have to take care of my package for a little while longer." He looked then at Carter. "That's how the cooky crumbles sometimes, lieutenant. I suggest the long philosophical view."

For some little time after the tumult and the shouting had died, and the little man clutching the package had gone his way, and Carter, still blowing fire had gone his, Brock lay quiet and smiled at the ceiling spot and thought that matters had worked out well enough, even though unexpectedly. The tale, and the cause, of Carter's frustration would be told and retold in every local bar within the hour if he, Brock, knew anything at all about villages, which he did. The word would reach the proper ears, to whomever they belonged, and the package would remain inviolate.

All in all, Brock decided, it had been a full day and he deserved a good night's sleep. It was not yet to be.

Liz Peters walked in and sat herself down in the visitors' chair. Her small face was a study, and in the glare of the ceiling light the dusting of freckles stood out plain and clear. Golden freckles, Brock decided, and he found them rather admirable.

"You," Liz said. She wore a faint frown. "Are you real, or are you something somebody dreamed up?" She paused. "You have an apartment, a very pleasant apartment with books and records and things to live with." She paused again. "But aside from that you simply don't exist. Nobody, but nobody, knows one single, solitary thing about you."

He smiled despite himself, and the inverted-v eyebrows rose in amusement. "'Take me to your leader,'" he said. "Actually, I'm a Martian."

"I'm prepared to believe it," the girl said. And she was silent for a few moments, thoughtful. Then, "There's only one explanation." Her eyes studied him. "You're hush-hush something or other, of course."

The eyebrows came down, and the amusement was all gone. "Now, look ——" Brock began.

Liz said, "Don't insult my intelligence. Anything else, but leave me that." And then, "One of the three-letter agencies—FBI, CIA? Or is it something else—postal inspector, Treasury agent? You might as well open up, friend Brock, because when I'm interested in something or somebody, I'm the prying type."

This he had not anticipated, and he blamed himself that he was unprepared.

"You've done nothing but stir up trouble," the girl said. "So you've been doing it for a reason, because nobody could be as ornery as you've been. You're after somebody, or something, and my guess is that you're taking some long chances, or you wouldn't be lying here all done up in plaster and tape." And then, unexpectedly, "Can you move at all? Or are you completely helpless?"

Brock was silent, annoyance rising.

"Somebody," Liz said, "ran you down with a car, made off with the briefcase you asked the nurse and Tom Carter about and left you lying in the snow." There was a strange, intent expression on her face and in her eyes. "All this razzle-dazzle today, needling people until they can't sit still—all of that has been for what? To flush out the character who ran you down to try to get him to come at you again? Maybe with a knife this time? Or just a pillow held over your face? What do you think you are, anyway, a duck in a shooting gallery? You need a—a keeper!"

Brock tried again. "Now, look ——"

"Oh, be quiet," Liz said. "I'm not going to let you out of my sight. At least I can scream if anybody tries anything." She added, "I'm a taxpayer. I pay part of your salary. Then I can try to protect my investment, can't I? Well? Can't I?"

Brock closed his eyes. Somewhere there was an answer that would satisfy this terrier-type and drive her away; at least he was reasonably sure there was an answer, but it eluded him. He was tired; "exhausted" was the better word. And where the strapping pressed on chest and ribs was one enormous ache. And the left arm and shoulder that he had exercised so assiduously had had enough, more than enough, the muscles complaining bitterly. And there was nothing more that he could do on this day anyway.

"Go to sleep," Liz's voice said, no longer sharp. "I have the run of this joint, and I'm going to stay right here. You can relax."

Funny thing was, it sounded good. This was his last conscious thought as the oblivion closed down.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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The Case of the Bigamous Spouse

(Continued from Page 34)

"Not at all," Mason said. "I just wanted to look at him."

Bolton led the way to a marble slab, turned down a sheet. "This is old Gorman Gillett," he said, "something of a philosopher. Of course, I cleaned him up a little—gave him a shave. Peculiar sort of a codger, would always talk with you about philosophy and things of that sort. Had a little cabin up here and kept it piled up with all sorts of junk—just never seemed to do any work to speak of. On the other hand, I guess he never spent very much money. Got himself a sack of flour once in a while and, come deer season he'd go out and get a buck so he could make it into jerky—always seemed to have a supply of jerky. One deer would last him all year."

Bolton's right eye closed behind the tilted spectacles in a slow wink.

Mason stood looking down at the corpse, serene in the tranquillity of death. "That the man you're looking for?" Bolton asked.

Mason slowly nodded. "I can't be certain, of course, but I'm willing to gamble—what sort of a funeral could I get for $350?"

"For $350," Bolton said, "we could give you a very, very nice job, Mr. Mason. That would include a minister, a singer and transportation to the grave for you and Miss Street."

Mason stood studying the corpse. "Would you mind stepping out and asking Miss Street if she has her checkbook?" he said. "And if she does, ask her to make you a check for $350."

"I certainly will," Bolton said. "I'll do it right away."

Bolton's short, quick steps sent him hurrying to the door like a baby quail scuttling for cover. As soon as the door had closed, Mason took out the lipstick threw back the sheet, picked up a cold hand of the corpse, rubbed lipstick over the finger tips, then pressed the finger tips to a folded piece of paper which he took from his pocket. Having done that with the right hand, he proceeded to do it with the left, making certain that he had legible fingerprints, paying particular attention to the thumbs, which he rolled carefully along the paper.

Glancing at the door, he took another sheet of paper from his pocket, made another set of fingerprints, then with a handkerchief wiped the fingers of the corpse and pulled the sheet back up. Then Mason walked to the door leading to the other room.

Della Street, quite obviously trying to give Mason all the time that he needed for whatever he planned to do, said, "I'm sorry, I messed up one of the checks and had to tear it up and begin all over again."

"That's fine," Mason said. "Just make a note on the stub."

"I did."

Della Street handed Bolton the check.

Bolton looked at it, started to put it in his pocket, then suddenly did a double take and said, "You're *Perry* Mason!"

"That's right."

"The lawyer."

"Yes."

"Well, now, Mr. Mason, I didn't know this man was a relative of yours."

"I didn't say he was," Mason said. "I said that he *might* be."

"Well, now that you've seen him," Bolton asked, "what do you think?"

Mason said, "You have a check. I thought enough of him to arrange for a funeral."

Bolton thought things over a moment, then slowly folded the check and put it in his pocket.

"Always like to deal with people who put things on a business basis," he said. "Now, just what was it you wanted, Mr. Mason?"

"Where did Gillett live? You said there was a cabin out here?"

"That's right, about two miles out, a little cabin. Like to take a look?"

"I'd like to take a look."

"Got to get my wife to mind the place," Bolton said. "Just a minute, I'll go tell her, and then I'll go with you."

"You got a key?" Mason asked.

"Sure. I'm deputy public administrator up here, and so far there aren't any relatives."

"Is there any estate?" Mason asked.

"Not enough to bury him," Bolton said. "Guess you'd like to take a look around, wouldn't you?"

"Well," Mason said, "I want to establish the real identity of the corpse."

"Sure, sure," Bolton said. "You got a $350 investment. You want something in return. I wasn't born yesterday, Mr. Mason, and I ain't going to die tomorrow. Now, you just sit right there for a minute, and I'll go tell the wife and then we'll go."

Once more Bolton scurried through a door and disappeared.

"Get what you wanted?" Della Street asked.

Mason showed her the fingerprints.

"What will they prove?" she asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Think the police will get up here?"

"The police," Mason said, "are dogged and thorough, painstaking and smart. But there's just a darned good chance that we are way ahead of them on Gorman Gillett."

"And how do you expect to find out what you want to know?"

"We're going to exhaust the local sources of information," Mason said.

"Meaning Bolton?"

"Meaning Bolton."

The door opened and Bolton came in, struggling into an overcoat and dangling a key to which was attached a chain, which in turn was fastened to a circle of metal on which was stamped a number.

"Actually haven't taken physical inventory yet," Bolton said; "just looked around. But you folks come along, and we'll see if we can find something that'll convince you just who the guy was."

"You may just as well go in my car," Mason said. "It's out here in front and all ready."

"That's fine," Bolton told him. "You just go right down this main street for four blocks, then you turn to the right. We have to go up a little grade, and it's inclined to be slippery."

Bolton started to get in the back seat. Mason said, "We can sit three in front. It'll be better that way. I can turn on the heater and have the car warmed up."

Della Street stepped with smooth grace into the car, slid over to the center of the front seat. Bolton got in beside her, looked at her over the tops of his steel-rimmed glasses with appreciative appraisal. Mason started the car, drove down the street for four blocks, then said to Bolton, "Turn to the right here?"

"That's right. Turn to the right here, cross the bridge over the creek, then we do a little climbing. Just don't get to fighting the road, and it'll go all right. Just keep your wheels moving and take it easy."

"Thanks," Mason said.

The car moved along a dirt road, rumbled across a wooden bridge, then started climbing slowly and steadily. After a minute or so Bolton heaved a sigh and relaxed against the seat. "See you've driven mountain roads before, Mr. Mason. As a matter of fact, I'm a little nervous myself when I get out on these roads with a city driver."

"You feeling all right now?" Mason asked.

"Fine," Bolton said. "I see you've done lots of mountain driving."

"How did Gillett happen to die?" Mason asked. "What was the cause of death?"

"Coronary occlusion, according to the doctor's certificate."

"You know the doctor that attended him?"

"Sure, sure," Bolton said. "Old Doc Carver—Ewald P. Carver."

He twisted his head to one side with a quick, birdlike gesture, glanced up at Della Street, then across at Mason and said, "Of course, Mr. Mason, since you're a cash customer, we try to accommodate you. Now, you understand what we mean up here by an attending physician?"

"One who attended the deceased at the time of death?" Mason asked.

"Well, now, we don't necessarily have to go that far," Bolton said. "You see, it's kind of a job, having an inquest up here, and the words 'attending physician' can mean lots of things. Now, if you go to see a doctor or a doctor sees you, and you've got heart trouble, and he treats you for it, and then you turn up dead, there's no need to cut you open and me around in your insides."

"Just confidentially," Mason sa. "how long before death did Doctor Carver see Gillett?"

"Oh, maybe twenty-four hours."

"And treated him for heart trouble?"

"Well, now, you're asking lots of questions," Bolton said. "As a matter of fact, Doc Carver would see Gillett on the street, maybe at the post office or some place like that, and he knew him when he saw him, and he'd look him over."

"I see," Mason said. "So Doctor Carver saw Gorman Gillett at the post office and knew that he would probably be dead within twenty-four hours with a coronary occlusion?"

"Well, now, that's one way of putting it," Bolton said. "Is that the way you want to put it?"

"I'd just like to put it the way the facts are," Mason said.

"You want the plain truth?"

"That's right."

"Well," Bolton said, "you're a cash customer, Mr. Mason. You're entitled service. Now here's the way the thing wa Gillett had a friend, name of Ezra Honcutt, and he and Ezra were going out, prowling around a little bit—Ezra didn't tell me what they were going to prowl for, but I got a pretty good idea they were going out and spot themselves a little deer meat.

"Anyway, Ezra came up to the cabin, and he was going to have breakfast with Gorman, but apparently Gorman wasn't up. There was no sign of activity around the place, so Ezra, he just walked in, the way you do up here. Gorman was lying there in bed, so Ezra goes over and gives Gorman a punch in the ribs, and then he saw right away Gorman was dead.

"Well, he goes and gets me, and I come and look the thing over and—well, you know how it is. I knew old doc had seen him around, so I went and got doc and said, 'Doc, you better come take a look.' So doc came and took a look and said, 'Everything O.K.?' And I said, 'Everything looks O.K. to me,' and he pull back the blankets, and we take o Gorman's underwear, and there weren't any bullet holes or anything, so Doc says to me, 'Coronary occlusion?' and I say to him, 'Coronary occlusion.' So he says, 'O.K., I'm the attending physician. I make out a death certificate, coronary occlusion.'

"So I take Gorman down to my place. Now, that's the sum and substance of the thing. That ain't exactly the way I'd tell it to anybody else, but you being a cash customer, Mr. Mason, you're entitled to the information."

"Thank you," Mason said.

"This man Gorman didn't have any relatives," Mason said, "but how about friends—that is, friends from the outside—that is, outside of town?"

"Now there's something I've been thinking about," Bolton said. "He wasn't particularly sociable. You'll understand when you see the place where he was living. Old Gorman just had one or two old cronies, the same type he was, but lately—oh, for the past couple of years—someone would drive in to see him once in a while. He was a good-looking fellow who'd never stop in town, never get acquainted with anybody, just drive right on through to Gorman Gillett's cabin and sit out and visit with him for a while, then jump in his car and beat it."

"Some local speculation about who this person might be?" Mason asked.

"Sure there was. Things go on in this town, and people talk about them. You

"Is that a ringer?"

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can't help that. People are going to talk about anything that's new and unusual."

"You say this man came up at intervals during the last couple of years?"

"Well, perhaps not just a couple of ars, perhaps longer. No one knows xactly when he started coming because no one noticed him at first. But after a while people got to noticing this car would be parked out in front of Gorman's cabin, and once the fellow stopped here for gas."

Mason's face showed interest. "Where did he get gas?"

"At that service station there on the corner, right down from my office."

"Do you suppose he used a credit card," Mason asked, "and it would be possible to get the license number or ——"

"Nope, I thought of that," Bolton said. "When I was looking for someone to pay the expenses of the funeral, I thought of that. But there wasn't any record of the license number.

"Just after you cross this little culvert in the road ahead, you turn to the left and go up a little driveway," Bolton went on. "Take it easy now—here's the place. Turn to the left up here."

Mason turned the car and moved slowly up a rather steep driveway.

"I take it," Mason said, "Gorman Gillett didn't have an automobile."

"Automobile!" Bolton said. "Shucks, he didn't even have a toothbrush."

The headlights illuminated a rough cabin.

"I don't know whether Miss Street wants to go in or not," Bolton said. "This fellow was a pretty rugged housekeeper. It's not the type of stuff she's accustomed to."

"She can take it," Mason said. "We want to look around. What are the lighting facilities in there—any electricity?"

"No electricity. He's got a gasoline lantern," Bolton said, "and I've got matches."

They got out of the car to the spongy carpet of moist pine needles and leaves. Bolton led the way up to the door, fitted the key, unlocked the door, went inside and struck a match.

"Better wait," he said, "until I get this confounded gasoline lantern going."

Della Street sniffed the air with its stale odor of human occupancy.

"Better take a cigarette, Della," Mason said.

"Thanks, I will."

Mason took a package of cigarettes from his pocket. "I miss my silver cigarette case," he said.

"Think you'll ever get it back?"

"Oh, sure," Mason said, "in time. It will have Tragg's initials scratched all over it, just as a souvenir."

Mason held a match to her cigarette, then lighted his own. On the inside of the cabin Bolton could be heard as he pumped up the gasoline lantern, then scraped a match into flame. The gasoline lantern sputtered for a few moments, then the sputtering changed to a hissing sound and the whole interior of the cabin was illuminated with a brilliant white light.

"Come on in, folks," Bolton invited.

The cabin was a one-room affair consisting of a bunk at one end, a table at the other, a stove in between. A shelf held a few canned goods. There were a sink, three chairs and a wooden box which had been reinforced so it could serve as a bench. On the open shelves were half a dozen dishes, and a cigar box contained a few well-worn knives, forks and some tarnished spoons. On a shelf above the stove were an old battered coffeepot and a teakettle. A washpan was hanging from a nail driven into the wall.

"He lived just sort of simple-like," Bolton explained.

"Well, there goes our corporate image!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I see," Mason said. The lawyer moved over to a corner of the room where some boxes had been nailed together in tiers in which were piled dozens of dog-eared magazines. "Any personal papers?" Mason asked.

"No papers. Not so much as the scratch of a pen. I don't know as he even had a pen to scratch with. There was an old stub of a pencil around here somewhere."

The magazines were pushed helter-skelter into the boxlike receptacle with no attempt at order. Mason drew up one of the chairs and started pulling out the magazines. "He used to have a fellow that would bring them in from some second-hand-magazine store," Bolton explained. "He'd get them when they were sold for a penny apiece."

Mason began leafing through the magazines. All purported to tell the inside stories of true crimes. They fairly reeked with murder. Bolton, interpreting Mason's thoughts, said, "That was all he went for. Me. I like detective fiction. Gillett liked murder."

Mason said, "Here's one that's different." The lawyer pulled out a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* dated some two and a half years earlier.

"That's right," Bolton said. "I seen that when I was up here taking inventory. That's the only regular magazine he had in the place."

Mason glanced through *The Post*, suddenly stopped, then, noticing Bolton's eyes on him, turned the pages casually to the end and tossed the magazine to one side. "What else?" he asked. "You said he lived on jerky?"

"Quite a bit."

"What did he kill the deer with?"

Bolton said, "You *would* ask that."

"Have a gun?" Mason inquired.

Bolton said, "Yep. He had a very fine gun, and he sure kept that gun oiled and shined. There wasn't a speck of rust or dust on it."

"Where's the gun?" Mason asked.

"I got it over to my place for safekeeping," Bolton said. "It's a pretty good gun. You can't tell what might happen to it. I figured I could get my undertaking fees out of that if I had to."

"Well," Mason said, "if there aren't any heirs, it *should* be held by you, shouldn't it?"

"You know, Mr. Mason," Bolton said, "you're a pretty darn-good lawyer. You have the right type of thinking—anything else you want to see around here?"

"I don't think so," Mason said. "I presume you've been through the stuff."

"Such as it is, I've been through it," Bolton said. "When I've got a corpse, and there isn't any money to bury him with, I look around right sharp."

"He didn't have any money?" Mason asked.

"Had about seventeen dollars in cash in that old coffee can up there, and that was it."

"No letters, no post cards, nothing that would indicate anyone wrote to him or took an interest in him?"

"Nothing at all."

Mason said, "I want to go out to my car and get my briefcase before we leave here. There's one thing I'd like to show you."

"O.K.," Bolton said. "We could all go out to the car and ——"

"No," Mason said. "This gasoline lantern gives a pretty good light, and you may need a good light."

"I'll get the briefcase," Della Street said and hurried out of the cabin, to return in a moment with Mason's briefcase.

"Now," Mason said, "you mentioned the young man who came up to see Gorman Gillett on occasion. I believe you said you'd seen him?"

"Sure, I've seen him."

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"Think so."

"Would you be able to recognize his photograph?"

"Maybe," Bolton said.

Mason took the photograph of Frankline Gillett from the briefcase and handed it to Bolton.

Bolton regarded the photograph thoughtfully, then took it over close to the gasoline lantern and held it so the bright rays were falling directly on the picture.

"It's hard to say," he said, "because there aren't any colors here and, to my mind, colors have a lot to do with an identification. But, you know, Mr. Mason, I've got me an idea this here's the fellow."

"Well," Mason said, "I'd like to be sure, but ——"

"Well, it sure looks like him," Bolton said. "Now, look, Hy Lovell is down here at the service station. He'll be there until 11:30. He got a pretty good look at the fellow, and he was kind of curious, and then there's Ezra Honcutt, who discovered the body. He lives up here about a mile up the road."

"Could we see him?" Mason asked.

"Shucks, he's gone to bed now," Bolton said, "but if you want to see him, we can see him."

"I want to see him."

"Let's go," Bolton said.

They extinguished the gasoline lantern, Bolton locked up the cabin, and Mason drove the car up the road until he brought it to a stop in front of a cabin indicated by Bolton.

Bolton said, "Better let me get him up. People around here get kinda suspicious of strangers sometimes, particularly when they show up at night." Bolton got out of the car, advanced a few feet, raised his voice and called out, "Hi, Ezra."

Almost instantly a dry, cackling voice from the interior of the cabin said, "That you, Manny?"

"That's me," Bolton said.

"What you want?"

"Want to talk."

"Who's with you?"

"A man and a young woman."

"Who are they?"

"Fellow from the city."

"Don't want to talk."

"You'll want to talk with this fellow. He's all right. And this woman that's with him is mighty pert."

"Got my long handles on," Ezra said.

"Well, pull on your pants over your long handles," Bolton told him. "Put down that there shooting iron you're holding and get a light on in your cabin and get dressed up."

"Who told you I was holding a shooting iron?"

Bolton snorted. "I wasn't born yesterday, and I ain't gonna die tomorrow. Bet you came out of your bunk, and your feet hit the floor, and your hand grabbed the gun within half a second of the time we turned off the road and you saw the headlights in the window of your cabin. Now quit being so goldanged ornery, and get your clothes on and get that door open."

"O.K., O.K.," the dry voice cackled. "Give a man time, can't you?"

Mason and Della Street sat in the automobile while Bolton stood impatiently waiting outside until a light came on in the cabin. Then Bolton walked up and pushed open the door. "I'll call you folks in a minute," he said.

Bolton was inside the cabin for nearly a minute; then he came to the door and said, "O.K., he's decent now, got some clothes on."

Mason and Della Street left the automobile and entered the cabin. This was another one-room cabin but a little more neat than the Gillett cabin. Ezra Honcutt proved to be a tall, cadaverous individual, attired only in a red-woolen union suit of underwear and overalls. The upper portion of the underwear, which originally had been a cherry red, had been faded by much use, and was slightly drab. Big feet with enlarged joints at the big toes were bare.

Here again, a bunk was at one end of the cabin, and blankets had been hastily thrown back. A deer-hunting rifle stood in a corner by the bed, and hanging from a wooden peg were a six-shooter and a beltful of cartridges.

"This here's Ezra Honcutt," Bolton said. "That's Perry Mason, and the young woman with him is named Street."

Ezra Honcutt looked up somewhat furtively. He was somewhere in the sixties, with a bony frame, a long, slim neck, a protruding Adam's apple and a shock of unkempt hair. He stretched a hand across the table and gripped Mason's fingers. "Glad to know you," he said. "Sit down."

He looked at Della Street and bowed bashfully. "I got a coat around here somewhere," he said to Della. "Didn't know you were quite so pert, or I'd have had it on. You folks sit there. I'll sit on the bench."

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"Never mind," Bolton said. "You're decent and that's enough. This man here has a picture of a feller he wants you to look at."

"O.K., I'll look."

Mason took the photograph from the briefcase and handed it to Honcutt.

"Ever see this feller before, Ezra?" Bolton asked.

Ezra studied the picture, then slowly handed it back, thought for a moment, took a plug of tobacco from his pants pocket, cut off a piece and put it in his mouth.

"Know him?" Bolton asked.

"Ain't sure," Honcutt said.

"What do you think?"

"Think I do."

"Who?"

"Feller come up here a couple of times to see Gorman."

"That's what I thought," Bolton said. "You don't know his name?"

"Nope."

"Never talked with him?"

"Nope."

"All we wanted to know," Bolton said. "We're leaving. Sorry we had to get you up, but this here feller is in a hurry. He's gotta get clean back to the big city tonight."

Ezra's pale blue eyes searched Mason's face. Bolton chuckled. "What's the matter?" Ezra asked.

"Think you know him?" Bolton asked.

"Something familiar about him," Honcutt said.

Bolton chuckled.

"Well, ain't you going to tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"What's familiar about him."

"If I have to tell you, he ain't that familiar."

"All right, he ain't that familiar."

"You'll be seeing him again," Bolton said. "Well, so long."

Ezra Honcutt raised hurt eyes. "You ain't going to tell me?"

"I ain't going to tell you nothing," Bolton said. "We're on our way."

Ezra arose from the creaking wooden bench to stand to his full height, a height that was considerably above six feet. He pushed forward a long, bony arm, and gnarled knuckles once more enveloped Mason's hand. "Pleasure," he said.

"It was a pleasure to me," Mason said, "and thanks a lot for your help."

Ezra Honcutt shifted his eyes to Della Street, promptly lowered them to the floor. "Good night, ma'am," he said.

"Good night," Della Street said, "and I'm very pleased to have met you and thanks a lot for your help."

She moved impulsively toward him and extended her hand. Honcutt's Adam's apple raced up and down his throat twice before he could say, "Thank you, ma'am, very much." For a moment he touched her hand, then pulled his own hand back.

"Be seeing you," Bolton said and led the way out the cabin door.

"Want to talk with Hy Lovell at the service station?" Bolton asked.

Mason said he would like to.

"O.K., we'll drive there."

They drove along the slippery, muddy road back to Pine Haven. Mason drove his car into the service station. "Fill 'er up," he said.

The young man looked curiously at Mason, lingeringly at Della Street, said nothing.

Bolton said, "Hy, this man's got a couple of questions he wants to ask you."

"O.K."

"Wants you to take a look at a picture."

"O.K."

Mason got out of the car, and the others followed. Mason again opened the briefcase, took out the picture, showed it to Lovell.

"Seen this feller before?" Bolton asked.

Lovell held the gasoline hose with his left hand, made no effort to touch the picture but leaned over to study it for nearly five seconds, then straightened back to give his undivided attention to the stream of gasoline pouring into the tank.

"Well?" Bolton asked.

"Yep," Lovell said.

"Where?"

"He's the feller that came here for gas, called on Gorman Gillett a few times."

"Thanks," Bolton said.

Mason put the picture back into the briefcase. Lovell put the cap on the gas tank, checked the oil and water, washed the windshield and said, "Three-eighty-five," to Mason.

The lawyer handed him a five-dollar bill, said, "I haven't got time to wait for change. I'm in something of a hurry. Thanks a lot."

The lawyer jumped into the car. Della Street climbed into the middle of the front seat, and Bolton seated himself beside her. Mason drove out.

"Well, I guess that's him," Bolton said.

"Seems like it," Mason said.

"You can drop me off at my place," Bolton said.

Mason stopped the car at the Bolton Funeral Home.

"Well, good night," Bolton said.

"Thanks a lot to you," Mason said.

"Thanks a lot to you," Bolton retorted.

Mason said, "You haven't asked me who the young fellow is."

"That's right, I haven't," Bolton said. "Figured if you wanted to tell me, you would and, if you didn't, you wouldn't. You're a cash customer."

Mason said, "I think you'll see this face in the papers tomorrow. Confidentially, I have reason to believe he was Gorman Gillett's son, but I wouldn't want you to say anything about it until I'm sure."

Bolton shook his head. "If you don't want me to say anything about something, don't tell me," he said. "You tell me, and I'll talk."

"All right," Mason said, grinning. "I've told you."

"I'll talk," Bolton said. "Up here, the guy that's first with something like that is important."

"All right," Mason told him, "you can get important tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, hell," Bolton said. "I'm going to walk right back down to that service station."

The mortician waved to them as the lawyer drove off along the paved highway.

"Well?" Della Street asked.

"It certainly seems that death didn't waste any time, once it got started with the Gillett family," Mason said.

"Do you suppose the grandchild is all right, Perry?"

"I don't know," Mason said and then added, "We'll try to find out."

"Why did you tell him, Perry?" Della Street asked.

"Tell him what?"

"About Frankline Gillett being the son of Gorman Gillett."

"He'd been frank with me," Mason said, "and I thought I should be frank with him, particularly since he'll recognize the picture when he sees it in the city papers—and you notice he had the metropolitan newspapers on his desk."

"All right," Della said, "quit being mysterious. What was in *The Saturday Evening Post*?"

"Was I that obvious?" Mason asked.

"To me, you were. What was the article?"

"The article," Mason said, "was about a businessman who made a fortune buying up old adobe houses, fixing them up so as to preserve the old atmosphere, but giving them modern conveniences, and selling them at a whale of a profit. The name, in case you're interested, was ——"

Della Street chimed in so that her voice blended with that of Mason. ". . . George Belding Baxter," they both said together.

Mason grinned. Della Street laughed.

"Still one jump ahead of the police," Mason said. "Now we'll go give these fingerprints to Paul Drake and see what we draw."

Mason unlocked the door to his private office, tossed the morning newspaper on the desk, said, "Hi, Della. How long have you been here?"

"Fifteen or twenty minutes."

"Heard anything from Paul Drake?"

"He says he has a whole bunch of stuff and wants you to call him as soon as you come in."

"How's he feeling?"

"Lousy," she said. "He was up most of the night and got indigestion from drinking lots of coffee, and he says the hamburgers all soured on his stomach. He says he'd had so much bicarbonate of soda he feels like a biscuit."

"Good old Paul," Mason said. "Back to normal. Tell him I'm here, Della. Ask him to come in, and we'll see what he has."

Della Street gave Paul a ring, a within almost a matter of seconds Drake was tapping his code knock on the door of the private office.

Della Street opened the door. Drake raised haggard eyes to Perry Mason and said, "You sure raised hell up at Pine Haven."

"What happened?" Mason asked.

"Lieutenant Tragg's gone boiling up there."

"Trying to find a clue?" Mason asked.

"Trying to find what *you've* been up to," Drake said.

Mason grinned. "As long as I can keep him running around behind me that way, I'm fixed. What did you do with those fingerprints I left in your office last night?"

"Whose were they?" Drake asked.

Mason shook his head. "Naughty, naughty, Paul. You mustn't ask questions where the answers would give you knowledge that would embarrass you."

"Well, I called in a fingerprint expert Drake said, "got him to classify th prints, and we got a friendly chief of police in one of the outlying towns to wire in to the FBI after we got the classification."

"Heard anything yet?"

"Not yet, but we should have it any minute—that is, if there's a record. Tell me, Perry, those fingerprints weren't . . ." Drake's voice trailed off into silence.

"Yes?" Mason prompted.

"I don't think I want to know the answer," Drake said. "Now, here's something you should know. The police traced the gun all right. Actually they didn't have to. It was purchased by George Belding Baxter and given to his housekeeper about two weeks ago."

"Who's the housekeeper?"

"Minnie Crowder."

"And she had the evening off when the murder was committed?"

"That's right."

"All right, what did she do with the gun?"

Drake said, "Baxter gave her the gu about two weeks ago. About ten days ago she lost it out of her coat pocket. She was afraid to tell Baxter, because he had stalled about giving her a gun, telling her that she'd be careless and lose it and it would be registered in his name and someone would commit a crime with it, and all of that."

"All right, what happened?"

"No one knows. The gun fell out of her pocket while she was taking a walk and carrying her coat over her arm."

"Was it the murder weapon?" Mason asked.

"They haven't released any information on that, but the chances are a hundred to one it was. George Belding Baxter said he only bought the one gun and, that was the one he gave to the housekeeper for protection."

Mason said, "Paul, I'm going to get this thing set down for a hearing. I'm going to have subpoenas issued. I wan you to serve a subpoena on George Belding Baxter to appear as a witness for the defense."

"You can't do that."

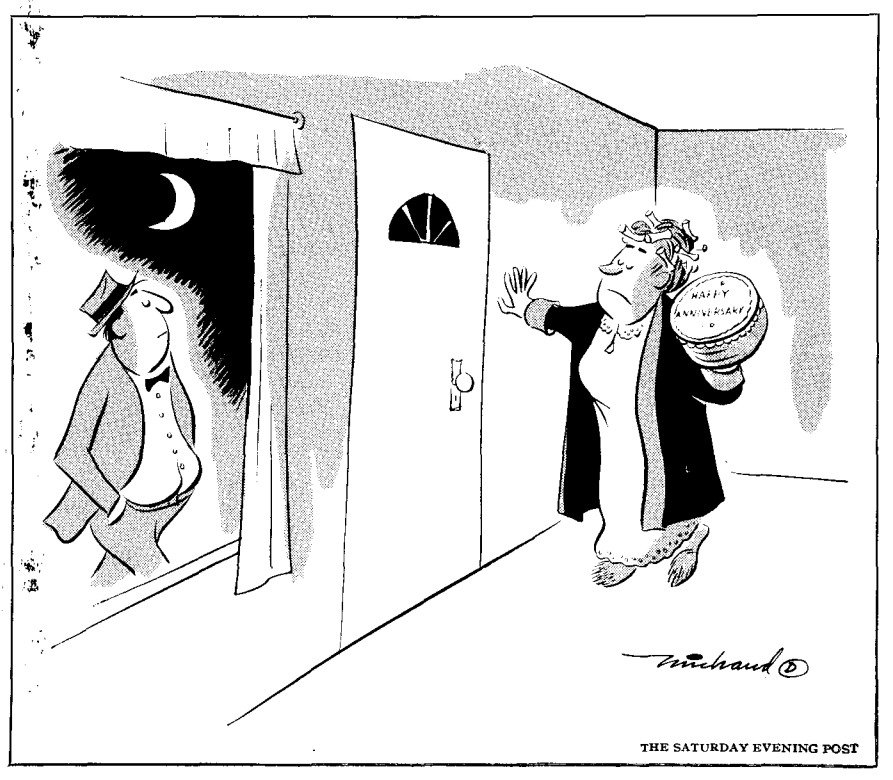
"Why not?"

"My gosh, Perry, have a heart! George Belding Baxter is a multimillionaire. He's got interests all over the country, and he's all poised to take off for Honolulu."

"He'll remain here after he is served with a subpoena," Mason said.

"He'll raise the roof," Drake warned.

TO BE CONTINUED



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Combat Chaplain (Continued from Page 18)

weeks—but two weeks could be a long time. Long enough to fail himself. Long enough to fail his God.

"Here we are," the driver said.

Stephen dismounted stiffly, seeing the sign with arrow that said Division Chaplain. He told the driver to park and get out of the weather, then he pulled back the flap and went inside the big squad tent that served as chaplains' offices. Beside the front tent pole a potbellied stove glowed cherry-red, and the heat blast soaked through his chilled garments and into his frozen limbs. His muscles began to jerk with a spasmodic St. Vitus's dance of warming, and he threw the parka cowl back from his close-cropped blond head.

A Negro corporal stood politely. Stephen said, "I want to see the division chaplain. I'm Chaplain Blaine." The corporal asked him to wait.

In spite of the pulsing oil stove, the inside of the tent was shadowed and gloomy, for the cheerless Korean sun sent only halfhearted rays of light through the flap openings on top. Stephen watched the corporal disappear behind the plywood partitions to the rear of the tent and moved closer to the stove. A dirty, miserable tent, he thought, like all the dirty, miserable tents across the face of the Eighth Army line; and this, not the cathedral he had dreamed of, was the end of the trail. Well, he had asked for it. Then he smiled wryly, an honest though bitter humor touching his clear blue eyes. No, he hadn't really understood what he was asking for when he had volunteered for Korea. To understand this war, a man had to be here.

No one who was not here could understand the interminable agony of position warfare or what the lack of hope for final victory could mean to those who were asked to die.

The corporal returned from the maze of ramshackle partitions that created the semblance of private offices. "The division chaplain's not in, sir. And the Protestant assistant chaplain is at Ninth Regiment."

"Well, who is here?"

"Only Chaplain Gremberg, the Catholic assistant, sir."

"Why not?" Stephen said. "I'll talk to him." He went into the indicated cubicle and faced a middle-aged man with almost white hair topping his craggy face. A tarnished major's leaf hung on the right collar tab of this man's O.D. shirt.

"I'm Chaplain Blaine," Stephen said.

"Gremberg," the priest nodded. "I remember you. Went up to the Twenty-third, didn't you? But I imagine you want to see the Protestant assistant ——" Like Stephen's, his voice had a faint Southern tinge.

"This isn't a denominational matter, major, but an Army one," Stephen said, emphasizing the title faintly. He smiled a little, not really caring. "We're in the same uniform. If you don't mind talking to a schismatic ——"

Gremberg grinned and pushed out a folding chair. "I see. Won't you sit down, chaplain?" The priest sat behind his own battered field desk. "Now, what can I do for you?" His voice was friendly.

"You can," Stephen said, biting the words, "tell me how to go about resigning my commission."

Gremberg looked up quickly. "I see." He moved a stray piece of paper to one side of the desk. Then, carefully, he said, "Perhaps you'd better go into this a little more, chaplain."

"There is nothing to go into," Stephen said succinctly. "I'm unfit for combat service—perhaps any military service. It may be I'm unfit for the clergy, too," he added, "but I'll leave that to other hands."

"I see," the priest said again. He put his hands, big and knobby, on the desk. "You just arrived out here. What has gone wrong?"

Almost everything had gone wrong, even from the first day, Stephen thought. He remembered reporting in to Colonel Royce, the regimental commander. Busy, tired, under pressure, the colonel had looked at him, listened to him, finally asked, "What are you, chaplain? Denomination, I mean?"

"Episcopal."

"Damn it," Royce said, "I asked for a Baptist. Thirty-two per cent of this regiment is Baptist. Well, not your fault, Chaplain Blaine. See the S-1."

Somewhat subdued, Stephen said, "Thank you, sir," and went to find the adjutant. That officer turned him over to the headquarters-company commander, who gave him an E.M. to conduct him to a vacant pyramidal tent on officers' row. The enlisted man brought him a Yukon stove for the tent, showed him how to regulate the gasoline flow and left.

Stephen struck a match to fire the stove, and the tent exploded from the vaporization of the gas, trapping him behind a wall of flame. His cries brought several officers at the run. A fat, grinning warrant officer cut him out of the back of the pyramidal with a pocketknife, and he stood helplessly as the flames devoured his tent, seeing the half-amused, half-scornful looks of the regimental staff. That had been the start—not much, but symbolic.

Stephen paused, a little embarrassed at his own recital. There was something incongruous about an Anglican clergyman confessing, as it were, to a Roman Catholic priest. But it wasn't really that—Gremberg was an assistant divisional chaplain, and this was an Army matter.

He talked about his first service: Sunday morning, clear and cold, and the faint thrill of excitement deep inside him as he watched the men file into the mess tent they had reserved for him. This was back at H and S—Headquarters and Service Company; no one had told him where he should hold his services.

Forty-two men and three officers—he counted them carefully and marked the number down for his weekly report. He distributed the hymnals while Ronson, his enlisted assistant, passed out the service prayerbooks. He used the military order of service, properly nondenominational, and he had thought it went well. Here a priest could bring a message. Here he had a job to do.

He had his sermon ready-made from his transit across Japan. Stephen had been shocked at the behavior of those on five-day rest-and-recuperation leave—five days of drink and women it was becoming—and soberly he reminded his listeners of home and family, of wives and sweethearts and of the havoc disease might wreak with their lives. When the service ended, he felt pleased.

The next days he spent in going through the front-line bunkers, meeting the men, noting down members of his own persuasion as he encountered them. He made little talks, listened to a few complaints—which he dutifully carried to the officers, who laughed—left literature and urged all to attend services. He worked hard and was happy.

The next Sunday, for his main service at H and S he had an attendance of twenty-two and no officers. He talked of the parable of the stewards, of which he had been fond since the seminary, while across the hillside a firing battery of 105's barked and rumbled.

That night at mess he mentioned to Colonel Royce that a commanding officer should set a good example for his men. He noticed the blank expressions the staff assumed and he was rather shocked when Royce merely grunted and continued eating. Later he sought out Ronson, his assistant. This boy, a young Presbyterian, was vague and ill at ease with him, but finally mentioned that some of the men thought Chaplain Blaine was a little cold.

Well, Stephen thought, *I'm an Episcopal priest, not a shouting Methodist*, and he had laughed, forgetting the matter. Now, facing Gremberg, he smiled faintly, realizing that a man could be educated and ordained and still be an ass.

Later, in the C.P. tent, he had overheard the staff discussing Queen. Queen was one of those insignificant little hills that were turning into major annoyances along the whole Korean front. Neither firmly within one side's lines or the other's, and indefensible for all practical purposes, it still dominated a certain amount of terrain, and neither side could cede it willingly. Two days before, the Chinese had reoccupied it and, from its crest, were directing well-aimed fire into the U.N. lines. A rifle battalion had been designated to mount a company-sized attack on the hill and secure it once and for all.

Stephen went to Colonel Royce the day before the attack. He asked, "What can I do?"

"Stay out of the way," Royce said.

But Pfc. Ronson told him the chaplain normally visited the battalion aid stations during an operation, and an hour before daylight Stephen made his way up front in his jeep with Ronson driving. They left the jeep at the foot of the hill and walked up to the aid bunker on the reverse slope. The M.L.R. was quiet, and Ronson dropped behind, talking with a friend in one of the line companies.

At the aid-bunker entrance Stephen met Sergeant Foytack of the medical detachment. Foytack was staring out into the blackness that shrouded the valley of the Imjin. Out there some two thousand yards lay the M.L.R. of the Chinese People's Republic "Volunteers"; closer, though still unseen, waited Queen, an ugly little knob which could scarcely contain fifty infantrymen. Around Stephen and Foytack the men of a line company made little noises as they prepared to move out. Now and then a star shell burst high over the river valley as both sides strove to keep the other honest.

"Hell," said Sergeant Foytack. He looked toward Queen, limned now by a parachute flare. "See it out there? What is it? Nothin'! But you couldn't bury all the men we've lost trying to keep it if you used up the whole damned hill!" Then he added a graphic phrase often heard up and down the line.

Stephen said stiffly, "That's enough, sergeant." He had already been on the front long enough to despair of these soldiers' language and moral outlook. Foytack looked him in the face and repeated another obscenity slowly, then went down the face of the hill. Stephen watched him, flushing.

Finally he went into the warmth of the aid bunker, where the surgeon, Capt. Daniel Cremoni, laid shining instruments out in the lantern light. Stephen had met Cremoni earlier at regiment and found the man hard to like. He was something of an agnostic and apparently enjoyed baiting the young chaplain.

"Hi, chappy," Cremoni said. "Got a sermon for us?"

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

In arresting Oscar for fraudulently altering his driver's license, the police kept the license as evidence for the trial. Oscar blithely obtained a duplicate on grounds that the original had been "lost." Learning the truth, the motor-vehicle bureau sued to cancel the duplicate.

"The word 'lost' means falling out of your pocket or something of the kind, not falling out with the law," bureau lawyers asserted.

"But the statute just says plain 'lost,'" Oscar replied through his attorney. "Therefore, when I lost my license to the police, I was entitled to a duplicate."

If you were the judge, would you go along with Oscar?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Oscar "lost" again. The court said that drivers who lost their licenses as a result of offenses were not entitled to duplicates.

Based upon a 1960 Rhode Island decision

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"I could think of one for you," Stephen said pointedly.

Cremoni grinned. "Don't waste it, chappy. Come up for a last crack at the souls of the departing?"

"I came to help."

Cremoni gave him an appraising glance. "O.K." Suddenly he shivered, for he was in shirt sleeves. "It's going to be a rough go, chaplain. There'll be more than one poor bastard who'll need us both." Far to the rear, the firing batteries slammed, hurling 105 shells in the preparation. "Hooray," Cremoni said. "Nothing like telling every Chink in forty miles we're coming." He smiled bitterly, a dark, bulky man with hairy forearms and dedicated eyes.

Stephen thought of the men going forward in the assault and felt he should pray, but suddenly he was ill at ease, and his mind and tongue were stilled. He moved to the entrance again, saw Ronson standing outside the commo trench, talking to his friends a few yards away.

Suddenly the hillside flamed. The first Chinese shells ripped in without warning, while men were still moving about in the open. Deafened, Stephen saw bodies falling under the orange-red air bursts. He heard screams.

"Oh, Jesus God," said Cremoni wearily. "Get the water hot."

Two men carried Pfc. Ronson into the bunker. The boy was hunched over in pain, grasping his stomach. Foytack, the chief aid man, pushed Stephen aside. "Look out, sir." They lifted Ronson up onto Cremoni's crude operating table.

Cremoni took Ronson's bloody hands, pulled them away from his abdomen. "God, oh, God," Ronson said sharply, seeing the pink of his own intestines and the dirt that stained them. Stephen ran to the table, taking Ronson's hand, but the youth screamed and threw him off. Cremoni, working coolly, had a hypo out.

Stephen tried to talk, but there was only a repetition of Ronson's screams in his brain. *Oh, God, God,* he thought. It was a prayer, but it had no comfort.

He was aware they had taken Ronson out of the bunker, on his way to the helicopter and a MASH—Mobile Army Surgical—hospital. He realized he had stood by and done nothing while the medics worked, but he was numb.

He was listening to the sound of a thousand snapping twigs coming from the far side of the hill and the sharp *whap* of mortar bursts, with now and then the fearful boom of a heavier shell. Across the valley two hundred men were slowly pushing a painful advance along the sides of Queen, grenading and shooting, while the artillery tore great holes in them. *Like Ronson,* Stephen thought. *Dear God, like Ronson!*

The entrance flap of the bunker flew back; two stretcher bearers brought in the first casualty from Queen. This man's leg was twisted behind him, and his right eye hung outside its socket.

"Head wound," Cremoni said gruffly. "No morphine."

"Sir!" the wounded man cried, seeing the bars on Cremoni's collar. "Please, sir. My leg—my leg! Please, sir!"

"Shut up, soldier," Cremoni said. "You'll make it." But the man continued to cry out and beg until they carried him out again.

Stephen felt the room shake under the probing of heavy shells, felt it spin. No, that was his own head, not the bunker. He heard Cremoni cursing as one of his assistants faltered under pressure. "Why do they send foulups like you to the medics? When a man's no good on the hill, why should I be able to use him?"

Stephen tried to make the entrance, but he was too late. He vomited, spattering the operating table. "Oh, for Lord's sake," he heard Cremoni groan.

Cremoni's powerful hands were on his arm, wheeling him out into the fresh air. He heard Cremoni's harsh voice in his ears. "Get away from me, chaplain. Get far away! Look! Some of these men are brave, but some of them are going to die, and they know it. They need something, and I can't give it to them. Maybe you could—but you're so scared you stand around and puke on the floor! How do you think that makes them feel? How can your religion comfort them when it can't even comfort you? Damn it, get out of here!"

Stephen, his eyes streaming, said, "I'm not afraid—I'm not afraid." He had no fear of personal death in his heart. But he was afraid, sickly afraid, of this monstrous inhumanity, this obscene cruelty of man toward man exploding into being before his eyes. In its face he could not think, could not even pray.

He walked, almost stumbling, across the face of the hill, unaware the firing had died away. It was suddenly quiet on Queen, only an occasional shell bursting there. Men, dirty and tired, poured back through the trenches around him, and he heard their talk. Queen had been taken, then lost again.

Sergeant Foytack and two of his detail came past with a wounded man as Stephen stood breathing hard, looking at the ground. "Boy," said Foytack. "When I get back to Nippon, I'm gonna get me a hotel room, fourteen bottles of Tiger Eye, seven broads and . . ."

Stephen walked down the hill, found Ronson's jeep and drove himself back to regiment. He stayed in his tent so long that night, the Korean messboys brought his food out to him on a tray; when they came for the tray, the food was frozen, still intact.

Sunday came, and Stephen arranged the big mess tent at H and S again for services. He did it himself, for Ronson had died of shock on the way to a surgical hospital, and no one volunteered to help him.

There was no attendance.

Now, in the failing light of Chaplain Gremberg's cubicle at Yonchon North, Stephen stopped talking. "That's it," he said. "Can you process my resignation?" He put his hands together and squeezed his fingers until they turned white.

Gremberg took out a battered pack of cigarettes. "I see," he said, and his dark eyes were thoughtful. "Smoke? Well, you don't mind if I—thank you." He fired a crumpled cigarette with a steel lighter, inhaled. "Do you mind a personal question, Chaplain Blaine? Why did you become a clergyman?"

"My father was a bishop. That's not the whole story, you understand, but my—my vocation came early ——"

"Ah. I see. You were raised in the shadow of a cathedral, perhaps? Teas and garden parties and the good ladies of the altar society?"

In spite of himself, Stephen smiled at the priest's conception. "Something like that."

"So you never saw cruelty, real cruelty, in your life. You had no idea of the kind of crises men face in war?"

"No."

"And when the real test came, you failed?"

"Yes."

The white-haired priest leaned forward abruptly. "I do not think you have failed—not yet. There is something all of us must learn. A certain number, of every faith, never do." He frowned, putting knobby hands on the desk, and Stephen saw the scars on his wrists, the swollen knuckles that denoted broken bones.

"Learn what?" he asked.

"Why we are here!" A harsh note came into Gremberg's voice. "Listen, Stephen Blaine! You have lost confidence in yourself, in your ability to serve man and God. You have made some mistakes, none of which are not forgivable. With me, it was different." Gremberg hesitated, and it seemed difficult for him to speak. "I was in the Pacific, in 'Forty-two. It was my first military experience. I was taken by the enemy when our whole island w taken. Yes, with me it was different. I fi lost faith in men, seeing what I saw. And then I lost my faith in God."

The sunlight faded from the open flap. Far away the big guns growled, and it seemed to grow colder. "When I was young, in the seminary, I knew a nice, Catholic God," Gremberg continued painfully. "I imagine He was much like your own reasonable, Anglican God." He broke off, then said, "I wonder, now, how any priest, Catholic or Protestant, can so long delude himself. We are told in the very beginning the thing men did to our Lord. They took Him and scourged Him and they nailed Him to a cross to hang under a tropical sun, and God let them do it! We are told that God is both more merciful and more cruel than we can ever know, but we are smart, modern young men, and this we do not believe."

Gremberg pulled his broken hands back suddenly. "I was like you, then," he said painfully. "I was to take the step fror which there is no turning back." He toc the burning cigarette from one hand tc the other, stubbed it out. "There was a senior chaplain in our P.O.W. camp, a Baptist—from Oklahoma, I think. He saw my trouble and he asked me this question: Would Christ's teaching mean so much to us if, in the end, He had not given Himself up to the cross?"

"I'm not sure I understand." Stephen stood up, frowning, deeply troubled.

Gremberg stood up also, a long, gaunt figure in the dim light. "When you do understand, I think your problem will end. Go back on the hill, Chaplain Blaine, and give yourself another chance." He smiled then, and the gloom seemed to recede. "You know, as a boy in New Orleans I rather despised Baptists."

Stephen stood, indecisive. "I don't think I have the courage to go back."

"You had the courage to come here."

"All right," Stephen said. For a reason he could not understand, he felt relief. "I'll go back. Good-by, Father Gremberg."

"Good luck, Chaplain Blaine."

Colonel Royce's cold voice struck Stephen's ears when he reached the regimental C.P. tent. "All right, gentlemen. If everyone does his job, we'll have Queen by oh-eight hundred. Questions?"

The young line officers looked at one another, shook their heads. When they had filed out, Stephen went over beside Dan Cremoni, who sat smoking his pipe by the stove.

"I'd like to be at the aid station again, captain," he said.

Cremoni looked up, annoyed. He saw Stephen's face and finally said with a kindliness he would have disavowed, "You don't have to go up, chaplain. Wait. Get used to things ——"

"I have to go, captain."

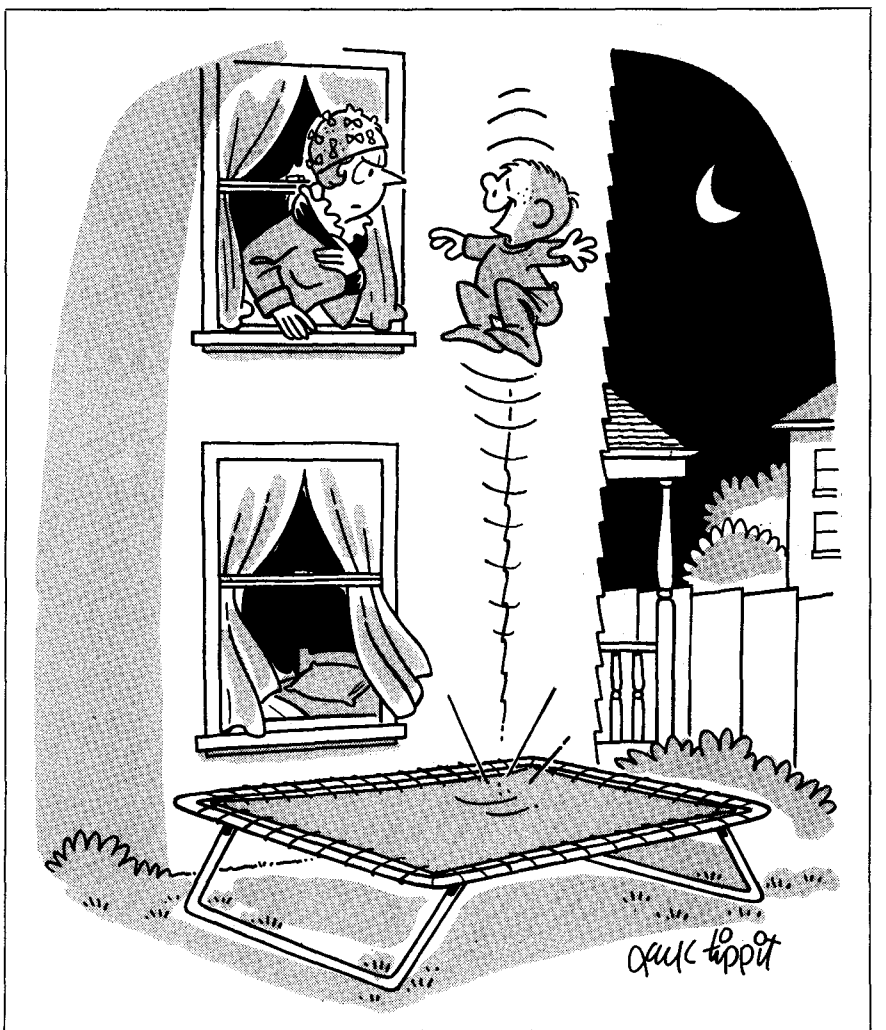
Cremoni shrugged. "Suit yourself."

Seven hours later they stood together in the eerie half-light of the bunker, while the Yukon stove guttered and beat back the eternal cold. Cremoni expertly adjusted a Coleman lantern, lighted it and, in the flaring white light, began to set out his instruments. As he finished, the firing batteries cut loose with distant thunder.

"Now, for God's sake, chaplain, keep out of my way, whatever you do."

Stephen thought, *If a man is no good on the hill, they can put him in the medics or the quartermaster. But what can be done with a chaplain?*

Sergeant Foytack pushed into the bunker. "Queen's lit up like a circus. Old



"I couldn't sleep."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Joe will be awake and ready." He stood, slim and dark in his bulky clothes, frowning against the white light. "Doc, I got a feeling about this one. I don't like it."

"Name me one you have liked," Cremoni grunted.

"You got a point, sir. A *small* one, at a point." Foytack bit his lip, looking at Stephen. "Chaplain, you'd better keep this." He reached under his field jacket and held out a thick roll of paper.

"Yes?"

"For the orphanage. You know, the one the division supports back at Seoul. I'm sort of official collector for the E. M., sir. I wouldn't want any nasty blood to ruin that pretty military currency."

Stephen looked at him, beginning to understand Foytack just a little. A young man, hot with the fires of life, risking his neck day by day for a great purpose but dimly understood. Not understanding, living in mud and danger and horror, what wonder was it that his youthful demands overwhelmed him, or that his soul cried out obscenities? Yet Foytack was a good man, good in the things that really counted. Stephen realized that most of these young men were like Foytack, in one way or another.

He smiled suddenly. "I wouldn't want that either, sergeant. I'll see the money gets there."

"Yeah," Foytack murmured. "I might forget, too, and take it with me to Japan. That wouldn't be good." He grinned morosely and went outside.

Understanding him, Stephen thought, *How could I have hoped to reach him with my cool, learned words? How can I reach any of them in the reality of this hour?*

The hellish din up front signaled the start of the bloody ritual. A tank fired from down the ridge, and the earth shook. Fire from the Chinese north began to search the U.N. lines. Listening, Stephen thought, *Gremberg tried to help me, if only I could understand!*

A soldier stumbled into the bunker, white-faced, holding an arm from which blood dripped. Cremoni seized him and went to work, while his assistants poured hot water and filled out tags. More walking wounded came in, and then Foytack's crews began to carry in the bad ones. The smell of blood rose in the warm air, and the close space of the bunker filled with the little sounds of men in pain.

Stephen felt the old sickness rising, knew his face was pale. He wanted to run outside into the clean air, to shut this horror out. Something inside him asked, *What can I do? Why am I here?*

What comforting words could he say to a twenty-year-old with both eyes shot away? Who would believe them if spoken?

The explosion was very close, shaking the bunker. Dirt poured down on the operating table, and a sudden chorus of cries came from outside. "Foytack!" said Cremoni and ran to the entrance, pushing Stephen aside. They both looked out up the slope, saw Foytack and his men lying against the smoking earth, while the man in the dropped stretcher moved feebly.

They saw Foytack struggle to his feet, bend toward the wounded soldier. The Chinese 82's whistled, coming in, and Foytack dropped, riddled.

"Damn," Cremoni said softly. "Come on," he snapped at his assistant, and the two ran up the ridge toward Foytack. Again the earth leaped under the hammering of the mortars, and Cremoni fell hard. His aid man cried out and ran back into the bunker.

Stephen looked around dazedly. The ambulance men were gone, back to the clearing station with a full load. He started out into the open toward Cremoni. But Cremoni raised himself and screamed, "No! Get back, chaplain! We're seen—we're seen. They've sneaked in an observer!" There was no real fear on Cremoni's face, only a sort of hopelessness.

Slowly Stephen realized what he meant. He could not understand the thinking of men who could use the hurt and dying as bait to kill more men, but then could he understand the minds of men who could nail another to a cross? Accepting that greater crime, should any priest feel shock in this world? He called, "Crawl back!"

"Can't, chappy. Broke my leg." Cremoni's voice was tight.

Stephen felt the steadiness come over him, like a wave of reason, clearing his brain. "Wait, Dan," he called.

What one golf lesson usually proves is that you need a dozen more.

HOMER PHILLIPS

He went back into the bunker, seeing the aid man against the sandbagged wall. "Captain Cremoni's alive," he said. "Let's go and get him—he's too big for me alone."

The frightened youth shook his head. "We'll be killed, chaplain!"

There was a silver bar on Stephen's collar, along with the cross, but he did not think of it. He said, "All right, son," and stepped back into the open. His flesh crawled, for he had seen the work of the 82's, but he thought, *I am a man of God. If I am afraid, why should any man have courage?*

He took ten steps, alone, and then he heard the aid man running along beside him. Courage is only a word. Like the Word of God, it must be made flesh to have meaning; without example, like all ideals, it is meaningless. Coming up to the stricken surgeon, Stephen knew the thing Gremberg had sought to tell him. Without Christ's sacrifice, who would heed His words?

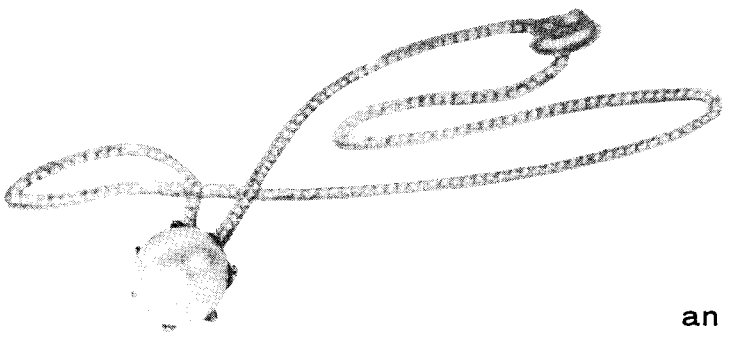
They lifted Cremoni, moaning, while the mortar shells slapped around them. They took him back into the bunker and were unhurt. They looked at each other and went back outside. They found one of Foytack's men still living and they brought him back, too, through the storm of death.

This last man was dying. Stephen knelt beside him, took his hand and spoke. It didn't matter what he said; the man had seen him come through flame and steel for his sake. He knew that Stephen believed and, believing or not, he was comforted. It was enough.

Steady now, the young medic took charge of the wounded. All around, the guns were growing silent. Stephen stepped outside into the swelling light again and was unsurprised when no rounds fell. With daylight, the Chinese had retired; Royce had his hill.

He stood for a moment, listening for the fading sounds of battle, knowing he would hear them again. At last he knew why he was on the hill—to help these men through the cruelest hours of their living and, if need be, to comfort their dying. From now forward he would know what to do. He must walk, unafraid, through the valley of the shadow, in their sight, for only in that way was the Word made flesh. Only through his example could he give meaning to his words against this background of endless horror.

He thought, *Either a combat chaplain is the best of us, or he is nothing. This is a hard thing, but true. And if this is my Golgotha, so be it.* THE END



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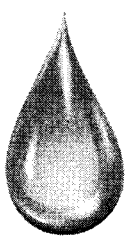

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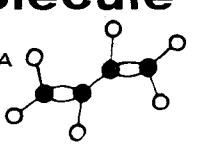

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The Return of the Gaslight

(Continued from Page 24)

of incandescent gas. Fixtures burn day and night beside suburban driveways, patios and swimming pools. Gas lamps are almost standard equipment around new motels and restaurants.

The gaslight, like the legendary phoenix, has risen from near oblivion. Nearly 600,000 outdoor lamps have been hooked to gas lines in just three years. This is twice the number that illuminated American cities when gas street lighting was at its peak forty-five years ago. There are a few municipally operated holdovers, like those in New Jersey, and some cities have reinstated gas to dress up pedestrian areas, but the majority of the fixtures are brand-new versions of old-style lamps, privately owned and operated.

There are logical reasons for a return to gaslight outdoors. A small copper gas line is less costly to bury under the lawn than a lead-covered electric cable. Insects are not attracted by the strange yellow flame. Fuel that travels underground from its source is seldom cut off by storms. And gas is widely available. Plentiful natural-gas supplies have fanned the utilities' pipelines out to reach 34,000,000 customers, which is twice the number they served fifteen years ago.

But logic is not the prime mover in the gaslight revival. The buyer of a gas-burning fixture is swayed by emotion. His lamp is a link with the good old days. Its soft radiance is almost a benediction in a harshly glaring world.

A gas-company president who is the industry's most spectacular salesman, big, moody Wilton R. Stephens, recognized this emotion as a commodity that he could promote and merchandise, because he felt it himself. Stephens, who sold Bibles in the Midwest as a young man, often began his pitch in those days by inviting the prospect to join him in prayer. He led his company's gaslight campaign in much the same way, first planting the lawn of his home with the fixtures he calls "candles of friendship" and then selling his wealthy neighbors, door to door. His employees took up the torch—and their order books—with such zeal that Stephens's company became the focus of the nationwide gaslight boom.

Stephens was an Arkansas farm boy who is now many times a millionaire. Best known in his home state as Witt, he is a shrewd wheeler-dealer and also a political power. He recently was elected to the state legislature from his home county, Grant, though he lives most of the time in Little Rock's suburban Pulaski Heights. His entry into the gas business came after a long and successful career selling municipal bonds and a series of utility-purchase deals that gave him control of the Arkansas Louisiana Gas Company in 1954.

Witt Stephens was preparing to move into the presidency of Arkansas Louisiana in 1956. Other gas-company presidents kept lights burning outside their homes, so he and his wife bought a pair of antique, open-flame gas lamps on a visit to the New Orleans French Quarter. He converted them to use incandescent mantles and set them up outside his home.

People stopped their cars to ask about the lights. As Stephens told me, "When a feller says 'I remember that when I was a kid,' and gets out a pencil to jot down where he can buy it, you know you have something you can sell."

His scouts canvassed the gaslight field. They reported that a small concern in San Antonio, Texas, had been selling lamps since 1955. This family company was organized after a gas-appliance sales engineer, his wife and two daughters moved into a home where street lights did not exist. The salesman tinkered up his own gas lamps to light the premises while he was on the road. People rang the doorbell continually to ask where they could get similar lights. His wife, almost in self-defense, formed a company to produce them.

The old manufacturers of gas fixtures, however, had not entirely disappeared. A company or two made lamps to burn bottled gas in trailers and cabins; and a Philadelphia corporation with the magic name, Welsbach, was lingering in the gas business because it still owned a few old street lights. Most utilities were aware of a few customers who had installed gas lamps, but regarded the business as a fad.

"In behalf of the board of health."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Stephens's engineers reported that a gas lamp, burning day and night, uses about as much fuel as a kitchen range or a gas refrigerator. This inexpensive appliance promised the steady, year-round demand every gas utility seeks. Stephens had just completed a $4,000,000 purchase of the ailing Servel gas-air-conditioning business. He wanted to develop his own line of home-cooling systems to sell gas in the summer and match the winter heating demand. The business included a factory in Evansville, Indiana.

The new Arkla Air Conditioning Corporation set up a gas-fixture assembly line in the Indiana plant and in the past three years has made and sold 300,000 lights. More than 50,000 of them are hooked into the parent company's lines in Arkansas, Louisiana, East Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas. The average fuel bill in that territory for a light that burns all the time is a little less than a dollar a month.

The lights are no longer considered just a fad. They are most in evidence, but by no means concentrated, in the Southwest. The American Gas Association now promotes the glamour of gaslight as one of the modern advantages of piped-in fuel and recently set up a committee to define standards for lighting fixtures, like other major appliances. Today a score of manufacturers are in the lamp business. Old-timers who wrote off lighting years ago are delighted, once the shock has worn off, to go back to selling illuminating gas.

The gaslight era never ended for one old-timer in Philadelphia. Seventy-nine-year-old Robert T. Cole, who is vice president and treasurer of the Welsbach Corporation, has been keeping books on gas lamps most of the sixty-two years he has been with the company. Thirty-eight years ago there were nearly 290,000 on his list. The Welsbach Street Illuminating Company of that date was a combine that owned 90 per cent of the gaslights in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and most cities in between.

Welsbach introduced Baron Auer von Welsbach's incandescent mantle to American streets in the 1890's. The Austrian chemist's invention tripled the candlepower of gas flame. It also helped the Welsbach companies acquire their near-monopoly of street lighting. The lamps and burners were never sold; cities leased them and usually hired Welsbach's ladder-carrying lamplighters to scrub the big glass bowls and to replace burned-out mantles. The same men turned the lights up at dusk and down in the morning, until the company thinned their ranks by installing lamp-controlling clocks that required winding only once a week.

The antique street lights in the North Jersey suburbs, 2000 in and around Cincinnati and a few hundred in Massachusetts and on the outskirts of Chicago are the last of the Welsbach empire. Fixtures fifty and sixty years old are still bringing in rent. The company reluctantly has sent almost 250,000 gaslights to the scrap heap in the past thirty-five years, but stuck with gas where it could and turned to other business to survive. Welsbach has maintained New York City's electric street and traffic lights for the past twenty-five years and also services lights in Baltimore and St. Louis, builds water and sewage-plant equipment, ozone generators and ships.

The gaslights have been the special province of Mr. Cole, small, bright-eyed and a keeper of meticulous records. He can tell you, for example, how many lamps the company had in Canton, Ohio, fifty years ago, their design, the replacements that were made and the date they were removed. The junking of fixtures, street by street and city by city, was li losing old friends. "Faithful friends," M Cole says, "for a Welsbach burner (bu not the mantle) hardly ever wears out."

The first indication that the company might have a bonanza in the old lamps came in 1957, when a New York department store, B. Altman & Co., asked Welsbach if 100 of the old-timers were available and could be refurbished for a special promotion. Welsbach had always stock-piled a few old fixtures for replacements and on occasion sold a lamp or two to gas-company executives.

The store order was filled, and a reorder ended the long write-off on Mr. Cole's books. Welsbach began to pile warehouses full of discarded lamps. Thousands were coming down in Baltimore, Philadelphia and Indianapolis. Altman took 2000 of them. Other orders trickled in, and then Witt Stephens sent a delegation to the Welsbach headquarters in Philadelphia to make a deal. Arkla, until Welsbach ended the contract a little over a year ago, bought 14,000 old light at a price that averaged about fifteen dollars apiece.

Welsbach had wholesaled 20,000 lamps, when the retail price climbed so high and the supply of old fixtures was dwindling so fast that the company decided to reenter the gaslight business at retail. Old tools and molds were unearthed and a modified form of the round, domed fixture, aptly christened the Victorian, was put into production. It is a little smaller than its familiar ancestor, which Welsbach calls the Boulevard lamp. Two thirds of the Boulevard lamps that the company still owns are those in service. The stocks that are held for sale also include a few hundred lamps of an earlier vintage, made with eight panes of flat glass and topped by an eagle which lighters called the chick, and are similar to the earliest street lamps, which burned whale oil.

Gas was first used for street lighting in 1807, along one side of London's historic Pall Mall. Ten years later a company formed by Rembrandt Peale installed the first gas street fixtures in America, in Baltimore. Peale, like his illustrious father, Charles Willson Peale, was an artist and proprietor of a museum, and it was in this museum that Baltimore first saw his lights that burned "carburetted hydrogen gas." His father also had a museum in an upper story of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, a city that shied away from "dangerous" gaslights until 1835. Philadelphians presumably were happy with the whale-oil fixtures Ben Franklin had invented. They had a funnel top, so that the glass panes, as Franklin explained, "were kept clean and did not grow dark in a few hours as the London lamps do." Gas-fired replicas of his design light the walkways around Independence Hall today.

Whale oil carried over into the gas era as fuel in the lamplighter's torch. "We tried all kinds of fuel for the lighter wick and found whale oil the best," I was told by Frank P. Bell, a Welsbach superintendent who recently retired after sixty-two years with the company. The street lights in New Jersey were his charge after 1921. Prior to that time he worked in New York City and still speaks of upper Broadway as Western Boulevard. "We put the fixtures close together there," he recalls. "One man could light 125 lamps on the boulevard." In other areas seventy-five to 100 was the assignment. A lamplighter was expected to complete his route

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in the hour after sundown, which gave him only a half minute or so at each fixture.

Welsbach's mantle replaced open-flame gas lamps. This strange device depends on the glow of superheated rare earth to provide light. The mantles, most of which are woven in England today, are cotton or other fibers, coated with mineral compounds. Welsbach used cerium and thorium. Aluminum, beryllium, and magnesium have been added to the list today. The first burning reduces the woven thread to ash, but the fragile mesh of rare earth retains its shape and glows from the heat of the gas as it burns within the mantle.

The light from a large gas mantle normally equals that from a fifty-watt electric bulb. The American Gas Association, when it dreams of an all-gas home, does not turn back to Welsbach for illumination indoors. The lights would be electric, and the current would come from a home generator, driven by a gas motor. But only the most rabid gas enthusiasts anticipate a future in which their fuel will eliminate all electric service to homes. Gas is getting a good share of the business right now as fuel for many electric-company generating stations.

Witt Stephens is one of the rabid enthusiasts and delights in all-out competition with electric utilities—Arkansas Power and Light, in particular. The all-gas idea is not a dream in Little Rock. Natural gas does all the work in a motel and in a shopping center, and both claim the cost is less than for kilowatts.

The Coachman's Inn is Little Rock's newest and plushest hostelry. The beds in its 140 rooms are king-size. The patio pool is heated by gas, surrounded by gas flambeaux, and boasts music underwater as well as in the air. The motel is ringed by forty of Baltimore's old Boulevard lamps, and about a hundred smaller, modern Arkla gas fixtures illuminate the patio and the outside walls.

The air-conditioned interior is all-electric, of course, but the current that operates lights, TV and radio comes from a generator driven by gas-fueled piston engines. The exhaust helps heat hot water. A large gas-fired absorption unit, of the type used in many office buildings today, provides the air conditioning. The only wires that connect the Coachman's Inn with the outside are telephone lines.

Little Rock's newest shopping center, $4,000,000 Park Plaza, is heated, air-conditioned and supplied with electric power by a gas-fueled turbine. The turbine, in essence a jet engine, spins an electric generator. The intense heat of its exhaust is used either to warm the shopping center or to power the absorption air conditioner, depending on the season of the year. It also heats water.

Arkla also competes with electricity by merchandising gas advertising signs. The company builds several types which are illuminated by gaslights sandwiched between glass panels. These fixtures, usually flanked by a pair of old-style lamps, are becoming a familiar sight in the company's territory. A gas-operated photocell is available to turn the lights up at night and down during the day. It also can be used to make the sign blink on and off.

Gasigns and Gaslites, to use Arkla's trade names, are a special delight to Witt Stephens, because they're such shining advertisements for the fuel he has to sell—especially when they're left on all day. A pair of lights burns in front of Little Rock's city hall. Stephens in 1957 brashly offered to install gas street lights everywhere, if the city would buy the fuel. The councilmen kept everyone happy by settling for two lamps at city hall.

Little Rock—like St. Augustine, Florida; Cape May, New Jersey, and a number of Texas cities—has developed gaslit parks and streets. Florida's oldest city transplanted 100 street fixtures from Philadelphia to a water-front park. Boulevard lamps complement the Victorian architecture in the center of the Jersey seaside resort. Similar lamps line a five-block stretch of 7th Street in Little Rock, known as furniture row. The merchants installed and maintain them. The walks that link the state office buildings in this state capital are gaslit. Nearly all the gas-heated homes in Little Rock's subdivisions advertise the fact with ever-burning outdoor lights. Builders merchandise gas lamps, like bath and kitchen features, as part of the better life.

Witt Stephens has extended the gaslight revival from the cities into the Arkansas backwoods. His home community, Prattsville, forty miles south of Little Rock, is just a crossroads in the forest that has replaced the cotton fields. But you can't miss Prattsville, because the highway is bordered by an artificial lake which is circled by gas lamps. A new brick house sits behind the lake.

Witt built the house for his parents. The pond is a special treat for his seventy-five-year-old mother, who rows out on the well-stocked water to try her luck with bream, crappie or catfish every day the weather permits.

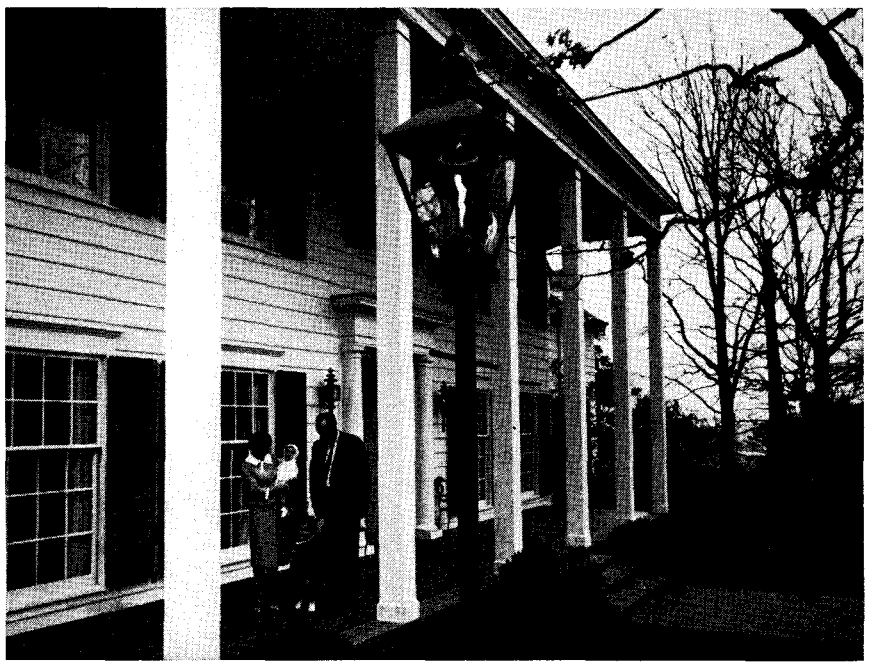
Down the road Stephens has acquired 2200 acres, where he is replacing the trees with pasture and beef cattle and expects to build a home on an all-gas farm. The electricity that lights the tenant houses and operates appliances is generated on the premises.

His nostalgia has gone all out, also at a profit, at Arkla Village in Emmet, a tiny community in southern Arkansas, where the company had an idle gas-pumping station. The Arkla village project stemmed from Stephens's purchase of a buggy in 1958. His friends' interest in the rig led him to order another market survey. The demand for horse-drawn vehicles proved surprisingly large and includes a steady call for Old West types often seen on TV and at the movies.

Arkla bought the nation's only remaining buggyworks, at Huntingburg, Indiana, and moved it, spoke, rim and axle, to the idle land in Emmet. The factory and a harness-and-saddle shop were built with an Old West façade. Arkla Village, which of course is gaslit, evolved from the buggyworks and now includes a frontier saloon—where coffee, root beer and sarsaparilla are the strongest drinks—a grist mill, sheriff's office, general store, corral, blacksmith shop and furniture factory. The last builds real grandma rocking chairs, which complete Witt's line of nostalgic merchandise at this writing.

Gas lamps are also a prime attraction in the recent crop of outdoor museums celebrating the period from Civil War days to the Gay 'Nineties. They light Disneyland's Main Street and shine on tourists at the Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, museum established by Cliff Arquette, better known as TV's Charlie Weaver. Lake George, New York, has a Gaslight Village, which is a full-scale replica of a Victorian community, where summer vacationists can relax in the lamplit plaza and watch the horsecar and high-wheeled bikes go by.

Philadelphia: Gaslights still burn on Independence Square (above), but the rest of the city's old lamps have been uprooted and sold; most were bought up by collectors.



Gas executive Wilton Stephens and family. A pioneer of the gaslight revival, Stephens recognized the trend when passers-by admired lamps outside his Little Rock house.

Most of the lamps and the sturdy, tapered, cast-iron poles at the Lake George Village came from Baltimore, through Welsbach. Arquette's gas fixtures are from Philadelphia, where 7000 were lighting residential streets and alleys until the city ordered them removed less than four years ago. The contractor who was hired to uproot the city-owned poles bought the lamps, too, and did a land-office business for a time. The mayor of Philadelphia ceremonially turned out the last gas street light in that city in 1959.

The cast-iron poles, which came in many shapes and sizes, are considerably scarcer than the old lamps. The combination, in working order, costs nearly $200 today, the pole being the most expensive unit and additionally costly to ship, since the weight averages 350 pounds. This is no problem for the gaslight buffs who came from distant points and even stood in line to arrange shipment of the old Philadelphia poles. One pipeline-company president had his pole flown back to Texas in a plane.

The usual mount for an outdoor gas fixture today is a plain black iron pole with a copper gas tube inside. Aluminum castings which duplicate the crossarm, which in the old days was a ladder rest, and an ornamental base frequently are added. Gaslights should be mounted solidly to protect the fragile mantles from shock.

The use of natural instead of manufactured gas, however, has simplified installation of the fuel lines. Pipes for the old gasworks fuel had to be buried below the frostline to avoid freezing moisture in the line. Natural gas is dry enough to flow at all times through a small copper tube buried only deep enough to protect it from damage.

Witt Stephens's promotion of gaslight reliability and ease of installation led Arkla to design a fixture now used to light the runways at several small airports. Natural gas, in his opinion, is ready to take on any job. He boasts that his company sells more gas cheaper than any other utility. The total last year was 283,000,000,000 cubic feet at an average price just under twenty-four cents a thousand. This included large industrial consumers. Householders who buy from Arkansas Louisiana pay, on the average, fifty cents a thousand.

Arkansas Louisiana profits, which were less than $2,000,000 a year when Stephens obtained control, now run to $16,000,000. The president, as you might expect, wheels and deals by gaslight. There's a handsome brass lamp on Witt Stephens's office wall.

"I couldn't have found a more appropriate light," he comments happily, looking up from his desk at the incandescent mantle's steady, extra-golden gassy glow. THE END

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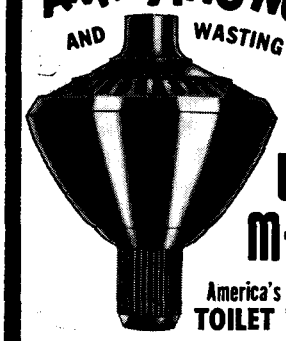

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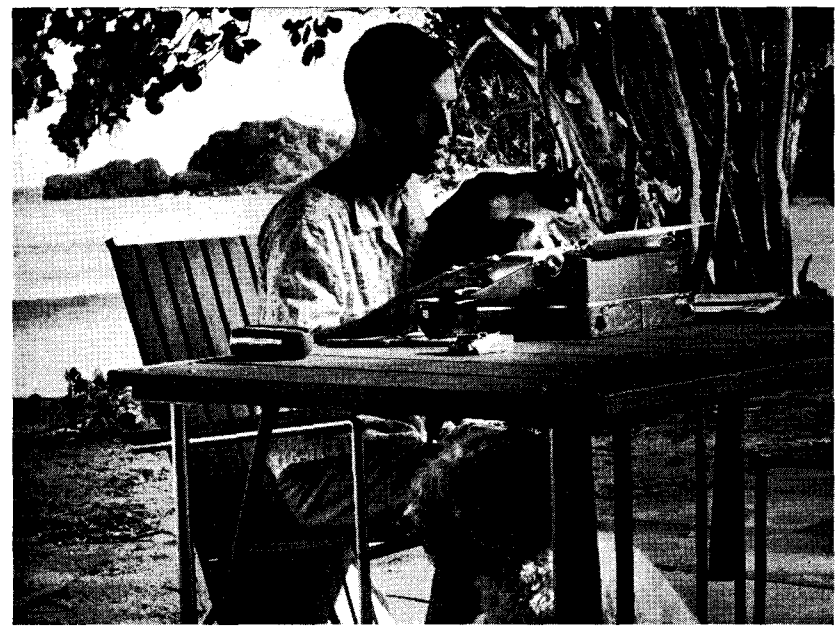

Don Plantz, at home in the Virgin Islands. The cat's name is A. E. Charles; the dog's, Gooey Ox.

The early morning is never lonely in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, professes story writer **Donald J. Plantz**, thirty-seven, whom we find at 6:30 A.M. (above), with his distracting pets, Gooey Ox and A. E. Charles. And on some mornings there are so many pelicans diving for breakfast in the turquoise water near Plantz's typewriter—why, it's more than one man can watch and still do some writing.

In his prepelican years Plantz was a fighter pilot—113 combat missions in World War II—a private detective, a diplomatic courier—he met his wife in Paris—and a newspaperman. Presently he is head of his own advertising and public-relations firm.

When Plantz was with the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times* he went duck hunting almost every winter morning before work. Appropriately his first *Post* story, *The Time of Evensong* (page 22), concerns duck hunting and was written during the pre-business hours of six to eight A.M. He also wrote his first book during those hours. It is a war novel titled *Sweeney Squadron*, published last week by Doubleday.

Tale of a Gaslighter

Arnold Nicholson.

Associate editor **Arnold Nicholson**, who reports on THE RETURN OF THE GASLIGHT (page 24), has, alas, failed to obtain a gas lamp to illumine the three houses he refurbished on Drinker's Court, in Philadelphia's historic Society Hill section. A lamp company offered the city an eagle-crested gas lamp for the court, but the city's Street Lighting Division refused it. They prefer a recently installed goosenecked electric fixture, topped not by an eagle but by an unaesthetic photoelectric cell which theoretically—it frequently is out of order—turns the lamp on at dusk and off at dawn.

How He Navigates College Kids

TEXAS HELPS HER LITTLE LATINS (page 30), which concerns English instruction for Spanish-speaking youngsters, was written by **Louis Alexander**, who teaches journalism (to English-speaking students) at the University of Houston. For ten years Alexander was a reporter for the Houston *Chronicle;* today he's the Houston correspondent for *The Wall Street Journal*.

Alexander began his newspaper career in high school, where he conducted a column called "Athletes' Feat" for six months before the faculty sponsor caught on. He was a B-24 navigator during World War II and a navigation instructor during the Korean War. While on his 1960 summer vacation he reverted to internship, here at *The Post*, as part of the Magazine Publishers Association program to give college journalism instructors the opportunity to practice what they teach.

T. R. (Theodore Reed) Fehrenbach.

Neatnik

Apologizing for the somberness of the portrait above, which makes him look like an insurance executive, story writer **T. R. Fehrenbach**, thirty-six, confesses, "I do not own a turtle-neck sweater and never lean over a bridge spittin' into a river. I do not know how t look like a writer."

Fehrenbach's first *Post* story, COMBAT CHAPLAIN (page 18), is drawn from events he witnessed as a tank-battalion officer during the Korean War. "The idea came from a look on a chaplain's face in an aid station and from a short sermon by an Episcopal bishop at my confirmation into the Anglican communion in Korea." Prior to his Army service, author Fehrenbach worked as a cotton and vegetable farmer. Presently he is a partner in the San Antonio firm of Fehrenbach & Wootan, insurance brokers.

Money Problem

Story writer **Robert Standish**, who customarily lives the life of Gerahty—that's his real name—in England and France, is embarking upon the life of Riley in Yugoslavia. Reason: the considerable proceeds of Serbo-Croat translations of his fiction were frozen and had to be spent in Yugoslavia. He can allow himself only a limited amount of time to spend the money; so, paradoxically, he cannot afford to live modestly. He wrote that he reserved hotel suites of more-than-Oriental splendor, where he and his wife planned to eat caviar for breakfast and generally behave in a way which they hope will not offend the proletarian prejudices of their hosts.

Well, we hope they won't broadcast their opinions of slivovitz, that robust plum brandy which is the national drink of Yugoslavia. "Grade-A slivovitz," Standish had been led to believe, "causes warts on the liver. The addict then switches to Grade-B, which cauterizes the warts."

Our Standish story in this issue concerns another exotic land. See THE MODEL FROM MADISON AVENUE (page 28).

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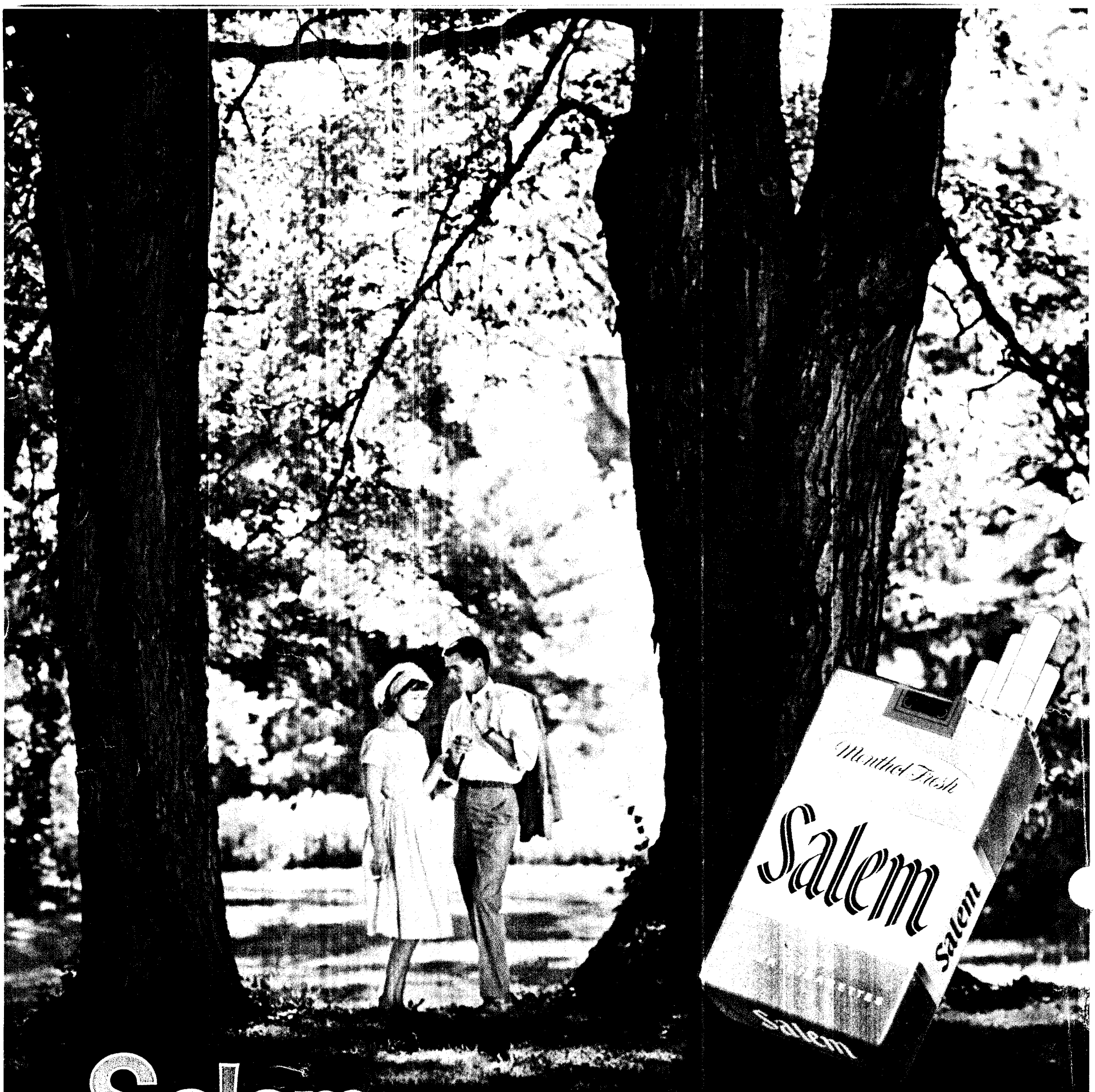

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